PICTORIAL REVIEW

MAY 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS

Painted by Tadé Styka

Courtesy Knoedler & Co.

Beginning JOSEPH C. LINCOLN'S NEW CAPE COD NOVEL
"Dr. Nye of North Ostable"

"BEHIND THE SCREEN"—Intimate Studies of Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Geraldine Farrar, Lou Tellegen, and other Stars in Samuel Goldwyn's Reminiscences

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Blankets and woolens are so soft and fluffy after washing with Fels-Naptha Soap! The most delicate fabrics are made wonderfully clean and fresh-looking!

Clean—deep down through every thread!

Real naptha! You can tell by the smell

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient, ten-bar carton.

That's the beauty of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha—the sanitary soap. They get more than surface-cleaning.

No matter how thick or how woolly the fabrics, the real naptha in Fels-Naptha searches out the most deeply-seated dirt, gently and safely breaking its grip from the tenacious woolen fibres, (as of course, it does with thin silk or cotton goods). Then the soapy water, flushing through the fibres, carries all the dirt away.

The clothes are doubly cleansed from dirt, body oils, odors—all the way through—purified wholly and completely. They are made *hygienically* clean, for Fels-Naptha does all that good soap does, plus all that real naptha does.

When you realize the close relation of clean clothes to health, you will never be satisfied with less thorough cleaning.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than naptha. It is *splendid* soap and *real* naptha so blended that it gives you the best of these two great cleaners in one golden, sanitary bar. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today!

Give your home the benefit of *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.*

GET an idea of how helpful Fels-Naptha is. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1918 Fels & Co Philadelphia

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PICTORIAL REVIEW

(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

Edited by Arthur T. Vance

VOL. XXIV. No. 8 THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY MAY, 1923

WILLIAM PAUL AHNELT, President and Publisher

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A. and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York, and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England. William Paul Ahnelt, President and Treasurer; Chas. W. Nelson, First Vice-President; Everett D. Trumbull, Second Vice-President; Jay A. Weber, Secretary; Paul Block, Advertising Director; B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director; Max Herzberg, Art Director.

BRANCH OFFICES
Boston 11, Mass., 116 Bedford Street
Chicago, Ill., 200-206 South Market Street
St. Louis, Mo., 505 North 7th Street
San Francisco, Cal., 985 Market Street

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS—PICTORIAL REVIEW is 15 cents a copy; $1.50 a year by subscription, postage paid, in the United States, Alaska, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, and Canada. Postage to other foreign countries, $1.00 extra.

RENEW PROMPTLY—The demand for PICTORIAL REVIEW keeps on growing and growing. We have use for every copy we print these days. Therefore please send your renewal promptly and give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

BRANCH OFFICES
Atlanta, Ga., 82-84 North Broad Street
Toronto, Ontario, Canada, 263-267 Adelaide Street, West
London, W. 1, England, 163-165 Great Portland Street

Are We Ever Going to Wake Up?

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

FOR "the public be damned" policy of many national organizations, institutions, and political parties the public is itself largely to blame. You and I go on playing our trivial little personal game on the checker-board of nights and days precisely as if nothing else mattered. Empires crumble, thrones totter, our very civilization quivers under the threat of destruction, and yet we see only our own little game.

Suddenly a crisis is precipitated. The earth trembles under *our* feet. *Our* happiness is threatened. *Our* welfare is involved. *Our* very lives are in danger. We look up at last and we get terrifically excited about it all. With dramatic fervor we denounce this leader or that one, this political faction or that one. The air reeks with dismal prophecies and is murky with the sickly vapors of discontent.

Oh, Yes, We Do Something!

BUT do we actually *do* anything about it? Oh, yes, we do, we really do. We give a penny or a dollar or a million dollars to relieve a situation we have never turned our hands to prevent. We give a bridge party for the Near East Relief, tho we couldn't tell for the life of us whether Ismet Pasha is a brand of cigarets or a Turkish General. Charmingly veiled and becomingly uniformed, we sit under appealing posters in the lobby of a hotel, a hall, or a club, and collect coins in a box for the starving Russians—saturated with a sense of righteousness.

And that, indeed, *is* doing a great deal, for how very, very much those pennies and those dollars have meant! In the name of charity let us not forget to give them. Because we have given them, 17,000 little children, orphaned by the War, are being fed and clothed and sheltered in one orphanage at Alexandropol—a veritable "City of Orphans." In Russia 10,000,000 starving people have been fed and a deadly famine has probably been averted. Because of the sympathy and the love and the practical help that came from America 5,000 orphans in the Near East found courage and strength to walk five hundred miles through hostile territory to safety—and the most ruthless bandit chief in that ruthless land protected them! In Heaven's name, then, let us not stop giving!

But what we can do and what we should do is to develop at least a sixth-grade intelligence on public issues—national and international. Suppose we had spent a tithe of the millions we have given for relief in an intelligent effort to prevent a situation that has made this relief necessary? What a different world this would be!

Why will we continue to be so stupid and so blind? Why do we not learn from experience? Last year we lived through many hectic weeks of anxiety concerning the coal shortage. Righteous pity for starving and freezing millions of people six thousand miles away may be successfully assuaged in the balmy atmosphere of a bridge game or a club meeting or a Sunday sermon. But suddenly we were face to face with a very different proposition. We had to contemplate heatless houses for ourselves with attendant risk of illness and death. Yes, pity for a million poor Russians six thousand miles away is a different brand of pity from that aroused by the thought of one tiny baby actually dying for the lack of heat—*when it is your baby*. Last Winter we faced just that sort of thing, and we began to see that we had to do something about it. We got to the point where we didn't care who was to blame. *We wanted coal.*

Well, the crisis passed. The coal-shortage scare blew over. A year's truce was declared. Those who could afford to pay the fabulous prices bought what we needed and those of us who couldn't afford these prices paid them anyway and tried to cut down expenses somewhere else. And just because, by some sort of an accident or miracle or stroke of luck, the immediate crisis in the coal situation was averted at the last moment, we promptly forgot the whole thing and went at our little game again.

All well-informed people who studied the situation at all knew last year, and have known all along, that the thing was far from settled. And now here we are.

Read the head-lines in your daily papers if you think that there has been any semblance of a settlement of the labor problem.

And what did we learn from the awful carnage of the World War? Nothing. We thrilled over a "victory" that was accomplished at a cost of at least $20,000,000,000 and 50,000 precious American lives. We held "victory jubilees." We stupidly mistook exhaustion for peace.

Mr. Vanderlip says that we are a nation of "economic illiterates." Certainly we neither understand nor seem interested in understanding the first principles of economics. If one women's club in America is seriously studying any one of the great economic problems underlying war we have not heard of it. Professors lecture to one another every year at Williamstown, Mass., and writers write about what they say, and there the matter ends. This school for the study of economics and international issues doesn't draw its attendants or its supporters from the plain, average people who have to pay the cost of every national economic blunder.

Why do we not take advantage of this school and other schools to inform ourselves on these vital things? Why do books on these subjects have only a limited sale? If the average people of the world—and there are so many more of us than there are of the "highbrows"—would acquire even an elementary knowledge of national and international issues, something more concrete might come out of the international conferences. Since the Great War ended there have been four such conferences, and at this writing another is about to convene.

Meanwhile strikes at home and wars abroad are so common in the head-lines of our newspapers that they bore us.

A Personal Responsibility—Yours!

ARE we American people going to wait again until there is blood on our own threshold before we realize that we have a deep and a distinct and a very personal responsibility in these matters? Have we really learned nothing at all?

There has been some discussion in the public press of the annual waste of billions of dollars' worth of power at Niagara. Think of the wasted power in the women's organizations of America! Conservation of water-power would mean money, but conservation of the great spiritual power of organized womanhood would mean human lives and human happiness.

If you are concerned over the billions of tons of water "plunging idly" over Niagara Falls, read the programs of a hundred average women's clubs and wasted water-power will seem a trifle to you. "Plunging idly!" How fit the phrase when applied to the tremendous spiritual and mental powers generated by women through their great organizations! See them "plunging idly" through superficial studies of superficial subjects under hypnotic headings while wars and strikes go on!

"The public be damned" policy will continue until the public arouses itself from its lethargy of ignorance and indifference. And in a realization of this lies women's greatest opportunity.

A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on the last page

Copyright, 1923, by The Pictorial Review Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter September 26, 1899, at the Post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry as Second-class Matter at Chicago, Ill., at Columbus, Ohio, at Council Bluffs and Des Moines, Iowa, at Galveston, Tex., at Indianapolis, Ind., at New Orleans, La., at Saginaw, Mich., at St. Louis, Mo., at St. Paul, Minn., at San Francisco, Cal., and at Savannah, Ga.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The AVERAGE WOMAN *and the* UNIFORM DIVORCE BILL

Let Her Apply Her Tremendous Power to This Reform—in Her Club, over the Back Fence, and, Without Fail, at the Polls!

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

FOR six months Pictorial Review, one of the largest and most influential magazines in the world, has been conducting a campaign for uniform and better marriage and divorce laws in the United States. Articles have been written by lawyers and statisticians, proving, to those who still demand proof, that such laws are needed; a bill to provide for them has been drawn up by a woman splendidly qualified to write it—Mrs. Edward Franklin White, the Deputy Attorney-General of Indiana—and introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Arthur Capper of Kansas, a man especially qualified to be entrusted with such a measure. Everything that can be done through powerful channels and by great authorities has been done; their work, to a certain extent, may almost be said to have ended. The question as to whether all this research, all this effort, all these endeavors are to meet with failure or success no longer lies in their hands. It lies in the hands of the average woman.

The average woman is not, of course, either a lawyer or a statistician, an attorney-general or a member of Congress; she is not highly educated, in the generally accepted sense of the word, tho she is neither stupid nor consciously indifferent; and often she is not especially well informed on public current questions, unless they happen to touch her personally. She is apt to tell you, perhaps a little vaguely, if you approach her on this subject, that hasty and premature marriages are "certainly awful," that easy divorce with speedy remarriage afterward is "a national disgrace."

She may illustrate the latter remark by mentioning the case of a millionaire or a motion-picture star which she has seen heralded, not very accurately, in the headlines of her daily paper. A number of comfortable platitudes are apt to follow this illustration: "Woman's place is in the home, and if she would only stay there, with plenty of children to keep her busy, and a nice husband supporting her in the good, old-fashioned way, we wouldn't have all this spirit of unrest which leads to immorality."— "Well, I certainly don't know what we are coming to—things like that were never even *mentioned* when I was young; among ladies, of course, I mean."—"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder;' surely, my dear, you believe in that! Don't tell me, when you've always been such a good churchwoman——"

But I will tell her. I will tell her anything I can which I think may possibly interest her and rouse her from her state of mental torpor about this "national disgrace" about which she will murmur coyly over her knitting and forget in a cup of tea. For the power of the average woman, even tho it is dormant power, is almost limitless.

She is not only the mother of the race, she is the voter at the polls; and I hope, more than I can possibly express, that she will use this power, and use it, in the words of the beautiful marriage service which she quotes, and which she and I both love: "reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God."

Prevent These Marriages, of Course!

CONCERNING the first part of the bill, which seeks to prevent marriage without due notice and proper witnesses, and premature marriages, there can, it seems to me, be very little discussion or disagreement. That mere children should be permitted by law to marry, even without parental consent, in many States; that racial intermarriage and marriage of the feeble-minded and diseased should be legally approved is all so hideous and devastating in its direct and visible consequences that no sane and right-minded woman—and the average woman is, basically, sane and right-minded—can possibly feel that it ought to go on.

She needs only to realize that this is actually so, beyond any shadow of doubt or veil of forgetfulness; that it is happening all around her, in her own State, in her own city even—if she lives in what we comfortably, and inaccurately call the "innocent rural districts"—within a few miles, at most, of her white-painted, green-shuttered farmhouse with the neat red barns behind it, which we look upon, for some reason, as the embodiment of our national security and righteousness—she needs only to realize this to resolve that it must cease.

The less she believes in easy divorce, the less she is bound to believe in easy marriage. Is there any one of her friends whom she wishes to see bound "till death do them part" to an epileptic? Is she willing to run any chances of having her first-born laid in her arms blind, because she has found it so easy to forgive her lover the sowing of his wild oats—or has not known, alas! that there had been such a seed-time, and what the harvest might be? Could she face the announcement that her little daughter, twelve years old, had "run away and got married to the boy next door," who was fourteen?

I have lived, I suppose, what would ordinarily be called a rather sheltered existence, the kind of life which the stark sorrows are not supposed to touch very closely, and yet I have known all these things to happen among my own acquaintance.

What average woman—let us be candid—honestly

Photo by Boyd

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES AND HER YOUNGEST SON

searching her experience, will not have to admit that she has known of the same or similar tragedies to occur within her range of vision? She has a right to be glad, of course, that they have not happened in her own household; but that does not excuse her from being sorry, and by sorry I do not mean passively sorry, but actively sorry, for the women in whose households they *have* happened. "Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by?"

When a marriage has taken place under normal and wholesome conditions, the chances that it will end in a divorce court have already been cut in two. People ask me sometimes why I devote so much more of my time and energy to the subjects of infant mortality and child hygiene than I do to those of education, and my reply is always the same: that until we can, as a nation, keep a larger proportion of children alive until they reach school age than we are now doing, the problem of what we are going to do with the survivors after they get there seems to me of secondary, tho great, importance.

In like measure, until we can make the foundation upon which marriage is built firmer than it is at present, we shall not get very far in removing it from the dangers of the hurricane of divorce. But even when we *have* done our best to make that foundation more firm, the other half of those chances still remain, and must be dealt with.

After some way has been found to prevent a boy and girl from rushing madly into marriage, it will still be necessary to find, a few years later, some way to prevent them from rushing madly out of it.

I know of one such couple, married only two years ago, with "everything"—as we commonly speak of "everything" in the sense of wealth, social position, good health, a host of friends, and even a beautiful baby in their possession—who have tempestuously decided that "they simply can not get along," and who have parted. Since they live in a State where a divorce can be had almost on a shoe-string—to use a convenient slang expression—that is to be their solution.

The little wife is twenty, the husband only a few years older, and neither accuses the other of anything at all except incompatibility; and yet they utterly refuse to consider any attempt at reconciliation, any effort to "be good sports and see the thing through," any suggestion that thousands of men and women have stuck to each other through conditions far more trying than those they are confronting, and have lived to thank God for it!

Cases like these are bad enough, of course; but they do not begin to reveal the tragedy of those where the faithful wife—or, as sometimes happens, too, the faithful husband—of many years' standing is carelessly abandoned for a more attractive partner, for a freak of fancy or under the stress of passion, but without the slightest shadow of a valid excuse; or of those half-grown children, shamed and lonely and humiliated, leading a "divided" existence because their parents did not love them enough, at whatever personal sacrifice, to keep the home-fires burning until they were old enough to seek hearthstones of their own.

A boy of my acquaintance, of very prominent family, confided in a schoolmate with whom he had gone to spend a week-end, that his father and mother were about to begin divorce proceedings, and that he would never, never be able to face the head-lines that would begin to appear on Monday. As a result of that midnight confession of horror, the other boys at the preparatory school took turns for weeks and weeks in watching for the delivery of every newspaper that came to their dormitory, and tore it to shreds before it came to this boy's eyes.

Youngsters are supposed to be cruel to one another, I know; but in this case they were kinder than the woman who dealt her son a blow from which he will never recover. If you are an average woman living in any one of the many States where instances like these I have mentioned can occur, and do occur, because divorce is so easily obtained, can you honestly say that your State laws are just when they permit it?

But there is always the other side of the shield. In this case, I confess that I am rather reluctant to turn it, partly because, as the average woman reminded me in the beginning, I am a churchwoman, very fond of my church and very loyal to it; and partly because, by tradition, and training, and instinct, divorce has always been repugnant to me, for any cause whatever. I confess that my greatest admiration goes out to the man or woman who "finishes the course," whether that course be one of matrimony or anything else, no matter how rough the road may be, and no matter how great the temptation, or even the reason, to turn aside, rather than to the one who finds happiness in some less Spartan way.

My own personal experience in life has also led me to believe that the only way really to conquer trouble is to face it, and not to run away from it; and over and above all I believe that a promise is the most sacred thing in the world, never to be made unless it is to be kept, and the promise which we take at marriage the most sacred of all. A dozen years ago I should have said, readily enough, that South Carolina and New York—one of which recognizes no divorce at all, and the other divorce for one cause only—had the laws with which I was most in sympathy. It is one of the few questions about which, in the course of a dozen years, I have changed my mind.

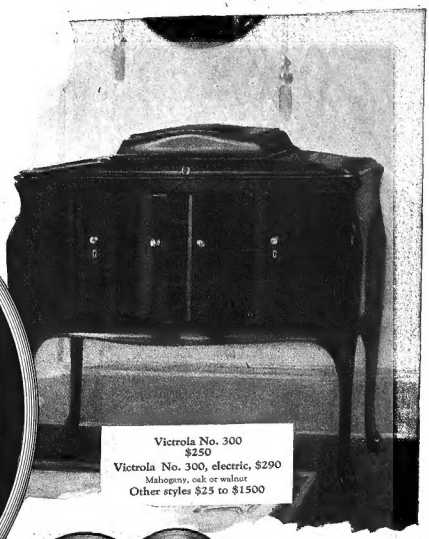
A Changed Point of View

I HAVE changed it for several reasons. One of these reasons undoubtedly is—since it is a feminine trait to make a personal matter out of everything, and I do not pretend to be an exception to this rule—that I have been obliged to come to the realization that my ideals are not necessarily the same as those of other women, women exactly as good as I am, and that, tho I have a right to decide what my own course of conduct should be, I have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

THIS eloquent appeal to our home people comes from a woman qualified, as are few others, to speak on a moral problem affecting the home. Mrs. Keyes is the wife of a United States Senator from New Hampshire, the devoted mother of three fine boys—one of them in college—a loyal churchwoman of the High Church wing, a prominent hostess in Washington society, and an author of rapidly increasing fame. Her words are entitled to the utmost weight.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



The greatest artists are Victor artists

The appearance of Jeritza was one of the sensations of the Metropolitan Opera season of 1922-1923. Play the Victor Records of this great artist on the Victrola No. 300—the model illustrated above. Have the instrument with a selection of records delivered to your home today. Some of the splendid Victor Records by Jeritza are "A Ship the Restless Ocean Sweeps" from The Flying Dutchman, "Elsa's Dream" from Lohengrin, "Song of the Lute" from The Dead City, and "Elizabeth's Prayer" from Tannhauser.

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Men's Linen
is in your care

Make it count *for*, not *against* them

More often than most women realize, the condition of their husbands' and sons' personal linen, observed in the office, in club locker-rooms, at social functions, counts subtly *for* or *against*.

Men's linen is in women's care. It is fresh and white, or gray and untidy, largely as women ordain.

It is not enough merely to engage a good *laundress* to wash men's shirts and underclothes and handkerchiefs. She must have a good *soap* to work with.

Good work is impossible without good soap. And soaps differ widely.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap is not merely a *good* soap—it is a unique soap, because it *combines in a single soap the good qualities* which may be found, one by one, in *many* soaps.

P and G is *white*
dissolves *quickly* and *completely*
loosens all dirt without *hard rubbing*
acts on the *dirt*—not on fabrics or colors
rinses out *entirely*

So, *naturally* the clothes must come out clean and fresh.

Your laundress will be *glad* to use P and G, because it saves her time and energy—it requires less boiling and hard rubbing, and that *saves the clothes, too!* Just try it on men's cuffs and shirt-bands!

Because P and G is more effective than any other soap, it has become the largest selling laundry and household soap in America.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Soaking with P and G in lukewarm water, and light rubbing between the hands, will clean cuff-edges and neck-bands of men's shirts. This method lengthens "shirt-lives."

Baby's bibs and dresses, on which food has been spilled, are white and sweet after washing with P and G.

Kitchen towels soon get gray and stained—regular washing with P and G will keep them white and fresh. P and G removes grease instantly.

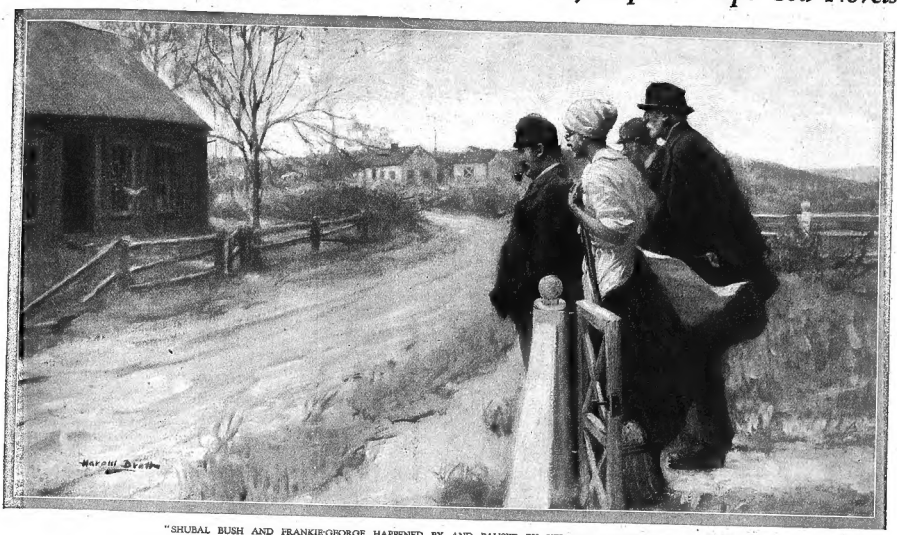
Not merely a white laundry soap,
Not merely a naphtha soap,
But the best features of both, combined

NAPHTHA SOAP + WHITE LAUNDRY SOAP =

Speed *and* Safety

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Copyright 1923 by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Beginning Another of Mr. Lincoln's Tremendously Popular Cape Cod Novels



"SHUBAL BUSH AND FRANKIE GEOROE HAPPENED BY AND PAUSED BY HER GATE. THEY HAD LEARNED NOTHING NEW. THE SECRET WAS STILL A SECRET"

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

Thrill After Thrill Stirs the Sleepy Little Village in This Exciting New Story by the Author of "Galusha the Magnificent"

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD BRETT

IT WAS a day in the first week of April, and there was excitement in North Ostable.

This statement is given a paragraph all to itself, and it deserves it. To find excitement in North Ostable at any time, even in the height of the Summer rush, would be worthy of remark; but to find it there in the early Spring, long before the hotels and boarding-houses in Ostable and Denboro and Wapatomac and Orham are opened; when the Summer cottages have been locked and shuttered all Winter and will remain so for two more months at least; when the main highway up and down the Cape bears no burden of tourist traffic and the railroad still operates but two trains each way daily; when the people living in Ostable County are those who really live there, instead of those who merely come there—to find excitement, however mild, in North Ostable then is as remarkable as finding a two-pound trout in a rain-barrel, or a live mouse in a cattery, or a fifty-dollar bill on the floor of a poorhouse; that is to say, so rare and extraordinary as to be almost impossible.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that there was excitement in North Ostable on this particular day of this particular first week in April.

Miss Althea Bemis was the first resident to experience the unwonted and unseasonable thrill. Miss Althea was having a troubled morning. She lived alone—a solitude imposed by Fate and distinctly not of her own choosing—in a little story-and-a-half cottage upon the sandy byway which the natives had called the "Salt Crick Road" until some Summer resident rechristened it "Bayberry Lane." The front door of the Bemis house faced the lane, and from the windows of Miss Althea's front parlor one might—altho few did—look out across the little front yard and the rutted road to the old-fashioned, gray-shingled, weather-beaten, tumble-down group of house and barn and outbuildings which once belonged to old Captain Sam Dillingham, the same Captain Sam who lived to be eighty-nine years of age and then bought himself an automobile and married his thirty-five-year-old housekeeper.

Fourteen months after making this spectacle—or pair of spectacles—of himself the captain was carried to the graveyard, and his widow, having sold the old house and everything else she did not care for belonging to her late husband, rode away from North Ostable in the automobile and never returned.

Since then the Dillingham property had changed hands three times and tenants oftener still. Its present owner was Cyrenus Stone. Its most recent tenants were a Portuguese family, fourteen in number. They, having failed to come to time with the rent, were dispossessed by Cyrenus and evicted by the constable. Miss Althea was a witness—ocular and auricular—of the eviction and attended prayer-meeting every Friday night for the following month. She confided to a friend that she *hoped* she might be helped to forget some of the names those Portygees called the constable *some time*, but she had her doubts. Since the eviction the Dillingham place had stood empty, its grass uncut, its shutters closed, its shingles blowing loose and falling to the ground. Cyrenus Stone lost his temper when people mentioned it to him. They called it his white elephant and cited its purchase as the one instance where his usually cautious business foot had slipped.

And now, on this April morning, without a word of warning, without the slightest bit of preliminary gossip, the blinds of the Dillingham house were thrown back, the doors were opened, hammering was heard, a man with armfuls of fire-wood came and went from the road to the barn, smoke was issuing from the kitchen chimney, a woman bearing a bucket and a broom appeared and reappeared by the side door. It was obvious, perfectly obvious, that the Dillingham house was being opened, cleaned, and, to a certain extent at least, rendered habitable. But for whom? That was the question.

If you think that Althea Bemis, having asked herself that question, did not take immediate steps to answer it, then it is certain that you do not know Althea. Even in the midst of her own Spring house-cleaning she found time to look out of the window and, having noticed the amazing and most unexpected activity across the road, started forthwith to investigate. The man with the fire-wood she recognized at once as Henry Ward Beecher Payson. Henry was easy to recognize because he was the only one-legged man in Ostable township. Perhaps three-legged man would be better, because, besides the flesh-and-blood limb left to him after the railway accident, he owned a cork leg and a wooden stump, wearing sometimes one and sometimes the other, according to caprice. Asked why he did not use the cork leg continuously, he was likely to reply, if he felt like replying, that he got tired of hearing the everlasting thing squeak. If he did not feel like replying, he merely grunted. Henry was a "character," and a great many Ostable people—among them Miss Bemis—would have unhesitatingly named the kind of character he was.

THE woman with the bucket and broom Althea recognized as Marietta Lamb, called "Mary's Lamb" by the frivolous. It was to her that Miss Bemis, hastening across the road and into the Dillingham yard, applied for information. Marietta was always willing to talk, particularly if talking furnished an excuse to stop work. She stopped now and talked, but she did not furnish the desired information.

"Mornin', Althy," said Marietta. "I guessed likely you'd be over pretty soon. I see your front-window shades goin' up. Some surprised to see this house open, wasn't you? Um—hum. Well, I don't wonder. I'm considerable surprized myself."

"But who is it bein' opened for?" queried Miss Althea, breathlessly. Marietta sniffed.

"Don't ask *me*," she said, scornfully. "*I* can't tell you."

"You can't? Don't you know?"

Marietta sniffed again. "All I know is that I'm here aworkin'," she declared. "Cleanin' and scrubbin' and gettin' this old rats' nest fit for human bein's to live in. And I can *guess* that human bein's are goin' to live in it. Who they be or what's their names or why they're comin' I don't know, no more'n a child unborn." She paused, and

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

then added spitefully, "If that."

"But——"

"Henry Payson hired me," went on Miss Lamb. "He come to me yesterday and asked me if I wanted a job. 'Job of what?' says I. 'Job of work,' says he. 'Where?' says I. 'Down to the old Dillin'ham place,' says he. 'For the land sakes,' says I, 'what for?' 'For two and a half a day,' says he. Well, I come this mornin' and here I be. I'm workin' on account of my willin'ness to help and my wages. But who I'm workin' *for* I don't know no more'n a child—un—well, no more'n nothin'."

"But Henry Payson must know. Haven't you asked him?"

"*Asked* him!" Marietta's indignation overcame her. "Do you cal'late I'm a—a—don't know what? Don't you suppose likely I've got *any* natural feelin's? I'll bet I've asked him a couple of million questions, and all he does is grunt. Might's well talk to a pig. Now I'm through. I'm *through!*"

"Marietta," drawled a masculine voice behind them. Both ladies turned, to see Mr. Payson himself standing in the doorway. He was wearing his working rig—that is, his sweater, overalls, and wooden leg, and had a hatchet in his hand. His countenance expressed complete tranquillity. So, too, did his voice.

Miss Lamb regarded him with spiteful impatience.

"Well, what is it?" she snapped.

"Good mornin', Althy," observed Mr. Payson, stepping out into the yard. "Oh—er—Marietta——"

"Well, what *is* it?"

"That kittle of hot water you left on the stove——"

"Well, what about it?"

"It's bilin'——"

"Well, let it bile."

"—over."

A cloud of steam drifted through the doorway to prove his statement. Marietta fled to the rescue, uttering sounds expressive of agitation and temper. Henry Payson moved toward the barn. Miss Bemis followed.

"Oh—er—Henry!" she called.

He did not stop to answer; instead he answered without stopping. "Um—hum," he grunted.

He was still moving, so Althea hurried after him. The following dialog was spoken during the progress to the barn, Payson stumping steadily on and little Miss Bemis trotting behind him.

"Oh—er—Henry——"

"Um—hum."

"Henry, are you fixin' this house up for somebody?"

"Um—hum."

"You *are?* Do you know who it is?"

"Um—hum."

"You do! Well, I declare! And I'd never heard a word! And I don't believe anybody else in town has either. Who is it?"

"Who's who?"

"Why—oh, *wait* a minute, can't you! I'm interested. Who are you cleanin' and fixin' up for?"

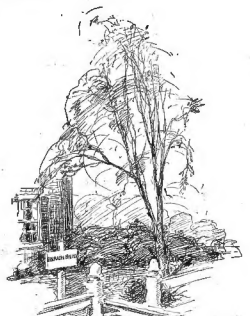
HENRY was at the barn door by this time, the little door leading to the tool-house. His wooden stump was on the threshold. "Cyrenus," he said, and hoisted the rest of him up to the level of the stump. He was about to close the door, but Althea seized its edge.

"Henry Payson," she snapped, "don't be so provokin'! I want to know who this house is bein' got ready for. I don't doubt Cyrenus Stone was the one that hired you and Marietta to do the work, but he ain't goin' to live here himself, is he?"

"Guess not."

"I guess not, too. He's got a home of his own and enough sight better one than this old thing. He's let it to somebody, of course. Now, who is it? Ever since that last dreadful bunch of Portygees was in here I've been scared to death that another tribe like them might get it. I shan't sleep a wink nights till I know who my next-door neighbors are goin' to be. Do you know who's comin' to live in this house, Henry Payson?"

Henry's free hand, that not grasping the hatchet, moved upward and pulled slowly at one end of a scraggly, reddish-gray mustache. His eyes—faded, weather-beaten eyes behind steel-framed spectacles—regarded his questioner with about as much expression as that in the stare of what Miss Bemis would have called a "heathen image," meaning an idol. From beneath the mustache came speech, but in a minute installment.



"HE NAILED TO THE TOP OF THAT POST ITS CROWNING GLORY"

"Maybe," observed Mr. Payson.

It was a very small straw, but Althea grasped at it. "You *do?*" she cried. "Tell me who 'tis, Henry, won't you?"

"Can't," said Henry.

He was going into the tool-house, but she still clung to the edge of the door.

"Oh, *please*," she begged. "Can't you see why I'm so anxious to know? I've got to live right next door to 'em, whoever they are. Tell me this much: What are they like? Are they—ah—Chinees or—ah—jailbirds or what? Tell me so much, anyhow."

Henry Ward Beecher Payson looked down at her from the level of the tool-house floor. Something seemed to amuse him. The corners of the scraggly mustache moved slightly upward, as if a grin might be hidden under the thatch.

"Well, Althy," he drawled, "they ain't—er—Chinees."

The tool-house door was jerked from Miss Althea's fingers and closed tight. Something suspiciously like a chuckle sounded behind it. The owner of the fingers marched indignantly across the road and resumed her own interrupted house-cleaning.

IT WAS interrupted many times during the rest of that day and the next. So many distracting and intensely interesting things were happening across the road. A half-load of boards and shingles and some cans of paint were delivered by the wagon from Bassett Brothers' lumber, hardware, and housefitting store. Althea, of course, waylaid and questioned the driver of the wagon, but received no satisfaction. Henry Payson had ordered the lumber and paint, and they were to be charged to Cyrenus Stone. Further than that the delivery boy knew naught concerning them, so Miss Bemis's questions merely served to arouse his own curiosity. A ton of coal was delivered. Henry Payson himself had ordered and paid for that. The coal-bringer was questioned and departed to ask questions of other people. The group at the post-office awaiting the mail that evening were surmising and questioning concerning the renovation of the Dillingham house, and the following forenoon several of its members found occasion to saunter down Bayberry Lane and linger by the Bemis fence.

Mr. Shubal Bush was one of these lingerers. He was on his way—so he told Miss Bemis, who came out to join him—to see about a little job of work down to the hotel grounds. Shubal was usually to be found either going to work or coming from it; to find him at it was more unusual. He and Althea exchanged rumors.

"Did you hear what Cyrenus told Frankie-George down to the office last night?" asked Shubal. Miss Althea declared that she was sure she had not.

"Frank he put it right up to him," narrated Shubal. "Frank was there, same as he most generally is, and Cyrenus come in to get the mail. Frank sung out to him—he don't care for nothin' nor nobody, Frank don't—'Say, Cyrenus,' says he, 'what's this I hear about your rentin' that old Dillin'ham shack of yours?' he says. Cyrenus grinned. 'Was you surprized?' he wanted to know. 'You bet!' says Frank. 'You'll be more surprized by and by,' says Cyrenus. And that's all we got out of *him*. What did he mean by that, I want to know. Have you heard anything new this mornin', Althy?"

She had not, nor had Frankie-George himself when he appeared along. Miss Lamb, appearing momentarily in the yard, was cautiously trailed, but she was no more enlightened than before.

By noon perhaps half a dozen loungers were hanging about the Bemis gate, chatting and guessing. It was almost mail-time, and people on the way to the post-office often took the short cut through Bayberry Lane. The train had whistled at the station, so the group was on the point of breaking up, when Frankie-George—perhaps it should be explained that his surname was Hammond and he was called "Frankie-George" to avoid confusion, as there were two other Frank Hammonds in Ostable—Frankie-George saw an automobile approaching.

"Here comes Cap'n Mark," he announced. "That's his flivver, ain't it?"

"Who's that with him?" asked Mr. Bush. "Looks like Cyrenus, himself. I declare if it don't! Don't very often see them two together, do you? Wisht I had the amount of money that is represented aboard that auto."

"Humph!" observed Jonathan Beasley, another of the group. "I'd ruther have what the fellow aboard this other one is worth. I wouldn't ask no more in *this* world. Here comes Judge Copeland's limousine."

Sure enough, from the opposite direction another car was approaching; a car big, glittering, radiating pomp and prosperity. Miss Althea drew a long breath.

"Judge Copeland and Cyrenus Stone and Cap'n Mark Bearse!" she exclaimed, reverently. "The three most influential men there is in all Ostable township. I declare, that's singular, ain't it? You—you don't suppose they's meetin' here on purpose, do you? Somethin' about that house?"

Frankie-George knocked that surmise flat.

"Huh!" he grunted. "Judge Copeland wouldn't meet Cyrenus Stone nowhere no time for nothin'. They ain't spoke for years and you know it, Althy."

Nor did they speak now. The flivver—an open runabout—drew up beside the Dillingham gate. The limousine, its chauffeur at the wheel, purred majestically by. Within, Miss Althea and the others caught a glimpse of Judge Daniel Webster Copeland, Ostable's great man, portly, florid, dignified. The judge nodded graciously to them. He did not look at the car across the road.

UPON the seat of the little runabout sat Captain Mark Bearse, retired steamboat captain, bank director, owner of fish-weirs and cranberry-bog property, Congregationalist, Independent Republican. Captain Mark was round, red-faced, sturdy.

Beside him sat Cyrenus Stone, native son, resident of the least fashionable section of North Ostable, also owner of weir and bog property, bank director too, dabbler and speculator in real estate, freethinker, Democrat, local "boss" of his party. Cyrenus was tall, gaunt, square-chinned.

He lifted his long legs over the foot-rail of the little car and stepped to the ground. The group across the road strained eager ears. Conversation between this pair was always certain to be worth hearing, but just now it might be incalculably precious. The day was still and every word spoken was plainly audible.

"Much obliged, Mark," said Mr. Stone. "Do as much for you some time, if I have the chance."

"That's all right, Cyrenus. Glad I happened along. No use walkin' when you can ride, even in a tin craft like this one of mine."

"You bet! Won't you come in and see how the old house looks inside? I guess likely Henry and Marietta have got the windows washed enough by now to let a little light in."

"No, thanks, Cyrenus. I'd like to first-rate, but I can't stop. I don't imagine it's changed a whole lot since old Cap'n Sam's day. Besides, if I did come in I'd only be guessin' who you're openin' it up for. Say, you haven't let it to the President for what the newspapers call a Summer White House, have you?"

Stone chuckled. "Nothin' like that," he replied.

"No, I imagine not. Don't cal'late a good Democrat like you would let it to a Republican President, anyhow. Eh? Ha, ha!"

"I'd let it to Judas Iscariot if he had the money to pay a year's rent in advance. Maybe you'll think that's about what I——"

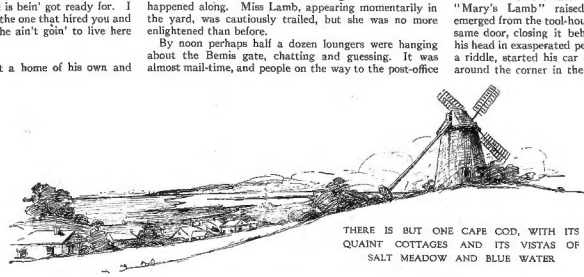
"Eh? Go on. What was you goin' to say?"

"Oh, nothin'. I swore up and down that I wouldn't tell a soul and I've got to keep my word. You'll find out soon enough, Cap'n, and when you do——"

"Well, when I do—what?"

"Why, then you'll know. And maybe you'll remember the Judas Iscariot part, too. Ha, ha! Thanks for the ride."

He strode into the yard. Captain Mark and the group by the Bemis farm saw him enter the house by the side door. A moment later they heard the shrill voice of "Mary's Lamb" raised in greeting. Henry Payson emerged from the tool-house and stumped to and in at that same door, closing it behind him. Captain Mark shook his head in exasperated perplexity, as one forced to give up a riddle, started his car and rattled on and disappeared around the corner in the direction of the post-office.



THERE IS BUT ONE CAPE COD, WITH ITS QUAINT COTTAGES AND ITS VISTAS OF SALT MEADOW AND BLUE WATER

Late that afternoon a van-load of furniture was delivered at the old Dillingham house. The van was a storage-van, having upon its sides the name of a Brockton firm of movers. The furniture itself, so Miss Althea made out by persistent and uncomfortable peeping beneath her window-shades, was not remarkable either for quantity or quality. She would have liked to question the driver and his helper, but Henry Ward Beecher Payson was superintending the unloading and she scarcely dared risk another interview with him. She retired that night very much excited, tormented with uncomfortable forebodings, but with the hope that the following day might, and probably would, bring the answer as to who and what her new neighbors were to be. And there was some satisfaction in the thought that she would probably

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

learn that answer sooner than any one else in North Ostable.

She rose at six the next morning, but all through the forenoon her watching was unrewarded. Henry Payson came early, unlocked the Dillingham door, and appeared to be busy within, but no one else came, not even Cyrenus. Marietta came not; evidently her share of the "cleaning up" was done. As noon, and mail-time, drew near, Shubal Bush and Frankie-George happened by and, as on the previous day, paused by her gate. They had learned nothing new. The secret was still a secret.

"But all hands down to the post-office last night wasn't talkin' about nothin' else," declared Shubal. "There's somethin' mysterious in this whole thing; you mark my words. Lots of folks thinks the reason Cyrenus don't tell is 'cause he's ashamed to."

Frankie-George shook his head. "It takes some consider'ble to make Cyrenus Stone ashamed," he proclaimed. "He's a mighty shrewd business man and this Dillingham property is the only bad speculation I ever heard of his makin'. He's let it now, and anybody'd think he'd be so glad that he'd make his brags, but he don't. Keeps shut up tight as a clam. When he let it afore to them no-account thievin' Acostas, he didn't make no secrets of the deal. Just grinned and said so long's he got his rent *he* didn't care. And yesterday he told Cap'n Mark—we heard him say it—that he'd let it to Judas Priest himself if——"

Miss Althea corrected him. "It was Judas Iscariot, he said," she put in, precisely.

"Well, Judas somebody; don't make no difference. And yet——"

Mr. Bush interrupted. "Ain't that somethin' or ruther comin' acrost the fields?" he demanded. "Looks like a horse and team, don't it?"

Frankie-George and Althea turned to look. A few hundred yards beyond the end of the Dillingham fence another road, or lane, joined the sandy road upon which that property fronted. Originally, in the old days before the innovation of the motor-car, this lane had afforded a short cut through the woods, past Shillaber's Pond, over Cannon Hill, joining, two miles further on, the main thoroughfare to Denboro. It was a bumpy, miserable by-way even then, but since the autos came it was scarcely ever used and was now bush-grown, weedy, and neglected. And yet along its winding ruts at this moment a horse and buggy were rocking toward them.

"Well, my sakes alive!" exclaimed Miss Althea. "Who on earth is that, usin' *that* road?"

Shubal removed his spectacles, wiped and readjusted them.

"A horse and buggy!" he exclaimed. "Who's ridin' in a horse and buggy these days, I want to know?"

Frankie-George squinted, peered, and slowly shook his head. "The only horse and team in this town belongs to Lem Ryder," he declared. "And Lem's horse is that old brown thing his uncle Isaac willed onto him. This horse is white—or was once. Who in time——"

Althea gasped. "You don't suppose it—you don't suppose it can be——"

Shubal whistled. "Judas Priest, I'll bet you!" he cried. "It's got to be. Who else is it?"

The buggy, surrounded by a cloud of dust, bumped and creaked and shook from the lane to the road. The horse's head turned to the left, their direction. The equipage—shabby, worn, and antique, both as to motive power and vehicle—came opposite the Dillingham gate and stopped.

"Two men," mused Frankie-George. "Don't know either of 'em, do I? Eh? Why, yes, I do, too. That feller drivin' is David Cahoon's boy, from East Denboro. But the other——"

"I never see the other one afore," whispered Shubal. "Don't seem as if I ever had—and yet—and yet there's somethin' sort of familiar about him, at that. Seems as if—don't he look familiar to you, Frank?"

Frankie-George looked; so did Miss Althea. The Cahoon boy, plump, shabbily dressed, freckled, alighted from the old buggy. The antique horse, minus a checkrein, drooped his venerable head and sniffed a mouthful of dusty grass by the roadside. The other occupant of the buggy sprang out. A tall man he was, thin and somewhat stooped, the hair at his temples gray; a man not old and yet not young; a man whose age it would be hard to guess; a man——

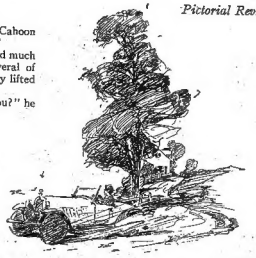
"Here's your bag, Mister," said the Cahoon boy. "Shall I take it into the house?"

It was an old bag, bulky, knobby, and much worn. There were foreign labels, several of them, plastered upon its sides. The boy lifted it from the floor of the buggy.

"Shall I take it into the house for you?" he asked again.

The man had not heard him at first. He was gazing at the weather-stained shingles and faded blinds of the old Dillingham house and, altho his driver's question this time reached his ears, for a moment it seemed scarcely to penetrate his understanding.

"Eh?" he exclaimed, awakening with a start. "Oh! No, put it down, son. I'll take it in myself. How much do I owe you?"



"DOCTOR EPH LEANED BACK IN HIS CHAIR AND CROSSED HIS KNEES. 'MARK,' HE SAID SLOWLY, 'I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU HERE TO-NIGHT'"

The boy grinned. "You don't owe me nothin'," he declared. "You settled up with father afore we started. Don't you remember?"

The man nodded. "Ye—es," he said, slowly. "I remember your father's settlement perfectly. But I don't remember settling with you. And you brought me over, you know—you and the horse. Now how much——"

"You don't owe me nothin'," reiterated the boy stoutly.

"How much do I owe the horse?"

"You don't owe him nothin' neither."

"Sure? Oh, I guess you're mistaken. He looks as if somebody owed him something. I should judge that I owed him about fifty cents. Say—ah—by the way, what is his name?"

"Jim," replied the boy, grinning more broadly than ever.

"I see. We'll respect his age and call him James. Ah—er—James, I owe you fifty cents, don't I? He doesn't answer. Silence gives consent. Here is fifty cents, son. You invest it for James, to oblige him—and me. Good-by."

The boy took the half-dollar which was pressed into his hand and, looking pleased but rather foolish, climbed again to the buggy-seat.

"Thanks," he said. "I—I don't want to take it, tho."

"Of course you don't. Perhaps that's why I'm giving it to you."

Another grin. "Father says," observed the youngster, "that folks have to take a good deal they don't want in this world."

"I see. Your father is quite right."

"Yes. He says the main thing is to take it standin' up. He didn't mean money, tho, I guess likely."

"Probably not. Give your father my fraternal respects, will you?"

"Yes. Good-by, Mister."

The man nodded. James, who appeared to have dropped asleep with his mouth full of grass and dust, was jerked into wakefulness and reluctantly urged into a rheumatic walk and then a trot. The buggy moved away. Its late passenger, standing by the gate, looked after it, then down the road, then across it, and became aware of the group in front of the Bemis premises. Each member of that group was staring at him with open eyes and mouth.

For a moment the new arrival returned the stare. Then a slow smile twitched the corners of his mouth. He had picked up the bulging bag with the foreign labels, but now he put it down again and, his hands in his trousers pockets—a posture which looked as if it might be habitual with him—strolled deliberately across the road. Upon the faces which watched his approach there dawned a look of suspicion, followed by one of amazed incredulity, changing to belief and then to horrified certainty. From three pairs of lips came exclamations indicating these feelings—and others.

The stranger spoke.

"Good morning, Althea," he said cheerfully. "Hello, Shubal. How are you, Hammond?"

Nobody answered. Miss Bemis choked, gasped and turned toward her front door. She looked as if she were contemplating running away. Mr. Bush and Frankie-George looked as if they would like to. The stranger smiled again, a tired smile.

"I wondered if you would recognize me," he observed. "I see you do. Well, it's a pleasant morning."

He turned on his heel and strode back again to where he had left his bag. He had reached the latter, picked it up, and was on his way to the side door of the Dillingham house before the faculty of speech returned to Miss Bemis and her companions. Then it returned to each of the trio simultaneously.

The Dillingham side door opened into what had been the dining-room. Upon his knees—the plural is used advisedly, for his wooden leg began below the left knee—Henry Ward Beecher Payson was fitting a caster to what was obviously a second-hand table. He heard the step upon the threshold and looked out from under the table.

"Hello, Henry," observed the man with the bag.

Henry swore aloud. Then he scrambled from beneath the table, pulled himself up by its aid, and with a step and a stump, stood before the stranger.

"Doc!" roared Henry Ward Beecher Payson. "Oh, by godfreys mighty! Doctor Nye! How—how are you?"

His face beamed. He held out both hands.

"Doctor Eph!" he roared again. "You've come, ain't you? You have, by time!"

"Yes, Henry, I've come."

"*Gosh!* I'm glad to see you."

"Are you?"

"*Am* I? Don't you believe I am? You *know* it. What do you mean by askin'——?"

"All right, Henry, all right. I do believe it."

He took one of the Payson hands and shook it heartily.

"I never was gladder to see nobody in *this* world," proclaimed Henry.

"Thanks. But you're lonesome."

"Lonesome? Why am I lonesome?"

"Because you're the only person in the neighborhood who is glad to see me. Look here."

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

He led the one-legged man to the open door. From it could be seen the front of the Bemis house. The group by the fence was no longer there. Shubal Bush and Frankie-George Hammond were hurrying up the road, bound to the post-office, newsdistributing center for North Ostable. Miss Althea was not to be seen, but the shades in her parlor windows were up. As they looked these shades were drawn down violently, emphatically, even viciously.

Ephraim Nye smiled once more, his faint, tired smile.

"'The prodigal returned,' he observed, 'and his fellow townsmen fell upon his neck—heavily.' Or, to misquote again from the same source, 'A certain—er—thief fell among friends, and the friends sprang up and choked him.' Henry, the Bemis window-curtains interpret the welcome of North Ostable."

HENRY stared at him. "I don't know what you're talkin' about," he declared. "But that's nothin'; I never used to know more'n half of what you was talkin' about in the old days. As for Althy Bemis, she's an old cat—beggin' the pardon of every four-legged cat in Ostable County. And——"

"Yes, Henry?"

"No matter what you say, Doctor Eph, I'm darn glad to see you here. Now, then, where's the rest of your dunnage? That satchel ain't all you've got, is it? Want dinner right away? Hungry, ain't you?"

Half an hour later a little automobile raced, at unprecedented speed, along Bayberry Lane and stopped before the gate of the Dillingham place. Althea Bemis, hastening to peep beneath her drawn shades, saw Captain Mark Bearse climb clumsily from the driver's seat and roll up the walk to the side door.

In the dining-room Ephraim Nye was seated at the table, eating the meal which Payson had prepared for him. He heard the car stop and the heavy tread upon the walk. He rose to his feet and turned to the door just as the captain reached it. The two men looked at each other.

Bearse was the first to speak, and his speech was a bellow.

"It is, by the Lord!" he shouted. "I didn't believe it when they told me and—and I don't know as I believe it yet. But it *is*! Eph! Eph Nye! Why you—you old——"

He was too excited to finish the sentence, but stood there waving his fists in the air. There was a gleam in the other man's eye, but except for that he showed no signs of emotion.

"How are you, Mark?" he said, quietly.

Captain Mark gasped. "How *am* I?" he repeated. "Why, what's the matter with you? Is that all you've got to say to me after—after all these years? How am I? Why, Eph!"

He stumbled over the sill, his mammoth hand outstretched. Nye did not take the hand. "Wait a minute, Mark," he continued. "Haven't you forgotten? Careful. Better use a disinfectant. I—er—might be contagious."

"Contagious? Oh, be hanged! Why, Ephraim, is that the way you talk to me after—after— What's the matter with you? Give me that fist of yours or—or I'll use mine on your thick head. Give it to me!"

He seized it and held it tight. Then, in almost the exact words, he repeated a statement made by Henry Ward Beecher Payson.

"By the Almighty!" he cried fervently. "Eph Nye, I'm glad to see you."

Ephraim smiled. "I'm glad to see you, Mark," he said.

Payson appeared in the doorway leading from the kitchen. He grinned.

"Good for sore eyes, the sight of him is, ain't it, Cap'n Mark?" he demanded. "Say, Doctor Eph, don't look as if I was goin' to be quite so lonesome as you intended to make out, does it? Oh, Cap'n, the old checker-board is in amongst his things. I just run afoul of it, unpackin'. What do you think of that, eh?"

Bearse laughed aloud. "You don't tell me, Henry!" he cried. "Well, well, well! And the last game he and I played I would have had him licked in two more moves if we had gone on. I would—and he knows it."

Henry chuckled. "Ain't no reason why you can't go on any time now, Cap'n," he declared. "The board and the checkers, too, are right out on the kitchen table. And Doctor Eph's come back to North Ostable to stay."

Captain Mark's expression changed. He gazed earnestly up into his friend's face.

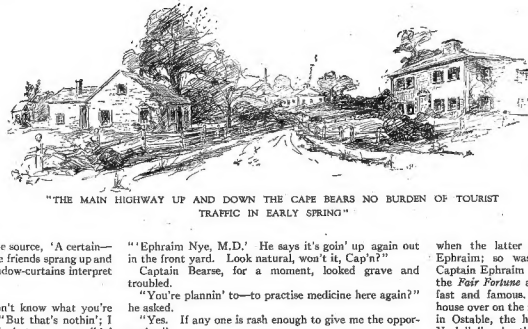
"So I heard at the post-office just now," he said. "Is it true, Ephraim?"

"Yes, Mark."

"You're goin' to—to live here in—in North Ostable?"

"Yes. Unless my fellow townsmen furnish me free transportation elsewhere—on a rail."

"His old sign-board's come, too," put in Payson.



"THE MAIN HIGHWAY UP AND DOWN THE CAPE BEARS NO BURDEN OF TOURIST TRAFFIC IN EARLY SPRING"

"'Ephraim Nye, M.D.' He says it's goin' up again out in the front yard. Look natural, won't it, Cap'n?"

Captain Bearse, for a moment, looked grave and troubled.

"You're plannin' to—to practise medicine here again?" he asked.

"Yes. If any one is rash enough to give me the opportunity."

"Sho! Well, of course, I—I——"

"I know, Mark. But that's all right. Don't you worry. It isn't your funeral. You have a reputation and a character and I expect you to be careful of them. You're a good fellow to come here at all, but you shouldn't have done it. I'm paddling my own canoe and I don't expect to carry passengers."

"Oh, shut up! You be darned! Sit down and finish your dinner. I've got to go now, but I'll be back after supper to-night. Henry, you dust off that checker-board and have it ready! Doctor Eph and I have a score to settle on it this evenin'!"

"Mark! Stop! Don't be an idiot! I don't want you to visit me to-night—or at any time."

"Be still! Save your breath. And if you've got any spare time this afternoon you better practise up on checkers. I'm goin' to lick you to-night."

PEOPLE were "sitting up late" that evening in North Ostable, and not only in plebeian North Ostable, but in the most aristocratic sections of Ostable proper—which is very proper indeed. Mr. Shubal Bush, for example, did not return from the post-office to his home on the Shell Road until half past nine, and, after arriving there, did not go up-stairs to bed until a quarter past eleven. Mrs. Bush—Christian name Angelina—had an aunt visiting her from Wapatomac, and this relative—Olinda Pepper, aged seventy-nine, single, and possessor of several thousands which the Bushes hoped to inherit—furnished the latter pair a Heaven-sent excuse, not only to discuss the sensation which the return of Doctor Ephraim Nye afforded—no excuse was needed for that—but to resurrect the scandalous story connected with his name and past history.

Shubal and Angelina performed the resurrection ceremony and Miss Pepper acted as audience and more than occasional chorus. She was thin, sharp-featured, talkative, deaf, and as hungry for gossip as a gull is for sand-eels. She was not satisfied with generalities, but desired particulars, and when she did not hear clearly, which was pretty often, demanded to be told all over again. Mr. Bush, himself so excited as to be rather incoherent, and not possessing his wife's politic prudence nor wholeheartedly sharing her affection for the aged relative, found Aunt Lindy's persistent quest for knowledge decidedly trying.

"So," said Shubal, addressing Angelina, "as nigh as anybody can make out, Cyrenus had a letter from him askin' if the old Dillingham place was still to let and, if 'twas, if he'd rent it out to him. Henry Payson he fetched over the letter—it didn't come by mail, seemed so—and Henry and Cyrenus they fixed up the trade betwixt 'em. Doctor Ephraim's hired the place on a two-year lease and nobody seems to know what the price is, but all hands cal'late it's high."

TINY PORTS HINT OF DISTANT LANDS

Aunt Lindy broke in here. "Who's he?" she demanded.

Mr. Bush, halted in full career, turned a dazed look in her direction.

"Hey?" he queried.

"Hi," said Aunt Lindy. "Who's he?"

"He? Who?"

"Hi."

Shubal lost patience. "You needn't holler 'Hi' no more," he shouted. "I hear you."

"All right. I'm glad of it. Now who is he?"

"Who?"

"Hi."

"Oh, my soul to mighty! Can't you say *nothin'* but 'Hi'?"

"Hey?" asked Aunt Lindy.

Mrs. Bush cut in here to explain that her husband had referred to a high price, not a "Hi" person.

"No such thing," declared Miss Pepper, testily. "He was talkin' about this doctor critter that's hired that Higgins house. But he said *his* name was Ephraim. I guess I heard him, didn't I? Or I would have heard him if he'd talk out loud, 'stead of settin' there whisperin' and whisperin'."

Angelina and Shubal exchanged looks. "You better begin at the beginnin' and tell the whole thing, all of it," said the former under her breath. "You'll have to do it afore you get through, so you might as well begin now. And, for mercy sakes, holler."

Shubal groaned. But he began at the beginning as requested. And, also as requested, he "hollered."

He had known Ephraim Nye when the latter was a boy. His father's name was Ephraim; so was his grandfather's. The latter was Captain Ephraim Nye, commander of the *Sea Wind* and the *Fair Fortune* and a half dozen other clippers equally fast and famous. Old Captain Ephraim built the big house over on the main road beyond the Methodist church in Ostable, the house where "them Clapps, from New York," live in the Summer-time. The house was sold when Ephraim Nye, Doctor Eph's father, "failed up" in the wholesale fish business. That was in 1890, when Eph was a boy. Ephraim, the father, died two years later. His widow and her son lived in a little house on the back road in Ostable until the widow's death. "She was a Bassett," explained Shubal. "Constance Bassett her name was afore she was married, and her dad was Cap'n Jared Bassett. He was a smart skipper in his day, wa'n't he, Angelina? Why, don't you remember when him and old Coffin——"

"Who did?" This, of course, from Aunt Lindy.

"Never mind, never mind," put in Mrs. Bush, hastily. "It didn't amount to anything, Auntie. Go on, go on, Shubal. Stick to the doctor."

"Humph!" disgustedly, but in a tone discreetly low, "how can a body stick to anything with her singin' out 'Who—who—who' all the time, like—like one of them owls?" (Shubal pronounced it "aowls.") "I— Oh, all right, all *right*! I'm *tellin'* you about Eph Nye, ain't I? *Listen!*"

He went on to tell of the boy's life in Ostable. Mrs. Nye died when her son was seventeen, and in his final year at the local high school.

"A queer critter he was even then," he declared. "Smart scholar, and all like that, but—but queer, you understand. Never talked much, he didn't, unless he felt like it, and you never could tell just what he was liable to say. I remember, one time I'd been workin' down to the wharf, openin' scallops, and on my way home I felt kind of hungry and I set down 'side of the road to eat a little bite I'd had left in my dinner-pail. There was a chicken leg, I recollect, and I was settin' there eatin' it when this Eph Nye boy come along. 'Hello, Ephie,' says I. He says, 'Howdy do.' And I says, 'I ain't eatin' supper,' I says; 'I just had this little mite of chicken left and I thought I might's well get rid of it now as to lug it home in the pail.' He looked at me, solemn, and then says he, 'You think a bird in the hush is worth two in the hand, eh?' Well, sir, I couldn't—eh? Oh, you see it, do you?"

Aunt Lindy was chuckling. "That was a good one," she observed.

SHUBAL seemed a bit chagrined. "Of course *I* see it, after a spell," he proclaimed; "but at first I couldn't make out what he was drivin' at. Forgot my name was Bush, for the minute I did. However, that don't make no difference; what I'm tellin' you about it for is just to show you what a queer young un he was. I've thought about it a good deal since, and seems to me that I and the rest of us had ought to have realized that a boy queer as all that wasn't liable to come to no good end. Yes, sir-re! I'd ought to have realized it. But I didn't and neither did other folks. Why——"

His wife interrupted here, bidding him get along faster or it would be breakfast-time before he finished.

"You haven't begun to get to the important part at all yet," she declared. "Hurry up, for mercy sakes!"

"Look here, Angie; who's tellin' this yarn?"

"You are; that's plain enough. Anybody else would have had it told by now."

Aunt Lindy chuckled again. She seemed to have a perverse faculty of hearing the very things not meant for her ears. Mr. Bush glared at her.

"All right," he observed, with dignity. "Then you can get 'em to tell it. I'm through." This should have been a crusher, but Mrs. Bush declined to be crushed.

"I'll tell you, Aunt Lindy," she said. "His mother died and he went away from Ostable, this Ephraim Nye did, and the next we heard he was goin' to college up to Boston. They'd sold the house and furniture, but they didn't fetch much—Ostable property was cheap in those days—and from what we heard he didn't have but a little money; had to work his way, so folks said. Summers he did all sorts of jobs. Why, one time we heard he'd gone along of a sort of explorin' party away up to a place called Labrador. Once he drove a team for a man in New Hampshire. And one Summer he—didn't he take care of two rich children, Shubal?"

Her husband sniffed. "He tooted 'em, if that's what you mean," he vouchsafed.

"*Tooted* 'em! He learned 'em their lessons; that's what he did."

"Well, it's all right. Have it your own way. You call it

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

learnin'; I call it tootin'. And that's what *they* called it, or their folks did, for I heard——"

"Oh, never mind, never mind. Anyhow, he worked his way through college and then he went to another place, a kind of medicine school it was, and studied to be a doctor. Next he was in a big hospital, one of the doctors there. Not a real doctor, but a—a—hum—what do they call those young doctors in hospitals, Shubal?"

"What's the use of your askin' *me*? When I tell you the right names for things you don't pay no attention."

"Well, I'll pay attention now. What is it?"

"Humph! Never mind."

"That means you don't know. Well, I remember it myself now; it's an intern. That's what Eph Nye was in that Boston hospital, an intern. And it was while he was internin' there that he met Fanny Copeland. And his meetin' her and marryin' her was the real reason for his comin' back here to Ostable and buyin' out old Doctor Blodgett's practise and startin' in to be our doctor here. Fanny Copeland——"

Aunt Lindy asked a question. "Copeland, did you say?" she asked. "Any relation to that stuck-up Daniel Copeland?" Shubal gasped. His wife looked shocked. Miss Pepper was guilty of lese-majesty and sacrilege.

"She was Judge Copeland's sister, that's who she was," proclaimed Mr. Bush, with righteous indignation. "And Judge Copeland was then, same as he is now, one of the big men of this county."

"Pig men? Yes, I guess likely."

"I didn't say 'pig,'" roared Shubal. "I said 'big.'"

"Humph!" sniffed Aunt Lindy. "Big pig. Well, he looks like one."

Mr. Bush raised a horrified hand and was about to raise his voice, but his wife hushed him to silence.

"Sshh, sshh, Shubal," she whispered. "Don't stir her up! I forgot that Judge Copeland was lawyer for the railroad when her case was killed. Sshh! All right, Aunt Lindy. We know you don't like the judge. Anyhow, Fanny was his younger sister and she was the one that Doctor Ephraim married."

Miss Copeland, so Angelina went on to say, had come to the Boston hospital as a patient. She was young, pretty, and the pet of her brother, who was a dozen years older than she. Even at that time Daniel Copeland, altho not as well-to-do as he had since become—he made a lot of money in stocks during the War, so people said—was the leading citizen of Ostable. He was a widower with one child, a daughter, and Fanny had lived with him.

"'Twas her nerves she went to the hospital for," explained Angelina. "They'd broke down, and no wonder, for if ever a girl went it, she did. She was always sort of frail, but pretty and lively, and she loved dancin' and nice clothes and jewelry and theaters and——and——"

"And the fellows, I suppose likely," added Aunt Lindy.

"Well, yes, she did like the fellows and they liked her. She was run after all the time she lived with her brother, and the Summer crowd was runnin' just as hard as the Winter ones—harder, because she wouldn't have much to do with the young men that lived here all the time. They wasn't swell enough for Fanny Copeland; she flew higher. Daniel he made a regular pet out of her and spoiled her, I guess, sort of. But anyhow her nerves gave out, or she thought they did—altho I guess likely the disease that she finally died of was the real trouble, even then—and she went to this hospital for treatment. And there she met Ephraim Nye, and the next thing we heard was that they were goin' to be married."

"That was a surprise, too," put in Shubal. "Course we'd heard that Eph was gettin' on first-rate at his trade and was liable to be a A No. 1 doctor one of these days, but nobody thought he was high-toned enough for Fanny Copeland to hitch up to. I cal'late he must have gone after her hammer and tongs and, she not bein' very strong and the like of that, he sort of made her say yes. That's the way I size it."

His wife looked doubtful. "I don't know," she observed. "It always seemed to me that Fanny was more set on him than he was on her. Doctor Eph wasn't ever what you'd call a real handsome man, but—but there was somethin' about him that made you like him. You couldn't help it."

Mr. Bush snorted disdainfully. "Rubbish!" he declared. "*I* could help it, all right. The women-folks liked him, but they always shine up to a doctor or a minister. When he was doctorin' here and all you females was makin' such fools of yourselves over him, was *I* cruisin' in his wake? No, sir-ee! I was always suspicious. 'You wait,' says I. 'Just wait and see. A new broom,' says I, 'gathers no moss, but——'"

"MISS BEMIS SUMMED IT UP: 'CYRENUS HASN'T HELPED HIS REPUTATION IN THIS TOWN MUCH BY HIRIN' EPHRAIM NYE'"

Angelina interrupted. "Why, Shubal Bush!" she exclaimed. "What silly stuff you're talkin'! You never said any such words. You was as crazy over him as all the rest of the Ostable folks. You know you was."

"No such thing. Me? Crazy nothin'!"

Aunt Lindy grunted impatiently. "What's your bein' a crazy nothin' got to do with Dan Copeland's sister and this Nye man?" she demanded.

SHUBAL, very red in the face, was about to protest, but his wife did not give him the opportunity.

"Well, anyhow," she said, "Doctor Eph and Fanny did get married, and he bought out old Doctor Blodgett's practise and come to Ostable to settle. That was the biggest surprize of all, because everybody figured that Fanny Copeland would pick out a bigger place than Cape Cod to live in. New York or Washin'ton would suit her better, we thought. But no, down they come and he commenced doctorin'. And he did awful well at it, too. Built up a fine practise, twice what Blodgett used to have, goin' 'way to Denboro and Harniss to see sick folks and bein' busy night and day. His wife, she was busy too, tho in a different way. She was just as gay as she ever was, goin' to dinners and parties and chasin' round with the Summer crowd while he was workin' and earnin' money. He earned a good deal, but even at that we couldn't see how he could earn enough to give her the things she had—new clothes and jewelry and di'mond rings and trips to New York and everywheres. Where they all come from we couldn't see."

"We found out later on, tho," put in Shubal.

"Well, yes, we did. Besides his doctorin' the doctor found time to be pretty prominent in town affairs and church work and such. One of the things he was, was treasurer of the fund for buildin' the new Congregationalist meetin'-house. The Congregationalist folks had been raisin' money for that church-buildin' for a long spell and they had over ten thousand dollars in the bank here. 'Twas in Ephraim Nye's name as treasurer, and the plans was drawn and the work commenced. Then—*then* the thing happened."

She paused. Miss Pepper sighed. "So somethin's goin' to happen at last," she observed. "Well, that's a mercy! I begun to be afraid a body as old as I be wouldn't last long enough to hear about it. What did happen?"

"About everything happened, and happened all to once, too. The new church-buildin' had been raised and framed and boarded in, and 'twas time for the folks that was doin' the work——"

"Snow & Ryder had the contract," cut in Shubal. "Oxham firm of contractors, they was. That was a mistake, anyhow, 'cordin' to my notion. I said so at the time; all hands heard me. 'What's the idea,' I says, 'of sendin' a job like that out of town? If there's work to be done here, give it out here; that's what I say,' says I. But no, they went right ahead——"

"Sshh, sshh!" This from Angelina. "What do you suppose Aunt Lindy cares about that? Do let me tell this story, can't you?"

"Course I'll let you tell it, but——"

"What's the matter now?" demanded Miss Pepper.

"Why, Shubal says——"

"Oh, fiddle-de-dee! What's that amount to? Get along, get along!"

"Well, then— Hush, Shubal! Don't say anything to hurt her feelin's."

"Hurt *her* feelin's! Heavens and earth!"

"Yes. If you make her mad there's no tellin' what she'll do. She was talkin' yesterday about leavin' her money to the old women's home. Yes, yes, Aunt Lindy, I'm goin' right along. Well, the first payment for the buildin' work was due and the committee went to the bank for the money. Course Doctor Nye was treasurer and he would have been the one to draw it, but he was in trouble and they didn't want to bother him. His wife—Fanny Copeland that was—had been to New York and she'd come home awful sick; it was her last sickness, as it turned out, but we didn't know it then. The rest of the committee—Judge Copeland was one—went to the bank, and when they got there, instead of there bein' over ten thousand to the church credit there was less than three thousand. Yes, less than three thousand dollars was all there was left!"

"My sakes! You don't say!" exclaimed Aunt Lindy. "Where'd the rest of it gone to?"

"That's what they wanted to know. Then it turned out that a check for seventy-two hundred against that meetin'-house fund had come back to the bank the week afore. It was made out to—to——"

"Made out to 'Bearer' 'twas," interjected Shubal. "And 'twas signed 'Ephraim B. Nye, Treasurer.' I see it myself, and that's how 'twas made out and signed."

"Yes," went on his wife, "but on the back of it was stamped the names of some New York folks; stock-brokers they was. Their names was on it because they'd deposited it in their bank first. Well, of course, the church committee they couldn't make out what Doctor Eph had drawed all that money for and they went right off to him to find out. He was out of town for the time bein', seein' somebody that was sick over to Bayport, but when he come back that night they was waitin' for him. They was havin' a meetin' down in the meetin'-house parlor and they sent for him. And when they showed him the check he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

SHAFT OF LIGHT

Irma Was Twenty-Eight, Men Were Scarce, Her Home Was a Prison—and Then Came a Revelation

BY ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

IRMA REED was twenty-eight. All her life had been lived in a three-story brownstone front on a side street. She hated it; the musty smell of its vestibule, the suggestion of cooking in the entrance-hall, the flicker of gas that lighted the stairs, the carved mahogany coat-rack, the card-tray over which a film of dust had settled, the worn carpet. No one ever came. Nothing ever happened year in and year out.

She had given up joining her parents in the living-room after dinner. Her mother stitched endlessly upon sheets and pillow-cases. Her father smoked and read and before going to bed played a game of patience. Every first of the month their silence was broken by a tense discussion of bills. The same comments. The same objections. Then silence again.

Sometimes Mr. Gwynne, a friend of her father's, called. Once he invited Irma to the theater but she refused, quickly. He was too old. After that when she heard his voice in the hall, she slipped out by way of the back stairs and went to the movies. She spent most of her evenings there.

The only time she met her family was at dinner. Her father breakfasted before she was up; and she went without lunch to escape her mother's querulousness. But dinner was unavoidable. Irma had no invitations to eat elsewhere. The few friends she had made at school had moved away. And there were no men. She wondered sometimes how one met them. So many girls——

At seven every evening she slipped into her place at the table. Usually, beyond "Good evening, Papa," "'d evening, Irma," there was silence.

She could not remember when she had first noticed her father's restlessness. He was a small man with a pinched face and thin lips. She often wondered how her mother could have married him—until she looked at her mother.

It was Saturday night. He fidgeted in his chair and tapped the table with his fork. At last he spoke out.

"Business is rotten."

She and her mother waited for him to go on. He did, addressing the meat. "I'm losing money every day."

Here her mother broke in sharply, "How do you mean?"

"Mean? I mean we've got to cut down expenses."

This was not new and Irma shrugged. He saw the shrug and turned on her.

"Yes, you too, miss, with your high-and-mighty ideas. Lying in bed until ten o'clock in the morning."

Irma apologized for the shrug and her mother added, "Plenty of men are making money. Why don't you do like they do?"

"Do? Do what? What must I do? Ain't I down at my office at eight-thirty and stay until after dark?"

"Yes, but——"

"But still I must do something. All right, what is it? Why don't you tell me? I'm listening."

"You should have sold out when you had the chance——"

"Have we got to go over all that again? Well, find me a buyer and I'll sell out—just find me a buyer——"

"How can I find you a buyer? That's not my business——"

"No! Your business is sitting here telling me how to run mine!"

Irma did not listen. Her thoughts fled from the tumult, from the pounding of her father's fist on the table. She pushed back her chair; she moved slowly to the door. No one noticed her. Her mother, very erect, with red spots in her cheeks, strove for a chance to speak—to sink a dart. She looked particularly ugly, Irma thought, with her lips drawn in and her eyes hard and bright. Her father, flushed, with beads of perspiration on his forehead, leaned forward with clenched fist. It was revolting.

"I'm going out," she said above the noise. They did not answer her. She paused in the hall and stared at herself in the mirror. She did resemble her father. There was no denying it; the high forehead, the sharp chin, the pallor. From the dining-room came the sound of his voice, then the sudden, sharp splintering of glass. There! He had broken something. Silence after that. It was as the noisy record had been turned off. She glanced at herself once more and ran up-stairs for her hat and coat.

When she came down the argument had been resumed. With relief she reached the cool, dark street. At the corner she paused, irresolutely. Two motion-picture houses flashed their lights. She turned toward them. She stopped in a store on the way and bought peppermints. She entered the nearest theater and dropped into a seat. Looking up she saw beside her a man.

Then she followed the picture before her. It shifted from a city view to a sweeping plain with a background of mountains. She heard the man suck in his breath sharply. He caught her eye.

"That's *my* country," he began; "that's where *I'm* from."

She drew away. No one had ever spoken to her in a theater.

"See those mountains? The bnes around here are peanuts alongside of them."

Her resentment vanished. In its place she felt a wave of interest.

"Ever been out West?"

She did not answer. She was not quite sure she should.

"God's country," he said.

The picture flashed back to a metropolitan scene. He slumped down in his seat. Suddenly she spoke. "Do you like it here?"

"Here? Here in New York? Sure. I got to."

"Why do you?"

"I'm working here."

"Working at what?"

"Oh, nothing much."

After a long time she said, "Is your family here, too?"

"Haven't any."

She gathered up her courage. "No mother or sisters or——"

"Nobody. Just me."

No mother or sisters—Irma felt the blood pound in her cheeks. "Have a—a peppermint," she said.

They left the place together and he walked with her to the corner

"Live around here?"

She nodded. Under the glare of a lamp she saw how young he was. Not more than twenty-three. Tall and blond and broad-shouldered.

"Well," he said, "so long."

In a minute he would be gone. Gone forever. She flushed and looked away as she spoke.

"I live right across there and half way down the street. Not far."

She hesitated. He did not speak and she was forced to go on in a light tone. She must make it light as thistle-down.

"Won't you walk over there with me. It's—it's so dark and——"

"Sure thing," he said.

They came in silence to her stoop. She felt agitated. Her heart fluttered in little, uneven leaps. She wanted to run in without another word. She would have, too, once. But not now. Something held her there against her will and compelled her to speak.

"This is it," she said, indicating the house.

"Boarding here?"

"Oh, no. We own it."

"Own a whole house?"

"Yes. I was born here."

"You're the only person I know that's got a house in New York."

"Any one can have it that wants it."

She teetered on the lowest step aching for the gift that made light badinage possible. What next—what must she say next? Even then he was edging away from her.

"Well, I guess I'll——"

She cut him short with, "Where do *you* live?"

He told her the address. "Got a hall-room. It's fierce."

He lounged back against the stone balustrade. To show him she intended lingering a while she seated herself on the steps.

"Sit down," she said, trying to make her voice sound natural. She waited. He seated himself beside her.

"It's kind of late. Don't your folks——"

At that she laughed. And her laughter relaxed her tension. She spoke more easily. "No. I guess they won't worry about me. Do you know you make me think an awful lot of a boy I used to know."

A gorgeous lie invented on the spur of the moment.

"Do I?" he said. "What was he like?"

"Oh—big like you and from the West, too."

"What part?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

She pondered this. "'Way far West. Nevada. That was it—Nevada."

"Never been there. California's my home."

That made it easier. "He came from a mining town. You look a lot like him. That's—that's what made me talk to you this way."

She felt reinstated in her own eyes. He nodded as tho he understood.

"Maybe you know him. His—his name is—William—Osgood."

"No, I don't. Mine's Booth Kellogg."

"That's a pretty name," she said; "prettier than mine. I hate the name of Irma."

He did not speak for a long while and, sitting erect, she twined her hands in her lap in an agony of suspense. If she could only think of a subject—anything. Then she heard his voice:

"It's lonesome here."

She feigned surprize. "Here in New York? Why, it's full of people."

"Yes, but what's the good of 'em if you don't know 'em?" He turned to her. "I suppose you got lots of friends."

"Oh, yes," she said; "lots."

"You wouldn't have time——" he stopped. She leaned forward.

"Time for what?"

"Time to—to—go to the movies with me or walking or something——" he laughed suddenly. "I guess I got my nerve all right, talking to a New York girl like I would to one back home."

She clung to the main theme. "Of course I'd have time."

"You mean you'd let me come around and call for you after dinner sometimes?"

"I wish you would. I'm—I'm not busy every night."

He rose and extended his hand. "Thanks Miss—Miss——"

"Irma."

"I'll take you up on that."

"You—you better say when you're coming so I'll—I'll be sure to be home."

He dropped her hand. "Any time suits me."

"Wednesday night," she said and waited for his answer.

"Fine. About half past seven I'll be here."

He walked swiftly away. Once he turned and waved to her. She stood there long after he was out of sight.

WEDNESDAY night she could not eat her dinner. She tried to, but her throat was burning. Bella in a low tone urged her:

"You ain't touched a mou'ful, Miss Irma."

At half past seven the door-bell rang shrilly. Her father looked up from his coffee.

"Who's that?"

Irma's heart leaped. She tried to speak casually.

"Oh, a friend of mine, I guess."

Her mother raised her head. "Who, Irma?"

"Oh, just—just Booth."

"Booth who? Who's he? Where's he from?"

Bella's entrance cut short a reply. She stared at Irma, round-eyed. "Gen'man to see you in de hall."

Irma rose. Her knees trembled so she wondered if she could walk to the door. "All right," she said; "I was expecting him."

He was not in the hall; he was in the gloom of the carpeted parlor with its shabby silk-upholstered furniture. Irma saw him standing awkwardly in the dark room, hat in hand, gazing about him. She wondered if he had noticed the broken globe on the chandelier. It had been jaggedly cracked as long as she could remember.

She came toward him quickly. "It's awful to put you in here without a light——"

"I can see all right," he said. "This—this sure is a pretty room."

An enormous, overpowering relief swept over her. "Oh, it's old-fashioned, I think. I always wanted papa to put in parquet floors and—and panel the walls, but he says he likes it left the way he fixed it up for mama."

He laid a hand on a velvet portière. "That's nice, too."

For the first time in her life she felt something almost akin to pride in the room; in the curio-cabinet with its cheap collection; in the marble what-not over-weighted with china vases; in the upright piano draped with a pale pink, long-fringed scarf. She led the way into the hall. She was terribly afraid her father might emerge from the dining-room and waylay them.

"It's so warm I don't need a hat," she said hurrying ahead down the steps.

He tucked her arm in his and began talking about himself: "If I wasn't dead sure my job would pan out big I wouldn't stick around here another day."

At the thought of his going away she felt afraid.

"Oh, but it will pan out big."

"That's what they tell me, but honest, having a two-by-four room looking out on a brick wall don't make a hit with me."

"Haven't they got any better ones?"

"Sure they have—down at the Waldorf. Lots of 'em. But not at my price."

They laughed together. Then he resumed:

"Hole-in-the-wall. That's what it is, and the eats they hand out! One bite and your meal's done. I ask for more, and I get it, *too*—but I'd have to keep on asking all night to get filled up."

He looked at her suddenly. "Can you cook?"

She could not, but she said, "Oh, yes."

"I sort of figured you could. You look as if you could turn out a life-sized Irish stew and some regular coffee with pancakes on the side."

"That's easy," she said; "what else do you like?"

"Don't get me talking about it. I like every little thing and plenty of it. If I don't get it soon, believe me, I'm going to pull up stakes and start for home."

It flashed into her mind that she must do something—instantly. She caught her breath.

"Come and have dinner with us some night and I'll—I'll show you——"

"Will I?" he grinned. "Just ask me!"

She was torn with sudden indecision. The thought of her mother and father sitting grimly silent through a meal, or worse, breaking into a quarrel, chilled her. She had better explain now. Now, while she had the courage.

"My mother and father," she said in a voice she tried to make matter-of-fact, "are—are—awfully quiet."

"Old folks, eh?"

"Not so old, but—just—well—settled down."

That was not enough. She must prepare him for an outburst.

"My father has been awfully worried about business lately. I guess most men are."

"Sure. It's terrible."

"Yes. I never saw him so worried. It—it makes him cross. Not a bit like himself. He's not that way at all but——"

"I don't blame him."

"I thought I'd better tell you in case he—in case when you come to dinner—he might—he might——"

She stopped, groping for words, and ended helplessly, "I never saw him that way before."

They had reached the theater. There was something else she must tell him. It was even more difficult. She thought about it as he bought the tickets and ushered her in. When they were seated, she spoke. It seemed easier in the dark.

"When you come to dinner——" He was all attention. "Would you—would you mind not—I don't think I'd better let my father know I—we met this way."

"Sure we hadn't. What'll we say?"

"Say—say you knew Mary Winters—that's an old friend of mine—Mary Winters—say she wrote you to come see me."

"I'll remember that name all right."

She smiled nervously. "You think I'm silly, don't you?" she said.

When she came home she paused again before the hall mirror and gazed at herself. Her cheeks were flushed. It was becoming, she thought. Her mother found her leaning toward her reflection, studying it.

"What are you doing, Irma?"

Irma turned. "Nothing" she said, and ran up-stairs.

In her room she took down her hair and tried it a new way. She decided it looked too much as tho she were striving to be young. She brushed it out and back from her forehead in its customary smoothness. That was how he had first seen it. He had liked her well enough with her hair that way to want to see her again. Well, then, what was to be gained by altering it?

She threw open her closet door and rummaged restlessly among her clothes. They at least could be improved upon. All a year old—some older. Dresses remodeled. A blue-serge suit that had been her mother's. They were shabby, that was it; shabby. She had never felt it so keenly before.

She lifted down from a hook a foulard. It had been new four years ago; a dreary enough garment, even then; dirt-brown with liver-colored spots. That was her one dinner-dress. As it was she never wore it. Never had occasion to. She flung it on the closet floor and slammed the door. Something new; she must buy something new.

NEXT evening at dinner she crumbled her bread nervously into her soup, and, as Bella cleared away the dishes, looked at her father, who sat scowling at the table-cloth.

"Papa," she said, "would it be all right if I asked Mr. Kellogg to dinner?"

Her father's head came up with a jerk. "Eh? Mr. Kellogg? Who's he?"

Her mother, eyeing her sharply, explained, "The young man who called here last night."

"Ask him to dinner? What for?"

Irma said, "Why, he's a stranger in New York and I thought a home dinner might——"

"Where'd you meet him?"

"I—Mary Winters wrote me about him. Friend of hers."

"What did she say?"

"Why—why—not much. He's from the West. California."

"Got any money?"

Irma looked down at her hands clenched in her lap. "I -I think so."

"What business?"

"He—I don't know exactly. Property out West He's—he's here about that."

Her mother put in softly, "Is last night the first time you——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

"'NO! YOUR BUSINESS IS SITTING HERE TELLING ME HOW TO RUN MINE'"

"'YOU MEAN YOU'D LET ME COME AND CALL FOR YOU AFTER DINNER SOMETIMES?'"

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE PICK-UP JOB

The Young Husband Learns, in a Few Lurid Days, Something About the Pioneer Wife's Task

BY FRANCES GILCHRIST WOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. SHEPHERD

THE links of a broken log-chain slid from Eric Gair's crushed fingers; he dropped the ax and swayed against the door of the sod stable. White lips writhed as he stood for an enduring moment, opened his eyes weakly, and crossed the strip of Dakota plain to his shack.

In the early morning light a girl stepped through the doorway, milk-pail on one arm and a year-old baby clasped in the other. She turned at his footsteps, stared a moment, and ran toward him crying, "Eric, what is it?"

The frontiersman lifted his crushed hand mutely. In a flash she was back in the sod house and out again with basin of water and home-made medicine-chest. Swiftly and skilfully the girl bathed and bandaged.

"Thank you, Jan." Eric staggered to his feet and looked toward the team of mules hitched to the big freighting wagon by the shed. He swayed, white with pain.

The girl caught him with her free arm. "You can't go, Eric. How could you drive—with that hand?"

The man's teeth set grimly. "I've got to! McDowell wants the lumber—to finish building."

"But some one else can go to Haney for this load. You'll be——"

He shook his head; words jerked unevenly. "That's just it! The big Swede—contesting Hall's claim—is trying his hardest—to get my freighting too. This is the chance—he's watching for!" Eric lifted his hand with a groan. "McDowell can't wait."

The girl stood a breathless moment, her soft eyes widening. "I could go for you, Eric, if you could manage the work here. But that's—"

The man shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "There's no question of that—but how could you load the lumber? And it's a two-hundred-mile trip."

Janet touched his arm quietly. "Surely they'd load it for me at the yard when they know about your hand. And I drove to Haney and back with you," a wistful smile flickered, "once—in the Spring."

Eric sank down on the door-step. "We can't get through the Winter if we lose the freighting money, Jan. If you think you can make the trip——"

The girl nodded, disappeared indoors, and was back in a moment in a clean brown gingham, shoes in place of moccasins, and small bag in hand. She stooped to the baby and tied a pink sunbonnet over flying curls.

Eric shook his head. "You can't take the baby, Janet. This is a man's job, full size."

"But I'm used to doing other things and taking care of the baby too, Eric." The girl's face grew troubled. "I don't see how you're going to manage the work here with that hand anyhow. With the baby I know you can't."

Eric straightened up from the door-step. "You forget I'm a man. You'll have your hands full with the freighting. It's no pick-up job—like this!"

"SHE TURNED AT HIS FOOTSTEPS, STARED A MOMENT, AND RAN TOWARD HIM CRYING, 'ERIC, WHAT IS IT?'"

"Eric Gair!" The soft brown eyes blazed angrily; lowered to the bandaged hand and grew tender. "If your fingers weren't hurting you so, I'd tell you that you're going to learn a few things while I'm gone—" The eternal mother-smile flashed—"You dear old stubborn mule!" She drew down the corners of her mouth mockingly. "Has my lord a bill of the lumber, or other instructions?"

Eric sorted two slips from a worn folder. "Go to Wheelan's yard for the lumber. Don't let them load on more than two thousand feet or you'll stall on the Haney hill. Stop at the Sod Hotel. Hart wants me—you, to bring out some groceries."

The man glanced down at the beaming face as they walked toward the freighter. "Janet, you act like you're—glad to go!"

She looked up smiling, then her eyes swept the wide, empty plain. "I am. So would you be if you lived here all alone a million miles from everywhere and never saw anybody for a thousand years!" Her face shadowed with quick earnestness. "You didn't dream how lonesome and awful it was going to be before we came out here, did you, Eric?"

"Pioneering's pioneering—nobody ever called it an easy job." He scowled down at the bandaged hand. "Being a bank clerk wasn't much training for it." His face cleared and broadened shoulders squared as Eric Gair looked out over the hundred and sixty acres of his dominion. "But it's our land—ours!"

The girl caught the fire and her eyes glowed. "I know! It's just that I get so lonesome with you gone all the time."

The man lifted his hand with a quick wince of pain. "Humph! You don't call a freighting trip of two hundred miles any—pleasure, do you?"

Janet's eyes were on the far horizon. "Yes, I do! You don't know what loneliness is, Eric, with no neighbors—all alone with little Eric. And—and this is Mabel's wedding-day. She wanted me for matron of honor. I was to wear orchid and a—Georgette hat." The girl stared down at roughened arms and gingham dress. "And the wedding breakfast is to be served on the terrace." She turned wistfully. "Eric, don't you remember how beautiful the terrace was?" Her eyes swept the brown scorched prairie, like tinder in the Autumnal drought.

Eric shook his head impatiently. "No sense in your sister asking homesteaders a thousand miles away to come to a wedding." He stopped beside the wagon, placed Janet's bag in front, and reached out his arm for the baby.

Janet climbed to the high seat, the salvation smile twinkling. "Well, at any rate it's going to be fun meeting people on the road to speak to and see them in Haney, and——" She reached down for the baby.

Eric stepped back. "I've told you you can't take care of a child on this job, Janet."

The girl's frightened eyes widened, then flashed. "Eric Gair, give me my baby! I won't——" Her eyes lowered from the pale, twisting face to the bandaged fingers; the words softened. "Let me have him, Eric. It'll be hard enough for you without——"

Eric's pain-racked voice snapped. "This—pick-up job! Bosh! I tell you——"

Janet straightened, her own face pale. "No, you don't need to tell me that again, Eric Gair. You're going to learn—many things while I'm gone." She picked up the reins and loosened the brake. "Don't forget that other things may happen, too. Just remember the Reservation Indians came when I was alone; and a tornado blew the roof off the shack; and Bill Jones thought it was funny to kidnap little Eric for half a day!"

Panic swept her face. She leaned over the side of the wagon. "Let me have him, Eric!"

The baby, reaching up for his mother, caught the

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

bandaged fingers. With a smothered oath Eric jerked his hand away. "If you don't want to go, say so! Take the baby and I'll take the team!"

Very quietly Janet faced straight ahead of her, lifted the lines, and spoke to the mules. The wheels turned slowly across the parched sod.

Wild-rose face under the sunburned straw flashed about. "Good-by, little Eric! Good-by, big Eric!" Eagerly she leaned toward them. "Whatever happens, Eric, don't forget to take care of the baby—first!" The salvation smile flickered bravely. "And read about the Norseman in 'East of the Sun and West of the Moon,' the man who was——"

THE old straw dropped abruptly as she faced the road, and a wisp of white flashed up beneath the brim and down again.

Eric's face softened. He lifted his head to call, closed his mouth grimly, and walked toward the shack.

At the doorway he turned toward the shimmering prairie and a cow and calf picketed in the far distance. Carefully he lowered the baby to the step and picked up the pail. "Sit here, son, till Daddy milks."

At once the child crept after him, balancing to and fro like a pendulum across the sill.

"Here, don't do that! You'll bump your nose!" One-armed, Eric picked up the child, set him on a high-chair within doors, fastened the tray securely down, and heaped it with home-made toys. With a slightly superior nod and, "That's the way to do it," again Eric picked up the pail, an ax to drive the picket-pin in the hard sod, and walked toward the cow.

A shrill yell followed him; a rattle of descending strings of spools and more yells. The man halted instinctively, then walked sternly on. The yells descended the scale to a frightened sobbing and closed with a pathetic diminuendo of "Ma—ma!"

Eric halted again; turned and walked swiftly toward the shack. "Now, see here, sir! You——"

Eager dimpled arms clutched him tightly and trembling lips brushed his cheek. A man's gentle hand smoothed the flying curls, tied on the pink sunbonnet, and left the shack, as Janet had done, with milk-pail on one arm and baby on the other.

The calf was bawling impatiently for its delayed breakfast and the anxious mother tossing her head nervously. Eric crossed the prairie to the husky Durham, nearly large enough to wean, and kicked the picket-pin loose. The rope coiled with a jerk as the calf galloped across the separating stretch.

With another self-complacent nod for the efficiency of system, Eric again tethered the young Durham consuming his breakfast, presently loosened the mother's rope and drove the thirsty animal toward the water-hole.

The system seemed to lack something when he came to need his only hand for milking. Eventually he deposited the child on the prairie a dozen feet away, and after searching for playthings and discarding both a cactus plant and horned buffalo skull as unsuitable, presented the baby with two clinking stones.

The herd of one hundred and sixty acres was not overly skilful with the milking; that was Janet's job. The flies were bad and Eric's sulfurous objections to an efficiently wielded tail-brush, that never failed to lash his bandaged fingers, apparently wounded the cow's feelings.

Negotiations reached the breaking-point when a small hand clutched the back of Eric's shirt, the other caught at that dangling brush, and the baby pulled himself upright with a triumphant gurgle. With a lightning kick the conference dissolved and the cow galloped to the end of the picket-line.

Eric rescued his wailing son, salvaged the pint of milk left in the pail, consigned the elder Durham to a heat wave of the torrid zone, and started for the shack.

The bawling calf recalled the fact that it must also be watered; and both animals must be picketed further out in the uncropped zone of Autumn drought. The man put down pail and baby and picked up the ax.

The child crept after him, wailing. Eric lifted the baby, gripped the rope in his good hand, and tucked the ax under his crippled arm. Again he essayed the trick problem of shifting animals away from water-hole, back to water-hole, out to pastures new, and keeping cow and calf apart.

Gruntingly he admitted that the squirming, beloved twenty-odd pounds of humanity monopolizing one arm did complicate matters. He juggled the problem successfully until the released calf, instead of making for the water-hole, bolted with bull-headed rush for his distant mother.

Eric jumped for the trailing rope snaking over the short grass, lost the ax, dropped the baby, and at the end of a record-breaking sprint captured the picket-line. In a vigorous tug-of-war he struggled back to his screaming son, picked him up, and stooped for the ax.

Again bolting four-legs won against a burdened pair, off their guard, and the man sprawled full length, dragging anchor-wise across the prairie until the calf halted, panting. Fearfully Eric struggled to his feet and looked back to make sure he had not brained his son. Again he grabbed the ax, soothed the pain in maltreated fingers with words that in no sense flattered the breed of Durham, led his quarry ungently to a selected spot, and hammered in the picket-pin with relieving blows.

Swiftly he ran down hill to collect pail and screaming child. As he stooped Eric Gair muttered, "*Pick-up* job, all right!" turned, and plodded toward the shack.

A hungry "peep-peep" and an insistent clucking from a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

"THE FIRE PEAKED OUT IN ADVANCE OF THE LINE UP ON THE HILL, CARRIED FORWARD BY A ROLLING, BLAZING SPHERE OF TUMBLEWEED, BOUNCING IN LONG LEAPS OVER THE DRY GRASS, IGNITING AS IT TOUCHED"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"WITH A LIGHT HEART SHE HAD SEEN THE BRIGHT WATER FADE OUT BEHIND THE TREES; SHE TRUDGED INLAND, TWO STEPS TO HIS ONE, BESIDE HER MAN"

SWAMP-WISE

Poor Little Bride, Do You Blame Her—a Prisoner in That Nest of Crawling Things?

BY ELIZA WILLETS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES E. ALLEN

SHE was tired; altho she had spoken to him three times he had not heard her. Oh! He would be sweetly sorry when he realized how fast he was going. But what was he looking for? Surely there was nothing to see in the waste pineland but her bridegroom himself with his beautiful strength—his eyes riveted ahead.

"Can I see it?" she had asked, standing tiptoe, child-size. But he saw things that were not there. Even the guides shook their heads when, earlier in the morning, Vincent had spoken of a doe traveling with them on the right, a half-mile off. He had seemed pleased as tho he had chanced upon an old acquaintance who was going their way, and as he looked down upon her his proud explanatory look might have said, "My darling, I present my friend, the Virginia deer."

He was pleased and proud to show her all of his life, his articles in the magazines, his camera with which he said he shot his birds. He had even taken her where she could see one of his bird-films on the screen. And how it had pleased him that she would go right off with him for a honeymoon, on this trip for which he was already bound by contract with an editor! But she cared little where he was going or for what; she only knew she could not be left behind.

She was not the same person as that dull, timid girl he had met barely six weeks ago when he had come to New Orleans to look up Audubon records. He had made her unbelievably bold; she had not minded her aunt's disapproval at the swift courtship, nor had she wanted a wedding-dress and bridesmaids. She had not even minded leaving home—the easy comfort of the colored servants, the sultry peace of the Louisiana house under its heavy awnings, familiar faces, and speech which needed no explaining—all the things she had hated to leave before.

He, strange to all of these things, seemed to efface them all, to puff her up with courage like a toy balloon which floated joyously off over the worried faces of her friends into the rare ether of her honeymoon. The week since her marriage had been only a strong dream—of a train, of a hotel, of a cabined boat coming along the Florida coast, blue miles of quiet sea, sweet salt air in their faces.

WHAT happiness! Yesterday at evening they had come through a white pass into a little bay crowded with green bushes and alive with fishes jumping. Evening glowed from sky and sea; it was their wedding benediction.

She was sorry to leave the little boat that morning, they and the two guides packed with motion-picture camera and camp supplies. Yet, with a light heart she had seen the bright water fade out behind the trees; she trudged inland, two steps to his one, beside her man. After the first mile of bog and bayou, where Vincent ferried her most of the way on his shoulders, they came into the pineland. So peaceful and parklike was it here, with the clean bronze trunks, high silence, and stirring of the resinous air, she was glad she had not bought heavier shoes, nor the coarse, unbecoming things her aunt suggested. Silk stockings and a cherry-colored hat—she knew these things were prettier. Hadn't Vincent overdressed the part a trifle, in his khaki knickerbockers and puttees?

But there was something he was looking for ahead. Since noon he had been quieter, not laughing at her New Orleans way of speaking, nor swooping her over roots with his sudden exuberance. He seemed abstracted, traveling faster all the time, until she was running every third step to keep up with him. And he did not hear her when she spoke to him so many times.

"And what are you looking at? I've been asking you—but you didn't hear me."

"Oh," he cried with a clearing face, "that's the Cypress—the Big Cypress!"

"The Big Cypress!"

"Big Cypress Swamps! It's the edge of the Everglades, darling. We're getting there." He lifted his big chest. "Isn't it a miracle that such a place exists—full of birds, unspoiled as the heart of Africa, right here not three days' journey from women gabbling on porches and the ever-lasting screech of motor-horns! Why, Adèle," here he breathed as tho relieved, "no one has been in here for one—two seasons, at least, and over there, through the Cypress, there isn't a white man for sixty miles."

"Sixty miles!"

But what a laugh! "That isn't far. Sometimes I go six hundred from civilization. You don't begin to feel free until you get away from all taint of it, until you feel the solitude flowing around you, like waves of the ocean."

But at his author's oratory or his explorer's zeal, she stood alike bewildered. She tried to follow him; with her whole soul she tried. She said docilely, "Show me where the Cypress is, will you, Vincent?"

Would he? He took her gaily by the shoulders and faced her down an avenue of pine. "There's a good view! Doesn't it look mysterious and—and fine?"

"Ahead? Why, I don't see anything; only a kind of fog, far off."

"That's it. I never thought of it. It's all white now—there are no leaves out in February and the bark's white." He seemed pleased with her. "It does look exactly like a fog—a low, white fog."

She was delighted that she had said the right thing. But he was walking fast again. Twice he pulled himself down with a smile. Soon after that he bent and examined

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

a loamy spot on the ground. "Turkey signs," he muttered, then raised up to call with elation, "Turkey signs here already—two tracks—I'm going down to this Cypress head and see if it's a roost. You keep-to good traveling and I'll meet you on the other side." Then he turned to her. "You stay with old Roscoe—it will be easier traveling. Don't be afraid to ask anything of him." He did not apologize, only "I've got to go now," as if he had orders.

And once started for the swamp, he did not look back. His legs swung out as tho they had been hobbled before. She believed now—that they had not hurried.

"Are you tired, M'am?" It was the voice of old Roscoe, studying her.

"Not very. I'm used to walking," she answered.

"We've been going right along." Roscoe didn't like to hurry either. "And she ain't so stout," he had told Ben that morning. He gave an anxious downward look at the short allowance of her; delicate face with frame of misty hair, fine blouse, slender ankles.

"We might have took a horse or mule in here," spoke up Ben the younger, and seemed embarrassed.

"I'm much stronger than I look," she explained earnestly. "I like to walk and I love roughing it." She looked about her largely. "I think your Florida woods are—are wonderful."

"Ain't all like this," said Roscoe.

"Yes, I know. Mr. Newton has told me about the Cypress. They are like the Northern woods, which drop their leaves, too, in Winter."

"Wall," he hesitated, "somethin'." And, shifting his pack, he set the pace according to his taste, and they went on through the purple-shadowed stillness of the late afternoon. To her vision they were alone. To theirs, they could see the shoulders of the groom swaying powerfully along the Cypress head. And there was the doe, now visible, following them curiously.

"I see it," she said when, after a time, they could point it out to her where it stood quivering and beautiful against a clump of gray-green verdure. "I think it's nice having the deer follow us into the Big Cypress."

"She come too close last time," said Roscoe, "she ain't going to come into the Cypress. She just wanted to get wind on us."

"Why won't she come into the Cypress?" asked Mrs. Newton with interest.

"Wall, 'tain't real healthy in there fer venison."

"Not healthy! Why isn't it?"

"It's wet in there—too wet. You might find 'em along the edges of the swamp, but they don't live in there. They don't lie down near the swamp in fair warming weather like this."

Why did the old man wag his head? Was there anything queer about the swamp?

"What has warming weather to do with their lying down?" she asked.

Roscoe hesitated. How deep and long were the shadows! Up from the Cypress head, there was a dampness. In the pause Ben answered: "Wall, one thing, because of rattlers or moccasin-snakes."

"Snakes!" she just echoed the word and drew in her breath Oh, what was that under her foot? What did she hear in the bush? Where was Vincent? "Do—*do* you know where Vin—Mr. Newton is?"

Yes, they knew. He was just over to the south, crossing the head; he would be out on the other side in half an hour.

BUT he was not out in half an hour, nor an hour and a half. It was long after Roscoe decided they must make camp here that Vincent swung gaily out of a blur of mist. And Adèle, stiff with fright, flew at him like a whirlwind, clasping him about the waist and half about his bungling pack.

"What is it, my darling?"

She sobbed, yet so potent was his presence that at first contact she felt her poor elusive courage flowing back to her.

"What is the matter?" He tried to lift her up, but she clutched marvelously tight. He had to use his strength and take her into his arms like a child, hurrying to the light of the fire. "Can't you tell me what it is?"

Not yet, but she would soon speak. He was so gentle—he gave her strength. "Just to have you back!" she breathed. He leaned anxiously to her lips.

"Just to have you safe—I would have gone, too, if I thought you would get lost."

"Lost!" he didn't understand. "I—lost? I didn't get lost. You couldn't have gone with me. But what happened—what *did* happen here?" How distressed he was, making him almost rough!

"We have been waiting and waiting all night." She lowered her voice. "I thought I would never see you again, feel you like this."

But his arms had loosened around her; there was a queer look on his face. "Adèle! You don't mean you are crying because I stayed out an hour longer?"

"Hours and hours! You were lost and it was so—lonely here."

"Lonely! Why it is never lonely *here*—not like your cities where people are always passing and never see you. Everything sees you here and knows you pass—everything. Why, you couldn't get by within half a mile, *you* couldn't," he laughed somberly, "without all the inhabitants knowing it."

She thought of this and shivered.

"You're cold!" he exclaimed. This he could understand. He put her down at the fireside, and rummaging in his pack found his sweater. "Now, Roscoe, some of that coffee."

Roscoe and Ben bringing up wood while the coffee boiled, wished to know how things were in the Cypress head.

"Great!" he said, and his face seemed to ignite as the flame caught the fat wood. "It will be the best year of a dozen in the swamp. The head down there is choked with feathers. I could take a reel out here, I believe, but I can get them better on the burn and I don't want to waste any time. I want to get into the Cypress——"

The night was not cold and the pine-needles would be warm until dawn. Why should she shiver while her husband stood there with his happy face and the coffee, quivered to the brim with his enthusiasm? But the coffee was not good for one who has never before slept in a camp cot. Sometimes she felt like a pencil revolving in a groove; other times it was a shuttle which shot her down into the Cypress where it was too wet. It was queer sleeping in one's clothes, rising rumpled and untidy where there was no bath to take in the morning. She would try to get used to it and to the food. The guides had brought no butter; they used bacon fat. When they dipped for drinking water, they brought up a dozen little fish in the bottom of the pail.

"Oh, no, thank you, Vincent. I'm not hungry and the coffee is so delicious, it quenches my thirst."

He was satisfied. "We'll get there by noon," he told her. He had been up since dawn, ramming himself into his outer clothes. Now he was impatient to break camp and get down to the swamp. "Ready!" he cried as she lingered to arrange the cherry-colored hat. She was pulling her hair softly about her face when she saw he had started off without her, two steps toward the swamp. Immediately she was there, detaining him, sharp fingers on his arm.

"What—what, Adèle?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing!" she snatched away her fingers. Free again. He leaned and kissed her and with a rush all the anticipation returned to his face.

"I THINK IT'S NICE HAVING THE DEER FOLLOW US INTO THE BIG CYPRESS"

"You—you won't get lost. You never get lost, of course, do you?" Was there no way—no way—to detain him?

"You might get mislaid yourself—a little thing like you. Take care of her, Roscoe." And he laughed a huge laugh which flung out to the white swamp where it was smothered.

It was no wonder the place seemed sinister to her. The trees have neither leaf nor bud in February, only wisps of whitish moss clinging to the branches. Their bark is pale as chalk and they stand swollen at the waterline, throwing thin shadows down the currentless flood. All is grayish white, the water white over a white clay. To the city girl it seemed a huge graveyard of trees; yet, since they were alive, it was more terrible, like death in life.

It was very still. She saw no birds; nothing moved. Even the white moss hung motionless, for now the sea-breeze was far behind.

Once, in the huelessness of the swamp, she saw a flash of color. It was a purple iris, erect, royal, as high as a horse's head, a beautiful thing painted with bold brush-marks on gray rice-paper. She hurried to reach it. It grew in a tiny thicket of green where subtly the soil was different. As she put out a hand to break the stem, Roscoe snatched it back.

It was then she saw a mottled thing, glistening as tho wet with oil. It moved between grass-blades like a small stream, stirring them no more than a river keeping to its course moves the pine-trees on its banks. There was a quiver of tassel and seed as of a thin upward draft of wandering breeze, a motion more felt than seen. She, was not frightened then. It was only afterward.

They talked of it all day till they made camp. But Roscoe and Ben were more alarmed than she—at first. The day was fading; a white fog closed them in.

"This warm spell settin' in now will bring 'em out."

"I reckon. They rattler, now, he limbered up quick in the heat; I didn't get there none too soon—she had her hand right out——"

"Moccasins are slower, don't make cover so quick; they strikes deliberate and sure."

"Yes, boy, but when it comes to close quarters I'd rather have it a moccasin. Moccasin-snakes hes their own slow way, but a rattler beats 'em to it——"

"What's that rot?" Out of the curtain of darkness where voices had no resonance, Vincent's words came crashing on the heavy air. It was uncanny that he could approach so close without their knowledge.

"What's that rot about snakes?" he repeated in violent disapproval. "I've heard people chatter about snakes all my life, work themselves into a panic, but I've never seen the snake yet that isn't a coward and glad for a getaway." He would not listen to the story of the afternoon. "You ought to know better than yarn about snakes before a lady."

ADÈLE went chattering to her cot that night. She pulled the insect-nettings over her head with a childish hope in their protection and lay there. Vincent rolled into his cot, and the voices of the guides died out. But there were other voices. The silent swamp stirs by night. The farther voices of insects, beating, repeating, rose in waves like the roar of a city. It swelled over Adèle, rising, falling, pervading the dark. More distinct were the nearer voices, buzzing, whirring, clicking, piping, wailing.

They need not have called her at four o'clock, for she had not slept. The insect choir had thinned, but not the dark, and as they drank their hurried coffee a wildcat cried behind the fire. Vincent was fresh from sound sleep and led them off briskly into the inky mist. They went single file, knowing nothing underfoot, the tepid water oozing through their shoes. Whole bushes drenched them with avalanches of dew.

When a pale moon rose through skeleton trees to glimmer on water stretches, Vincent stopped. He signaled silence, ordered strict immobility. So they stood, cramped at command while gradually the moon grew less sickly and a faint dawn grayed the Cypress head. Air-plants became visible, thousands of them, on every branch, in every crutch, each with its long-stemmed bloom like a turkey's neck. Adèle took them all for turkeys and barely breathed, so anxious was she to obey her husband. The mosquitoes found her hand and neck and ankles. If it had not been for them she could have kept her balance—one foot in the ooze and one foot out.

At the sound of her shoe scraping along a cypress-knee, there sounded above them, "Gobble! Gobble!" Then, without warning, abruptly—flight, rushing and alarmed. Wings and more wings. The sound was thunder and the large blotches of the birds' bodies could be seen against the lightening sky. Nothing could be said while the swamp emptied out its turkeys.

In the vacuum which followed Vincent turned on her sharply. "*What* did you do that for?" He was terribly disappointed. But she thought he was reproving her. Aching with her effort to be quiet, she couldn't trust herself to speak.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

"'HE'S ASKING FER YER—IT'S AWFUL—HE MAY BE DEAD NOW! HE JEST KEEPS YELLIN' FER YER!'"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

TEN OUT OF 51 OF AMERICA'S GREATEST HAVE BEEN MINISTERS' CHILDREN

BRAINS—A FAMILY AFFAIR

Lose the Great Minds, Says the Second Article of This Notable Series, and Civilization Is Lost

BY ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

EDITOR'S NOTE—This distinguished authority here confirms with striking data the argument of those who believe that the progress of mankind depends upon the fostering of the best heredity; that brains are born, not made, and human society will go down to destruction unless the rapidly multiplying inferior s ocks are discouraged and the better stocks increased.

Professor Wiggam is a lecturer, of the first distinction, upon science and social questions.

Pictorial Review presents this side of the question without assuming responsibility for any of the statements here made.

WHEN Rip Van Winkle went to sleep the world went right ahead as tho nothing had happened. Indeed, nothing of any importance had happened, because Rip had scarcely any brains, and his absence withdrew very little intelligence from the machinery of the world's affairs. There are countless millions of just such brainless, cheerful loafers as Rip, both on the sidewalk and in limousines, who, should they sleep until kingdom come, would never be missed.

On the other hand, however, there are probably fifty men, possibly a dozen, now living who, should they go to sleep for even a twelvemonth, would wake up to find that the whole world had gone to pieces. This is solely because civilization is created and held together by a very few men—all of them men of extraordinary brains.

The whole sweep of modern investigation indicates that if you could take five hundred, possibly one hundred, such men out of human history there would be no history; that without the prophets there would have been no Bible; without some unknown genius of the past, no printing; without Phidias and Angelo, no art; without Plato and Kant, no philosophy; without Aristotle and Bacon, no science; without these and a few score of equally precious men, no civilization.

Imagine England, for instance, without Shakespeare, Greece without Pericles, Rome without Cæsar, France without Napoleon, America without Washington and Lincoln!

A Fallacy Exploded

ALTHO the welfare of humanity depends upon the leader, the genius, the man of brains, no one until yesterday ever thought to inquire whence he came, *how he got his brains*, or to follow the star that led to his birthplace. Indeed, it has always been taken for granted that everybody, if not a positive genius, at least had "plenty of brains," and that one man would succeed about as well as another if only he were given "equal opportunity" or wealth were "equally distributed."

Half the schemes for "regenerating society" rest on the nebulous notion that all that is needed is an equal distribution of "leisure," "economic opportunity," education, and the like, in order to make everybody, even the laziest and most stupid, healthy, wealthy, and wise.

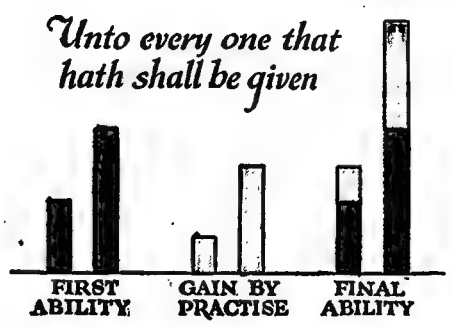
I know of no experiment which has so completely riddled this fallacy, and which so powerfully illustrates the astounding differences in original brain-power which exists among men and the influence of every one's original endowment of brains upon his practical success, as a very simple one devised by Professor Edward L. Thorndike of Columbia University.

He selected one group of people who could solve a certain number of simple problems in arithmetic in fifteen minutes, and another group who could solve over twice as many of the same problems in the same time. He then gave both groups *an equal amount of practise*. The amazing results are shown in the accompanying diagram. Nothing is plainer than that *unto him that hath brains shall be given.*

The slow group advanced a little; the fast group advanced much. In the end, *as the direct result of "equal opportunity,"* the fast group were farther ahead than ever!

The inescapable fact is that the more you equalize opportunity the more you unequalize men. Democracy should give all men equal rights and equal opportunity, but it can not give them equal brains. Every man should be educated and given a chance, but it can only give him the chance of his inborn powers. No system of education will ever put brains into an empty head. It can only develop what he has. Even college, as George Horace Lôrimer said, "does not make fools, it develops them." All men come up by education, but "the brighter they are the quicker they come" and the farther they go.

Dull people learn slowly and advance slowly to low positions. Brilliant people learn rapidly and advance rapidly to high positions. The benefit of a rich and varied environment is that everybody, both the dull and the bright, can advance to much higher positions, but no civilization or social order or economic system will or can very much change the *relative* positions of men. The bright will always be ahead and the dull will always be behind.



The two columns at the left in this diagram from Professor Thorndike show the relative ability in simple arithmetic of two groups. The two middle columns show the gain each group made with the same amount of practise. The two right columns show their original ability, plus the ability gained by practise. The two groups were farther apart than ever.

Revolutionary New Psychology

WE MIGHT as well all candidly admit that the new psychology which is founded, not upon inward reflection but upon outward *experiment*, has knocked nearly everything we thought we knew about the human mind into a cocked hat. It has changed nearly all our notions as to how brains operate and where they come from.

Especially has science found that brains are largely a *family* affair; that some families, some strains and breeds furnish numerous children with a high order of brain-power, while other lines of blood would not produce a really brainy individual in a hundred years.

We often, for instance, see brothers and sisters, some of whom are teeming with brains, energy, and decision of character, while the other children will be reckless, intemperate, or stupid. We know now that this is due almost entirely to the fact that the ancestry was of *mixed breeds* and some of the children inherited the high mental tension and will-power of one strain, while their brothers or sisters inherited the weaknesses of the other.

This does not mean that the weakest and laziest will not be enormously improved and energized by education and moral suasion. But it does completely upset our democratic complaisance about men being born equal or that any system of education or economics will ever make them equally wise, moral, or energetic.

I beg you, therefore, to try your own brains on the following simple questions. Science has long ago answered them all in the affirmative.

Tackle These Questions

DO YOU know that about half of the great men and women of the world were either born from great parents or ancestry or else left great descendants? That, contrary to popular notions, the children of great men are practically always remarkable, *provided* the father married a woman of great mental powers like his own or even a commonplace woman with great ancestry?

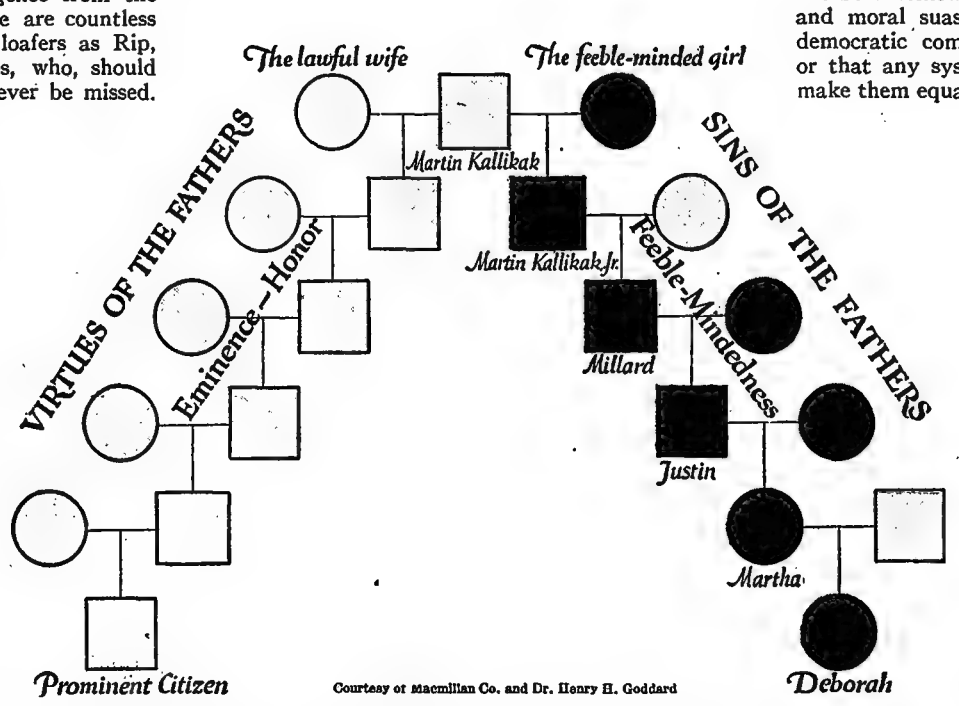
Do you know that practically *all* of the remaining half of the great men and women of history have been born from parents and ancestors of sound character and ability? That numerous famous men have had a carpenter or shoemaker or man of similar occupation for a father, but that up until recently, in this machine age, such men were usually skilled craftsmen of excellent, often extraordinary, capacity and character?

Do you know that about one-tenth of one per cent. of the world's population has produced one-half of the world's great leaders, while it has taken all the countless millions of peopie of ordinary blood to produce the other half?

Do you know that the old New England families—the Puritan stocks—owing, no doubt, to the high religious selection of this splendid group of immigrants, have produced one and one-half times as much brains, one and one-half times as many national leaders, as any other section of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

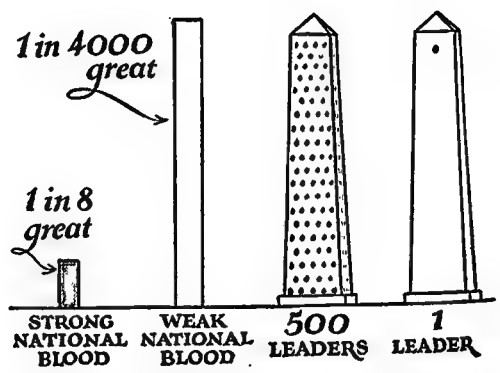
MARTIN KALLIKAK was a Revolutionary soldier of splendid family who mated with the nameless feeble-minded girl at the top of the chart below, giving the line of progeny noted at the right. He later married a Quaker woman of excellent stock and gave America the descendants noted in the splendid succession at the left.



Courtesy of Macmillan Co. and Dr. Henry H. Goddard

One branch of the Kallikak family has given America 480 nation-destroying progeny, including 143 feeble-minded, 33 immoral, 36 illegitimate, 3 epileptic, 3 criminal, and 8 keepers of disreputable places.

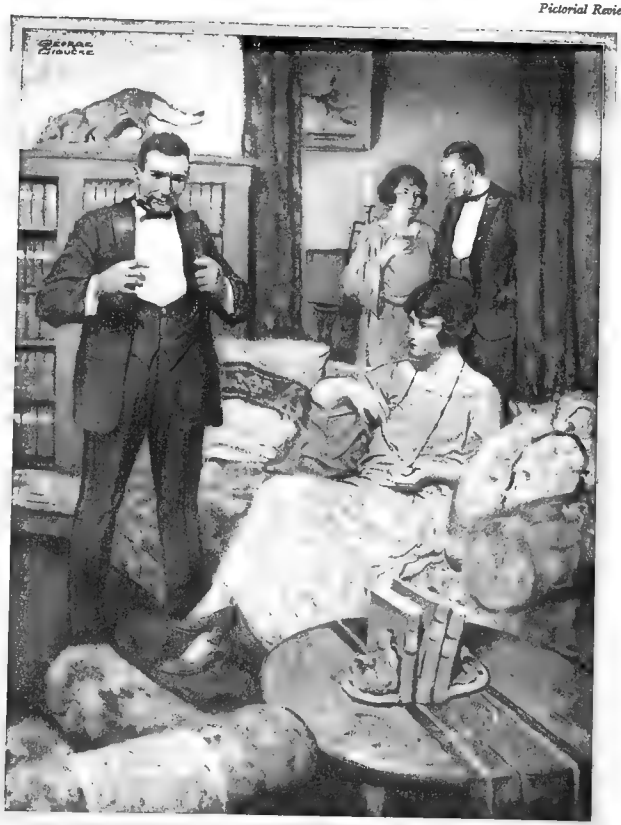
The branch of Martin Kallikak's blood shown at the left has given America 496 descendants, all normal, including nation-builders, governors, signers of the Declaration of Independence, soldiers, university founders, doctors, lawyers, judges, educators.



Among ordinary people, on the average, only 1 out of 4,000 becomes eminent. Among famous families 1 person out of 8 reaches distinction. Imagine two nations in one of which only 1 citizen in 4,000 becomes a leader and in the other 1 citizen in 8 attains leadership.

If each nation hung the portraits of its leaders upon a great monument, speaking comparatively, the first nation would have only the portrait of its solitary, lonely leader, while the other would have its national monument covered with the portraits of its 500 leaders!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



"'YOU KNEW HIS FIRST WIFE,' SHE SAID DIRECTLY, FEELING THAT ANY SUBTLETY WOULD BE WASTED"

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

BY WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE GIGUERE

Fourth and Concluding Instalment

AT TWO in the morning she knocked on his door and said she was ill. Her skin was gray, and there were dark circles under her eyes. Wise men take no chances with women in her condition. Therefore Dr. Havelock's sleep was disturbed again and he came to wink at Lew with the advice that she should be kept entertained, not allowed to dwell on morbid subjects—one of Myron Havelock's favorite theories. He gave her a mild sedative and returned to his broken slumber.

Next morning when Lew came into her room he was all tenderness, and he showed contrition too.

"I'm a big, blundering nut," he confessed.

When she had passed her fingers over his rough chin and studied his unfathomable eyes she said, "Yes. I suppose that's why I love you so."

"I hate to go away and leave you like this." He pulled out his watch and consulted the oracle. "Seems to me Havelock ought to send up a nurse or something."

She had hoped for this opportunity, and jumped at it. "I don't want a nurse," she crooned. "But, Lew——"

"Yes, dear."

"Why can't you stay with me just for to-day? I'd feel so much better having you around."

His brow wrinkled and he looked again at his watch. He was thinking, no doubt, of his appointment at eleven o'clock.

"There's an awful lot on down there——"

"You've stayed away other times when I've asked you to."

"I guess I could manage it."

"Come here and kiss me." He complied, and she said, "I feel better already." If he suspected her motives he concealed that suspicion well. He was as gay as a schoolboy that morning, bringing her books, telephoning for flowers. At ten o'clock he rang up his office and talked to Mr. Mandelbush. She was relieved to hear nothing about the eleven o'clock appointment in the conversation that went on across her bedside-stand.

". . . Oh, she'll be all right in the morning. Just a little upset. And, say, Buzz, have the boy bring up my mail, will you? One o'clock will be all right." A nudge from Jinny diverted him.

"Ask them up Wednesday night," she whispered.

". . . And Jinny wants to know if you and Nix can eat with us Wednesday. You're on! Good-by."

She selected a novel for him to read—Lew's literary education was being neglected, she thought—and he spent the hours before lunch poring over "Growth of the Soil." Normally he detested Scandinavian realism, but he plodded on faithfully, pausing now and then to stroke her hand or to do her some little kindly service. At eleven he had left her for five minutes at his library telephone. Virginia ignored this, and almost forgot the causes that had brought it about in his morning's companionship.

His mail came at half past one, just as they were beginning lunch from a tray beside her bed. The bright yellow of a Western Union telegram at the top of the bale of letters was the first to catch her eye. She watched her husband narrowly as he slit the envelop and unfolded the sheet.

"Anything important, Lew?" she asked, seeing him about to smuggle it into his pocket.

"No. Nothing."

"Let's see it." Her tone was coaxing. If she had foreseen another evasion she was disappointed, for he handed it to her across the tray.

The message was sent from Berkeley, Cal., and was brief.

Mr. Winkler killed by auto to-day. What arrangement for burial?—MARTHA WADE.

"Who was Mr. Winkler?" asked Virginia, handing back the paper.

"A friend of mine," began Lew; then as if some sudden rush of feeling had loosened his tongue, he told the simple truth: "He was Jessie's father."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"I see." She studied him from her pillow, then asked, "Why should they be sending to you?"

Lew considered an instant before he said, "Well, he's been helpless for the last few years. I've always sent him a little check every month—nothing to amount to anything. I suppose they want me to take care of the funeral——"

"So you're in correspondence with her family. Lew, I can't understand you." Virginia never said a truer word.

"He never even mentions Jessie, if that's what you mean." As she saw him then guilt was written on every line.

"What obligations have you to bury this—man?"

"Positively none."

"You don't owe him anything—do you?"

"Not a thing."

"Then what do they want? It's certainly not on account of your—your other wife? What in the world do you owe her?"

"I wish to God I knew," he said. The bundle of mail, which he had been holding, came undone and scattered itself across the rug.

THE Mandelbushes dined with them on Wednesday night, a dinner for four, which progressed from course to course with Mrs. Mandelbush's vigorous clatter as an accompaniment. Her life with Buzzy in a West Seventy-second Street apartment served as a theme; how West-Indian servants were nothing but colored Swedes; how Buzzy always played poker on Friday to show that he wasn't superstitious; how she didn't believe in paying forty dollars a case for the sort of gin you can make just as well at home out of grain alcohol. Of course you've got to have a druggist you can trust——

Through it all Buzzy lost no opportunity to establish himself in Virginia's regard as patron saint of the Tyler family at large. Prosperity had fattened Nellie Mandelbush until she popped out of her yellow corsage like the pink froth above an ice-cream cone. From the first she called Virginia "dearie," and was supplemented by her husband's assurance, "Honest, I'm not kiddin'. Lew's twice the boy he was—twice."

Mr. Mandelbush laughed a great deal, and his reminiscences never failed to awaken a sympathetic chord in Lew. He was noisier, more vivacious than she had ever before seen him. His throat was thick with mirth; his eyes swam.

"'Member the time," spluttered Buzzy, "when we wrote the big musical comedy knockout—I don't think?

"There was a Dutch comedy team," he explained to Lew's wife, "who called themselves Kolb and Dill—imitation of Weber and Field, get me? Used to have the New York stuff shipped by express. Well, one week the show failed to come on time, so I jumps around to the theater and tells 'em I got an option on a genius named Lewis K. Tyler—get me?"

"Say no more!" advised Lew.

"Why not? I was the goat, too. That was when Lew was on the loose, before the earthquake—didn't have any wife or anything to worry about—" Here Mrs. Mandelbush gave her husband a warning look, but Buzzy plunged on, "We lived on black coffee and wrote steady for three days and nights—tore the heart out of *Puck* and *Judge*, stealing jokes. Lew wrote the lyrics—beat the typewriter to death. Good stuff, I'll say it was. Then what happens?"

Buzzy had fixed her with a stare, and since his question seemed to require an answer, Jinny murmured, "I can't imagine."

"Couldn't get within a mile of the rehearsal. Lew and I spent our nights at Poppa Koppa's, spongin' up red ink and tellin' each other how we'd quit college and move to Broadway. We pooled our money and bought ourselves a box for the first night. I can see Lew yet with half a skate on, sitting straight up like he'd swallowed a colonial high-boy——"

"And the curtain went up," prompted Lew.

"And it wasn't our show at all! They'd got cold feet, rehashed one of their old ones, and sprung it on the public. Gee! Them was happy days!"

"I'll bet they were a couple o' divvils," ventured Mrs. Mandelbush.

"Shall we have our coffee in the drawing-room?" suggested Mrs. Tyler.

BUZZY MANDELBUSH, still limping from the honorable wounds he never mentioned and wanted to forget, followed Virginia to a couch where they had their coffee. Nellie Mandelbush, gesturing frantically, had driven Lew into a corner behind the piano. She was exhausting her vocabulary in an attempt to reproduce the eloquence with which she had discharged a Finnish nurse-maid responsible for Peter Dunn Mandelbush's attack of stomach-rash. Virginia Tyler's mind returned quickly to the motives which had inspired her to give this ill-assorted dinner for four.

"At college," said Buzzy, after he had lit his cigar and sipped his coffee, "I studied a book called 'Private Life of the Romans.' It always made me wonder where the Romans went when they wanted to talk business."

"There's the library," suggested Virginia.

When Buzzy had followed her into the little book-lined room his reddish eyes roved along the shelves.

"Culture," he decided, "is the stuff for Lew. College didn't give him enough to hurt. And I don't suppose Jessie ever kept any literature on tap, except a cook-book, maybe."

To hear the name which Lew seldom mentioned spoken so familiarly gave Virginia something of a shock. Nevertheless Buzzy offered the very opening she desired.

"You knew his first wife," she said directly, feeling that any subtlety would be wasted.

"Our two families visited back and forth, thick as thieves."

"I was wondering—" she hated to be so brazen, but saw no other way—"does she happen to be in New York now, by any chance?"

"Jessie?" His broad face was blank with innocence as he replied, "Well, not as I know of." Then he seemed to consider the possibilities. "New York's a grand place to get lost in. If I robbed a bank I wouldn't skip to Venezuela—not on your photo. I'd just move out to St. Nicholas Avenue and dare 'em to find me."

At this point Virginia might have asked about the letter from Jessie; but she shrank away from baring her soul to Buzzy Mandelbush. Instead of the direct, brave question she reached out for another and easier topic.

"My husband tells me you've discovered the road to wealth."

"You just wait till I show you!" Buzzy was all eagerness now. He limped out into the hall, removed a cylindrical package from his overcoat, and hastened back to her.

"I thought I'd spring this idea on you before I let the old man see it," he grinned, unrolling a stiff cardboard.

"Why?"

"Well, you know what I said about the wives—get 'em interested in the business. And I'm going to talk this pretty straight to you, Mrs. Tyler."

"How embarrassing!" she laughed.

"Not meaning anything discourteous, y' understand—but my thought is this: you've got the right of way with Lew. Everybody says so."

"Yes?" Her eyebrows went up.

"Sure. You're making a man of him."

Again, and from an unexpected source!

"I'm afraid people get exaggerated ideas," she said coldly, in spite of an inner joy which the assurance never failed to give her.

"That's no bull," he declared. "Lew needs a strong arm—beautiful strong arm, y' understand—to give him the shove. Let me tell you—" He leaned close to her ear— "Don't let up on him."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I know you're blue blood and smart set and all that stuff. But you're a naturally sensible girl. Jessie wasn't like that. You know as well as I do that you're a bloomer without the coin. See? Keep his mind on the job."

"Do you mean that he is neglecting his business?"

"There you go again. Course not. But sometimes I'm afraid if he gets himself all het up with teas and functions it won't work. The ad business is like anything else, Mrs. Tyler—you've got to be passionate about it or you can't make it go."

Buzzy was never more comic than at that instant when he was never more earnest.

"I'll speak to him about it," she promised indifferently.

"But you can combine the ad business with high life, if you're sensible—efficiency, understand? That's what I'm here to talk about." He was now unrolling his cardboard to its full length. "I've just laid out a few ideas—rough stuff, y' understand?—to give you a notion of what I mean."

He stretched the sheet on the couch and pinned its corners with sofa-pillows in order that she might get its full effect. There were scratches and letters across its surface, sketched with a soft pencil. After an instant she made out the words:

LEW TYLER SAYS:

A Smart Shirt for the Smart Set—that's my religion, old chap! A poorly tailored cuff or a vulgar material in shirtings have ruined many a chance for the Diamond Horseshoe. Be wise and wear the Club Man's Choice,

LORD ALGY SHIRTS

She read the text over twice, smilingly, pleasantly, before she turned to Buzzy Mandelbush and saw him at her elbow, his large cigar slanted like a champion's lance.

"You mean to use his *name*—like that?"

"Something like that," he admitted. "Only the wording can be worked up a lot better. I thought maybe you could give me some suggestions before I sprung it on Lew." With a sweep of his thumb he indicated a dim rectangle of pencil-scratches. "Up here we can always run a photo of Lew in some sort of society make-up. Sometimes in a dress suit, sometimes on a polo-pony, sometimes playing golf——"

"So that's your plan to make a quarter of a million," she found voice to say.

"More than that, Mrs. Tyler," he corrected her. "Four times that, if we work it right. I've got big money listening to us, and I've worked out a campaign that'll make 'em all sit up. How 'bout a series of big Sunday stories about Lew—'The Man Who Broke into Society with a Song'—'Society Girl Reforms War Hero'—that sort of drool—released in eighty-seven papers simultaneously—right on top of that spring the 'Lew Tyler Says' car-cards? Personal publicity, flashed from coast to coast."

"Very personal," inserted Virginia.

"Sure," exulted Buzzy. "The kind that gets across."

She put her hands behind her and studied him solemnly.

"You have an ingenious mind, Mr. Mandelbush."

"Oh, when you get into this line ideas come like that," he acknowledged. "Let's hear a suggestion."

"What would his first wife have said?" It came swift as a fish-hawk's plunge.

"Oh, Jessie'd have been for it with both feet. She always wanted him to go in for advertising."

Virginia had suspected this. Her indifference was assumed and rather badly as she asked: "Why didn't he?"

"Up-stage."

"What did he want to do?"

"Search me. Booze was the only thing that held his attention very long."

"I should think she'd have had some influence over him."

Buzzy, who was rolling up his despised cardboard, said: "I guess she had some. Not like you've got, Mrs. Tyler."

"Why?"

"I guess she didn't have the brains and big position you've got. I'm not knocking her, I mean. I was always mighty fond of that little girl. When married folks make a fizz like that it's nobody's fault—just another case of tying two sticks together when they bend the wrong way. Now with you and Lew it's different, like it is with me and Nixie——"

"What was she like?" Virginia had no time to waste; she could see Mrs. Mandelbush progressing toward the library.

"Jessie? Well, you know those red-headed girls."

"She was red-headed?"

"Like a brass knob. And I guess the color of her hair about tells the story. There's two kinds of red-headed girls, y' understand——"

At that instant Nellie Mandelbush came bustling noisily in with the complaint that she just *couldn't* smoke any cigarets but Buzzy's kind.

THE Mandelbushes held hands and smoked their favorite cigarets as they faced the Tylers for the rest of the evening, which was long.

At a quarter of twelve, when Buzzy was putting on his overcoat, he had another instant of confidence with Virginia. "If we get this stuff going good," he whispered, "there's no limit to the coin we can clean up. Think of the prestige!"

"It's amazing," she assured him.

"Glad you think so!" His tone was decisive.

"But you must give me time," she begged.

"Right. Don't jump at anything you can't see. You'll be all for it, once you think it over. It's a knockout. Well, happy days! Blow over to the flat pretty soon and eat on us."

"Good night, Mr. Mandelbush. Good night, Mrs. Mandelbush," she chimed sweetly. "So glad you came."

But when they were gone and Lew in his shirt-sleeves wandered into her room she turned and asked: "Do you realize what that frightful little person is planning to do with your name?"

"Well—" Lew's manner was conciliatory—"I only guessed. Buzz wouldn't show me the idea—wanted your approval first."

"My approval!" She laughed. "My approval to having your name and your picture—in all sorts of absurd costumes—pasted in street-cars to advertise shirts and soap and——"

He whistled. "Where will Buzzy break out next?"

"But you wouldn't let him——"

"Of course I wouldn't. He knew I'd object, so he thought he'd get around me by showing it to you first. He's proud as a peacock of having a partner in what he calls society——"

She winced, but her tone was kind, as it usually was for Lew.

"Better take those horrid cards away from him. You never can tell what such a creature will do."

"Buzzy's no creature," explained Lew. "He's just an artist."

LOVE'S SEQUENCE

BY ANGELA MORGAN

Separation

WHY should the days be sun-caressed and sweet
Without you, dear?
Why should winds woo the grasses at my feet
And you not here?
Why should the hours be shaken through with song;
Why should the sky and sea rejoice the whole day long
Unless your eyes can look and love it too,
As my eyes do?

Return

I SEEK the splendor of your hands,
The beauty of your burning face;
Life's ashes yield these leaping brands
To glorify an empty place.

Reconciliation

NOW you have come to share with me
The moon's first look through the cypress-tree;
Books and letters and daily bread,
With dreams like halos round our head—
Now you have come, I dare not say
What gulfs I've crossed, with you away!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

She went to bed reflecting on Buzzy Mandelbush as an influence on her husband's life. Strangely enough—or was it strange?—her thoughts were less concerned with the condemned advertising scheme than with Mandelbush's knowledge of Lew's past life. If only he had told her more about Jessie Tyler. She had red hair. Red like a brass knob. She had always wanted him to go in for advertising. There were two kinds of red-headed girls, Mandelbush had said. Which kind was Jessie? The color of her hair about told the story, he had implied.

Women in Virginia's state generally clutch at symbols.

HAD Virginia Tyler been left to her own devices during those trying times she might have retired from the world, to brood at home, as women used to do, and invite the specters which gathered increasingly in her morbid mind. But Dr. Myron Havelock came to her as much in the guise of a family friend as of New York's most fashionable obstetrician. To be born under the guidance of Dr. Havelock was almost equivalent to a patent of nobility.

"Nonsense!" he said to Virginia when she asked to be let stay at home. "That idea's as old-fashioned as bleeding and laudanum. No excuse for women to hide away nowadays. What are modern dressmakers for? Of course, you don't have to dance or jolt about in an automobile—"

"We're not keeping an automobile," she told him.

"Good. Hire an old-fashioned open hack, get into the park every afternoon, walk a mile or so. Walk about town when you're shopping. I'm prescribing bridge to most of my patients—keeps your mind off yourself. I'm a Christian Scientist to that extent. Take in opera, musical shows, concerts; dining out won't hurt you if you eat the right things."

"I never was interested in my home before," she said.

"Quite natural, my dear Jinny. It's the nesting instinct; we inherit it from the birds. Go in for housework—nothing athletic, mind. But keep occupied."

"Myron—" all his friends called him Myron—"I wonder."

She hesitated here, but Havelock borrowed one of Lew's cigarets and helped her out: "I'm here to answer questions."

"Is there anything in what they say about babies being marked?"

"Birthmarks, you mean? Children deformed by parental ideas? Old wives' tales! Funny how many college graduates, right to-day, go around spreading this sort of Fiji Island stuff. It's the most baseless superstition I know of. A mother's condition, produced by shock or obsession, may affect the child's health because it has affected hers. But I don't think I need to lecture you on that point, Jinny. I wish all the women I talk to would keep up their morale as you do." Jinny smiled.

"Nothing more on your conscience, I hope?"

"Oh, no," she laughed, and sent him on his rounds. How could she tell him that she was obsessed by the spirit of a red-headed woman? For Buzzy Mandelbush's faint sketch of Jessie Tyler had preyed upon a mind opened to distorted fancies.

Red-headed! Jessie had elbowed out the other fantoms that come to crowd a pregnant woman's brain. Red-headed! How she wished that she had seized the opportunity to ask Mandelbush more questions about her! Virginia worked incessantly, reconstructing Jessie out of that one fact, just as paleontologists will build up a skeleton on the thigh-bone of a dinosaur. Auburn people, she reflected, were apt to be very plain or very beautiful—the former more likely. Therefore she built herself an ugly Jessie, fat, heavy, fiery locks dangling. She abandoned this image for a lovely Jessie, a slender figurine with pale-gilt hair—the way Audrey Vaile's had been before she lost her looks. This version, too, was unsatisfactory. She remembered the voice over the telephone.

Sometimes she was tempted to telephone to Buzzy Mandelbush, arrange a secret meeting, and quiz him again. Virginia seldom went into the street but that she caught herself, half unconsciously, seeking out auburn women. She met Jessie everywhere. One of them, a bold and talkative Jessie, came out of a confectioner's shop, flirting outrageously with a naval officer, obviously her junior. Another showed all of a ribbed stocking as she mounted a Fifth Avenue bus. Yet another one—a pitiful Jessie—struggled up the stairs to the elevated railroad; she carried a baby against her shoulder, a wicker suitcase clutched in her raw-knuckled fingers. "Can't I help you?" Virginia had asked this last Jessie, only to be ignored.

Through all the days and nights she carried Jessie with her as inexorably as she carried Lew's child. Dr. Havelock's confidence in the concealing arts of modern dressmaking had not been misplaced, for Jinny Tyler was never more beautiful than she was that Winter. They dined out and gave their share of dinners. She was consumed with restlessness, and during the last few weeks of waiting she devoted a great share of her time to bridge. Lew seldom returned from his office without hearing the whir of shuffling cards or the argumentative voices of polite gamblers, quarreling over points.

Rita Kemball, once accustomed to her cousin's placid self-assurance, was disturbed by the troubled look in Virginia's eyes; their friendship had ceased to be confidential. One morning when Rita came a little early

"'YES.' HER REPLY SUGGESTED A SPIRIT TOO USED TO BIRTH AND DEATH TO FEEL SADNESS ANY MORE. 'YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT ONCE OR TWICE OF COMING BACK TO YOU'"

—bridge was to begin right after luncheon—she found Jinny at the door in lieu of a maid.

"I've dismissed Margaret," she explained with an air of conscious carelessness.

"My dear!" cried Rita. "You *have* lost a friend! What's wrong with Margaret?"

"She was very faithful—they all get spoiled."

With this Virginia snipped a perfect rose from the group she was arranging. In her words and the subsequent gesture Rita saw caprice, unreasoning as all of nature's.

"What form did the spoiling take—the light-fingered sort?"

"No. I never missed anything. I suppose it was foolish of me, Reet—" here Virginia faced her friend with a seriousness all out of proportion to its cause—"but her red head got on my nerves. Always bobbing out at me."

"Nut of the world!" Rita kissed her cousin, a rough, scolding smack. "Margaret's hair was so pretty."

"Do you think that kind—auburn—is pretty?" Virginia asked this softly.

"Don't you? That is, the right kind. Sorrel is hideous, and usually goes with freckles. But the pale-gilt sort. Like Lily Overbeck's—men must love it."

"They must," agreed Virginia.

They said no more about it that day. The talk left Rita wondering just how this all concerned Lew. Had he been attentive to an auburn woman? This seemed out of the question, since Lew's devotion to his wife had been a subject of favorable comment on the part of the quiet set. But, thought Rita out of her long experience, strange things have happened and will happen again.

"Perhaps you ought to rest a little more," she suggested.

Jinny turned rudely upon her. "What do you call resting?"

"It seems to me you're going all the time," persisted Rita, too wise to take offense.

"It's the doctor's orders. Heaven knows I'm bored enough as it is." Then with a sudden softening, "I'm sorry, Reet. I'm turning into a perfect virago."

"As if you could! Everybody's saying how wonderful you look. You're a miracle, Jinny Philips."

"I wish I were." The prayer sprang involuntarily to her lips, then she spoke with a recklessness quite out of character, "They say Hamby Malboro's dance will be outrageous."

"It always is," said Rita. "You going?"

"I wouldn't miss it!" said Virginia; self-defense prompted her to add, "Myron Havelock says that Amy Ryden danced almost up to the last minute."

"He's very modern, don't you think?" was all Rita said.

Mrs. Kemball must have taken her cousin's case to Seumas Platt Philips, for the next morning Virginia was surprized by a call from her father; it was the first time since the divorce that he had crossed the threshold which belonged, technically, to his former wife.

"Good Lord, Jinny," he barked when he had removed his pearl-gray overcoat and rearranged the gardenia in a lapel of his distinguished blue suit, "what's all this?"

"All what, Daddy?" she asked, an arm around his neck as she gave him one of her sparse smiles.

"Look here!" He deposited himself on the tapestried seat of a Spanish chair. "I like the idea of being a grandfather. Fine, sensible idea. Only I wish I could do something for the boy."

"You've decided on a boy, too?"

"Oh, yes. Yes." That was settled. He touched his handsome mustache with the blue signet-ring and cleared his throat. "Ran across Rita this morning and she says you're racing about like mad. What's Havelock thinking of?"

"He knows what he's about, Daddy."

"All right. I'll talk to him. See here, Jin!" The shallow brown eyes gathered inspiration. "What's the matter with a little trip somewhere? It's my party; Kingston's wonderful just now. Do you all sorts of good."

"You better talk to Myron Havelock," she suggested. "He'd call you crazy."

"Probably," decided Mr. Philips dispassionately. Then back to his favorite grievance, "Where's your mother all this time—leaving you to Tom, Dick, and Harry? Ought to be here——"

"What could she do?"

"A great deal. Great deal—if she would. By George, I'll cable her! After all, she's the boy's grandmother."

It required no little tact in argument to dissuade him from his well-meant futility.

ON MILD afternoons Lew and Virginia were in the habit of hiring a small barouche—an ancestral comfort which the slang of yesterday referred to as an "open-faced hack"—and in this they would rock slowly around Central Park while the driver, a hackman of the old school, would twist in his seat and, using his whip as a pointer, lecture on objects of public interest: "T' yer right, Leddy, sets the Obelisk or Cleopatrick's Needle, inscribed wit' the sacred language of the Nile. Beyant ye'll see the Methropolin Museem, containin' forty thousand genu-wine oil-paintin's, statues, and heirlooms; admission free except Monday and Friday, when it's a quarter," etc., etc.

This modest, leisurely mode of travel was as wholesome for Lew as for Virginia. He seemed to enjoy the quaint locomotion as they meandered around the Mall and Reservoir; he would encourage the hackman to higher flights of fancy until Virginia begged him to be still; people they knew were always motoring by.

One gentle afternoon in that false Spring which sometimes comes between snows—soft clouds were blowing across tender blue, and the ends of bare boughs showed like pink finger-tips—they left their barouche for a climb among the rocks and over crooked paths where they could imagine themselves in the deep forest, until shreds of Sunday supplements and scraps of orange-peel reminded them of New York's defacing realism.

Lew was moody that afternoon, sluggish in his movements, disinclined to exertion. On the brow of a round boulder they sat and looked over lacy twigs: they could catch a glimpse of a little lake with a green boat-house and rowboats stacked away for the Winter. Lew sat with his arms around his knees; his eyes were on the distance. She never questioned him any more when he looked that way. If she could not guess his thoughts, she knew at least who held them.

"Queer," he said at last, starting out of his trance, "how deep in the woods we seem."

"Apartment-houses right there, just beyond the lake."

"And New York all around. What a jungle! You can live and die on a side street and nobody know you ever existed."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

How like what Buzzy had said of Jessie Tyler!

"We'll be out of it pretty soon," she assured him, stroking his big hand. "When you pass your examinations—maybe they'll send us to Italy."

"I've got to make up my mind," he said slowly. "Buzzy's stood a lot from me, I guess, but he's getting tired of it. There's a man named Rice wants to put capital in and go ahead with Buzzy's schemes."

"Lew!" She took his chin between her hands and turned his face toward hers. "You're not letting him go on with that horrid——"

"Those 'Lew Tyler Says' cards? I should say not! I told him he couldn't make a monkey of me, and he tore up the layouts."

"Decent of him."

"He's always that, when it comes to a point."

"Was he offended?"

"Disappointed, I think." Lew cleared his throat and resumed, "We've been a wonderful team."

"*Been* a wonderful team—you haven't quarreled?"

"Not exactly. But we've got to settle something. It's only fair to him and me. His ideas may make you sick, but they're really enormous. He wants me to play Bailey to his Barnum."

Pride filled her heart as she looked into his handsome face. He was beginning to appreciate the position she had given him.

"There's something beautiful about Buzz," he reflected, "he's so complete; it would be almost sacrilege to turn him into a conservative."

He broke a dry twig between thumb and forefinger.

"We don't want to make money that way, Lew," she decided.

"No, dearest."

She looked up into his brooding face and asked one of a hundred questions, aching to be free, "Do you ever want to go back to California, Lew?"

"Why should I? There's nothing there for me," then as tho to check her suspicion—"nothing in my line."

"It might be jolly—Burlingame, Pebble Beach, Pasadena."

Then came one of his rare admissions: "I don't know anything about those places. I lived in a twenty-five-dollar house out in the Richmond District."

She sat still an instant, trying to reconstruct his past on that sparse thread. She had a moment of pity for the red-haired woman drudging for Lew in a mean little house somewhere on the fringe of San Francisco.

"Do you know, Lew," she said softly, "this is about the first time you've ever said anything about—about your old life since the night I first met you?"

"You must have thought I was crazy," he mumbled. "I guess I was in love with you already."

"I was in love with you too, or I couldn't have let you."

The blue cap of a mounted policeman was visible above the rocky edge of the bridle-path. When the intruder was out of sight she put the question:

"Are you still in love—with me?"

"You know I am." He crushed her fingers between his palms. "You've done everything for me—everything."

"Then why don't you tell me more about yourself?"

"What is there to tell?" He gazed down on the little lake, his eyes turgid as the water.

"I've gotten used to the idea of your having known another woman before me, but I think it would help you, Lew—and me, too—if you told me something about her."

"Oh, let it lie where it is!" It came like a groan.

"I will, my dear." She threw her arm over his shoulder. "Now help me up. I'm getting cold."

When he had raised her to her feet he folded the lap-robe on which they had been seated and followed her down the path toward where the driver's shaggy hat was visible among bare boughs. At the top of the rough stone steps she paused, short-breathed, and laid a hand on his sleeve.

"Lew, it's going to be a boy."

"How do you know that, foolish?" He was cheerful again.

"Because he's just got to be—for a special purpose. He's got to be a boy so he can be named after his father."

He faced her blankly for a second, then his eyes roved toward the drive.

"Isn't that getting a little previous?" he grumbled.

"Why? Lewis Kensington Tyler, Jr.—there! He's as good as named."

She could feel the impatience in his fingers as he helped her down the steps.

"But isn't it the very name for him?" she insisted.

"I'm a pretty poor stick to call anything after."

"You'll like it. Nothing flatters a man more."

"It'll turn out to be a girl, anyhow," he decided, and helped her into the carriage.

TOO MUCH LOVELINESS

BY MARGARET DeLAUGHTER

THEY call me "Crazy Jan," and laugh at me;
And yet I've told them, time and time again,
It's all God's fault! Why did He ever make
A flower quite as lovely as a rose,
Or teach the little birds such tender songs?
Why does He light a thousand flaming stars,
To plague our hearts with dreams and dreams and dreams?
You'd think that He'd know better than to leave
Such beauty lying loose around the world.
Why, do you know, on perfect nights like these,
Even the angels have to run and play!
(The little ones, who still remember how.)
They scamper out of heaven, and come down
To frolic in my garden. Many a time
I lean and watch them, with their shining wings,
Among my cloudy-blossomed cherry-trees.
And how they laugh when they look up and see
Me watching them! "It's Crazy Jan,"
They cry, "and he won't tell!" And then they shake
The foamy petals down upon the ground,
And throw them all about. Sometimes they play
And frolic in my garden all night long;
And in the morning, after they have gone,
I laugh to see the blossoms on the ground,
The way the angels left them! Oh, it's true
What people say—I'm crazy, right enough!
But it's God's fault, for filling His great world
With too much loveliness.

THE Tylers' apartment was one of the sort they list as "Modern, 8 rooms, 3 baths." Its number on Park Avenue was sufficient guaranty of its place in the world. The house had been built by one of those architects who have mutually agreed to give Park Avenue both dignity and beauty from the Grand Central Station to the region of the Eighties; beyond that ugly brownstones are being torn down or remodeled to conform with the advance of our good building period.

From her ninth floor dining-room Virginia got a glimpse of the East River; the rooms were nicely proportioned and ingeniously grouped to avoid the interminable halls which gave flat-dwellings of the McKinley period the look of a Pullman train. She had had her drawing-room walls "done" in rusty bluish green, with the surface oil-painted in such a way as to suggest tightly stretched parchment. The seats of her lacquered and gilded Spanish chairs were embroidered with heavy roses; the Italian curtains were old rose; the pictures were mostly Chinese paintings, rescued from Lew's antique-shop.

As her day grew nearer Virginia caused the room across the hall from hers to be outfitted as a modern nursery. Miss Simmons, from Dr. Havelock's hospital, came in to advise her about accommodations for Lewis K. Tyler, Jr. —Virginia had quite decided on the sex and the name—and the room was equipped from bassinet to weighing-scales more than a month before the baby was born.

Holding within herself the secret of life, it seemed preposterous to Virginia that she should have no key to the riddle. She could feel the baby's heart beat, yet even its sex must remain unknown to her. But she had a way of settling such things out of hand. It would be a boy, and they must have him entered for Groton as soon as he was born. There were no Groton men in the Philips family, but she knew a dozen who would help her with their influence. Kay Vorhees, who had married her mother—the grandson of Mrs. Kay Vorhees, she felt sure, would have no trouble making his way.

"Lewis Kensington Tyler, Jr., will start right," she told Lew one morning as he leaned over her bed.

"Have your way!" he laughed, and stood caressing the hand with which she detained him.

"You don't think I know, do you?"

"Who'd know better?" he asked, but his eyes shifted, almost imperceptibly.

"Lew, why don't you want him named after you?"

"Well—" his grin was boyish now—"they do name a lot of girls after men nowadays. It would be rather cute to have a daughter named Lewis Kensington; a girl can get away with almost anything if she's got the looks."

"Don't be silly," she begged, "you old dear!" Before he went she laid her cheek against his vigorous blue jowl and whispered, "Do you still love me?"

"It's been a wonderful year, Jinny," he admitted, then slunk away as if ashamed.

She stayed abed through a lazy morning. A great calm seemed to have come over her spirit, banishing the fantoms that had plagued her days. After all, nine years is a long time—sufficient time, certainly, for a man to forget.

When Katherine, the new and rather heavy person who had supplanted red-headed Margaret, came in for the tray she was carrying a long box, obviously from the florist. Virginia snapped the string and raised the cover with a little murmur of delight to see the rows on rows of American beauties, their petals glowing ardently through a covering of oiled paper. Two dozen of them—her practised eye computed at a glance. Among the leaves there was a little note:

Just to remember the day.—LEW.

She was so glad he hadn't forgotten! A year ago, in that very apartment, he had compelled her to confess her love and accept his, despite her resolutions to send him away.

"Put a dozen in the tall vase in the foyer," she instructed Katherine. "Leave these by my bed; put the rest in the drawing-room."

Virginia objected to the people who make love—even legally licensed love—over the telephone; but she was resolved to ring Lew up at his office and express her appreciation. This tribute of roses, and the faith they implied, won her. But the telephone service, as often happens, stood in the way of a high resolve. Mr. Tyler's line was busy.

Virginia gave way to a pleasant languor and let her mind roam around the Tyler domain. Lew's roses struck a harmony with the painted garlands on her bed and with the pinkish curtains of Georgette crêpe which she herself had edged with lace and tied back with blue-gray ribbons. The bedroom satisfied her, just as life satisfied her that morning. She was glad that she had decided to have the panels tinted dull blue like the curtain-ribbons, and she liked the dull greenish plaster running around, like a frame. The room had been of her own careful planning, and she loved its character. It strengthened her will to carry out more ambitious schemes.

Through a vista of open doors she could see into Lew's room, a picture of mahogany against buff walls. When the baby was a little older, she mused, they must rearrange everything to make place for a playroom. Well, she and Lew would be better off with a little less luxury.

An apologetic knock aroused her from her comfortable dream, and she looked up to see Katherine carrying some tall object which was elaborately swaddled in paper.

"What is it now?" asked Virginia, annoyed at the interruption of her pleasant train of thought.

"Some flowers, Mrs. Tyler—I think."

"Really?" The idea was disturbing with an implication that all the world knew of the day and hour when Lew proposed. "Bring it here, Katherine, and let's see."

The servant held the tall bundle by her mistress's bedside. There was a tag with the trade-mark of Fifth Avenue's most picturesque and expensive florist.

"Open it."

Katherine unwound the paper, and as the concealment fell away the room flashed with scarlet. Here, indeed, was a most unusual gift. Some ingenious gardener had planted a climbing geranium in a greenish pot and trained it like a rose-tree up a miniature trellis where the blossoms flaunted their red against the less vigorous colors of Virginia's bedroom. A novelty, even for De Campo's, where they specialize in odd arrangements of flowers!

At the base of the trellis, concealed in the knot of a huge bronze ribbon, Virginia found a note. That it was unsigned signified little; her father and old Dick Galway, who professed to adore her, often sent anonymous flowers. But the wording of the stubbly, scrawled message gained all her attention, once she tried to understand it:

DEAR JESSIE: Here's Old Sturdy's granddaughter. Tried to see you yesterday. Better luck to-day.

Virginia stilled a hundred wild surmises as she laid the card down and asked very calmly:

"Who delivered these, Katherine?"

"A boy, Mrs. Tyler."

"A boy from De Campo's?"

"Yes, Ma'am. He would be from one of thim Fift' Avenoo places by the mark on his cap."

"These aren't for me." Virginia lifted the card very gently and read again before she added, "Somebody else must be expecting them. Will you telephone De Campo's and tell them?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tyler."

Katherine was leaving the room when Virginia stopped her with the countermand, "Never mind. I'll see to it myself."

And when again she was alone her eyes wandered from the queenly roses which Lew had sent her to the staring red blossoms whose color symbolized Jessie. Lew's first wife might be standing there with fiery locks and triumph in her eyes. She read the note a third time and could make less of it than before.

How was Virginia to know that this day marked another anniversary—that nine years ago the boy who bore Lew's name had lain dead in the arms of Jessie Tyler?

RITA KEMBALL was in for lunch that day and out again in time to attend a mid-week recital. Jinny had brought the mysterious geranium into the drawing-room—it offended her less there—and it was the cause of much satirical comment on the part of Rita, who decided that training a geranium on a handsome trellis was like setting a glass bead in platinum filigree. The anonymous donor got his share of Rita's attention.

"It would be just like old Dick Galway to send geraniums. He's so economical."

"Not from De Campo's," Jinny objected. "That's too expensive."

"Maybe he stole the tag," suggested Mrs. Kemball. "At any rate, a married woman who gets two bouquets in one day—and one from her husband—is doing pretty

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

well. How glorious you look! I've never seen you so pretty."

They exchanged the kiss of women and Rita hurried away to her concert. She had begged her cousin to go with her and admire a new Austrian cellist, but Virginia was glad when Rita left; it gave her a little time to think, to entertain her fantoms for a while. Some one connected with the life of Lew and Jessie was in New York, had called the day before, had sent a curious flower and a more curious note. Jessie, then, must be very near. Virginia stood in the center of her drawing-room, where another glance at the tall geranium stirred her unpleasantly. She took it from the table where it had been standing and set it on a window-ledge.

"Mr. Garrity calling," announced Katherine.

"Mr. Garrity? I don't know any Mr. Garrity," began Virginia impatiently, then, confident of the new maid's stupidity, "Are you sure you've got the name right?"

"No, Madam. That disk in the kitchen don't announce very plain from down-stairs."

"Find out what he wants."

Katherine reappeared presently with the announcement, "He says ye'll know him by name, Mrs. Tyler. He's Mr. Garrity. He's here about the flowers——"

"Have him come up," commanded Virginia almost harshly.

A long time seemed to pass before his ring at the bell—Fate's ring, she felt it would be. Afraid as she was to face the man, she had a greater fear that he would learn of his mistake and go away before she saw him. But at last the door-bell sounded, and out in the vestibule she could hear a deep voice inquiring, "Mrs. Tyler?" Then the uninvited guest stood in the drawing-room's entrance, staring bashfully around.

At first glimpse Virginia took him for a boy of fourteen; then a glance at his shaggy white hair and deeply lined face apprized her of her mistake. He was a slender, undersized man of fifty-five in a bad style of ready-made clothes; between his little hands he held a faded hat of black velour.

"Excuse me," he apologized, his round black eyes still puzzled. "I guess they must have let me off at the wrong floor.'

"I don't think so," Virginia assured him with a kindly superior air, for it was evident that he was a person of no consequence. "If you're looking for the flowers, they're here."

She motioned toward the geranium, an invitation for him to take it, but he remained standing on the sill.

"Then I *did* guess right," he ventured, still uncertain. "I—I wonder if she got them?"

"Who?" she asked to showing embarrassment, she caught something of his spirit of uneasiness.

"Why—Mrs. Tyler."

He eyed her steadily for a moment, then seeing no encouragement in her face, fell to mumbling again, "My mistake. I did get the wrong one, after all."

"WHAT Mrs. Tyler are you looking for, Mr. Garrity?" she asked.

"Garrick's my name," he corrected her with some dignity.

"I beg your pardon. But the flowers came for Mrs. Lewis K. Tyler. I'm Mrs. Tyler."

"Oh, I see." He began backing away into the foyer with a series of mumbled apologies.

"Hadn't you better take the plant?" she suggested, following him out. "I'm sorry for the mistake, but of course I wouldn't want——"

"Oh, you just keep it," he urged. "I'd look crazier than I am if I went through New York carrying a six-foot geranium. Excuse me, Mrs. Tyler. My mistake."

He had got as far as the outside door, had even put his hand on the knob; but something of the same curiosity that tempted Virginia to hold him there at any cost seemed to be dragging at the little man. He moved his lips stiffly as if to speak, but Virginia was ahead of him with her question:

"I wonder if it isn't the first Mrs. Tyler that you're looking for?"

"Why, yes—it is," he admitted, his small eyes darting shrewdly among the comparative grandeurs of the place. "I sort of thought, the minute I came in, that Jessie was putting on a lot of style. You see I've been in British Columbia; I didn't know that Lew was married again."

"Won't you come in, Mr. Garrick?" she urged, ignoring the fact that he had been in and was just going. "I should like to talk to you."

"Thanks." He followed her back into the big room.

In the foyer she had made a gesture, suggesting that he lay aside his hat and coat, but Mr. Garrick continued to clutch the black-velour brim, as tho its relinquishment might involve him in more important concessions. He sat in a high Spanish chair, with his feet on a stool. They were tiny feet in cracked patent-leather shoes with light-kid uppers

"Mr. Garrick," began Virginia, "I thought it queer, the way that plant came to me——"

"It was kind of crazy," he admitted, and as he mused for an instant he made an unpleasant clicking sound as tho he were urging a tired horse to death. "You see, I never come to New York but what I go through the telephone-book and the city directory, thinking I'd find the name."

"You mean—Jessie's?"

He nodded solemnly. "She's been gone a long time. Funny how people just walk out; I didn't think a girl like Jessie could." His eyes were on the carpet, and his sharp little face was dignified by a look of sorrow.

"How long since you've seen her?" she asked out of a hundred questions that wrestled to be free.

"Not since that day——"

"What day?" she asked; his mouth had closed like a trap.

"The day of reckoning, you might call it. She just walked out, and I was a little sore, I guess, because she didn't come to me and let me fix things some way—" He glanced swiftly over to the corner where the tall geranium stood. "That plant must have been a puzzle to you, Mrs. Tyler. You see, it had been a sort of family joke between me and Jessie, the way she liked to have geraniums around. She had a big climbing one on her back fence out in San Francisco, and I was always sending her slips from it; but she couldn't make 'em live. So one time—I was flush then and could afford to have my fun—I took a couple of slips around to De Campo and bribed him to raise 'em in his own greenhouse. Right after that—well, so much happened that we weren't thinking about geraniums exactly."

She was choosing another question from the multitude on her tongue's end when the little man went on: "I haven't been in New York for two years until last week. And yesterday I was riding up Madison Avenue when a milliner's girl with one of those fancy-looking bandboxes got on the car and sat down 'longside of me. It looked like a spirit-message, for there was 'Mrs. Lewis K. Tyler,' written out plain on the top of the box. When she got off I followed her right up to your house and asked for Mrs. Tyler, but they said she was out. I thought it sort of strange, the fine-looking place and all; Jessie wasn't the sort that'll ever have much money."

"So you sent the flowers," prompted Virginia.

"I thought it would be nice to send geraniums, just to let her know I was in town. So I went to De Campo's and found he had grown quite a flock of geraniums out of my slips. The one I sent here cost more than a basket of orchids."

Lew Tyler's second wife appraised the cheap clothing, meant to conceal the little man's all too obvious poverty—flowers from De Campo's. How he must have loved Jessie Tyler!

"You—you knew them a long time?" she asked, eager to know, yet afraid to be told.

"It seemed to me she was just a kid when I first met her. But they'd been married a few years, and Lew was hitting the high places pretty hard—excuse me, Mrs. Tyler."

"I know he used to drink, if that's what you mean," she informed him coldly.

"I ain't trying to knock him, Mrs. Tyler. All his crowd was pretty wild. I'd 'a' done the same thing, I guess, if I'd been his age and popular like Lew. I nin't at all sure she was the girl for Lew—" He fell silent, pondering.

"Why?"

"She was too gentle, I think. You can't stop a bull-fight with—well, a geranium. The first time I ever saw her she was trying to work me to get Lew a job in the advertising business. Somehow she made me want to cry."

"He's in the advertising business now," explained Virginia, and was at a loss to know why she said it.

He glanced around the prosperous interior before the comment, "Well, she had the right idea, didn't she?"

"Tell me about her. What was she like?" The question seemed to burst from her.

"She was a very sweet woman," said Garrick; an epitaph in his commonplace words.

"I mean—her appearance."

"Oh." His narrow face softened. "Well, she wasn't tall like you or a runt like me. She was sort of small, and that made her look younger than she was, I guess."

"She was auburn, wasn't she?" Jinny had lost all reserve in her desire to know.

"You might call her that. But she wasn't a carrot-top. Her hair was real gold; the sort that goes with a nice skin. There wasn't anything in California sweeter than her complexion. It was like a baby's."

Involuntarily Jinny lifted her hand toward her own cheeks, which she brightened with "invisible" rouge—one of the few secrets she kept from Lew.

"She was one of the sort," he went on, as if searching for a picture, "who don't look strong, but fool you. Sturdy little thing, just like the geraniums they grow on the Coast. Could stand anything—up to a point."

"What did she have to stand?" The question came roughly from lips trained to smooth speaking.

"She didn't *have* to stand anything," he replied, and his eyes would have been shrewd had they not been pathetic. "This is a free country, isn't it? We can take our medicine or leave it. Jessie left hers finally." He crumpled his velvet hat between his little hands and resumed his description of Jessie. "You wanted to know what she was like. Neat. Her daddy was Pennsylvania Dutch, and that's what did it. She was neat with the house and neat with herself. Call any time, day or night, always find her looking fresh as a daisy. Sometimes I couldn't believe she was running the whole show—keeping house, cooking, taking care of the baby."

"'ALL HIS CROWD WAS PRETTY WILD. I'D 'A' DONE THE SAME THING, I GUESS, IF I'D BEEN HIS AGE AND POPULAR LIKE LEW. I AIN'T AT ALL SURE SHE WAS THE GIRL FOR LEW'"

The baby! The little man must have seen something wretched in her face to cause him to stop so suddenly. His lips moved as if to form another apology.

"Whose baby do you mean?" she asked in a still, small voice.

"Why, hers and Lew's."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

BEHIND THE SCREEN

The Intimate, Personal Story of the Motion-Picture Industry, in Its Third Instalment

BY SAMUEL GOLDWYN

AUTHOR'S NOTE—I want to acknowledge the co-operation of Miss Corinne Lowe in the preparation of these articles. But for her enthusiasm, her patience, and her splendid co-operation given me in every way, this series could never have been written.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN.

WHILE the Lasky Company and the Famous Players organizations were taking their long and often competitive strides forward numerous other motion-picture enterprises had been coming into prominence. Among these was the Fox Company.

Some years ago William Fox bought the story, "A Fool There Was." For its leading rôle he engaged a very prominent actress. She disappointed him at the last moment, and it was while he was at his wit's end to know how to replace her that he happened to go one day into his casting department. There were several extras standing around in the hope of picking up a day's work, and among these Fox's eye fell upon a dark-eyed girl. He looked at her. He looked again. Finally he said to his casting director, "I wish you'd have some tests made of that girl. It seems to me she's got possibilities."

The tests were made. They were so satisfactory that the girl was cast for the leading rôle of "A Fool There Was." In it she scored such a triumph that Fox bought immediately more similar vehicles for her. The girl's name was Theda Bara, and "A Fool There Was" was the first of the vamp stories which for some time seemed to consume the motion-picture industry.

Another producer, of a very different type, who had been waxing strong during these first years of our development, was Mack Sennett. Sennett, originally a chorus man earning five dollars a day, had been associated with Griffith in the old Biograph studios. From these he departed with only about five or six hundred dollars, and he produced his first films without any studio at all. The cameraman overcame this fundamental lack by focusing on people's front lawns and on any other part of the landscape which looked appealing. When at last his financial returns justified it Sennett established a studio near Los Angeles.

WILL ROGERS PRESENTS PAULINE FREDERICK WITH A BAG OF SANDWICHES

Mack's specialty had always been comedies, and among his early stars was that noted screen comedian of another day, Ford Sterling. At the time when the Lasky Company started, Sterling was getting a salary phenomenal for that period. Yet, being a perfectly normal star, he kept wanting more, and it was in an hour when Sennett feared he would not be able to keep pace with these increasing demands that he cast about him for some one to take Sterling's place.

In this period of vigilance he chanced to go to Pantages's in Los Angeles. Among the acts of this performance, which represented the second circuit—that employing the less costly talent of the organization—there lingered in his mind the work of one comedian.

Months afterward when Sterling really seemed on the point of leaving, Sennett thought immediately of the little comedian in the second circuit. He did not know where he was. He could not even remember his name. But he wired to an Eastern representative, "Get in touch with fellow called Chapman or Chamberlain—something like that—playing second circuit."

The representative had a hard time locating the person thus vaguely defined. At last, however, in a little Pennsylvania town the agent caught up with Charlie Chaplin. He was getting fifty dollars a week for his work in vaudeville, and when Sennett took him on at one hundred and twenty-five he seemed stunned by his good fortune.

Reproduction of this article, wholly or in part, strictly forbidden.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, MARY PICKFORD, AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS LEAVE THEIR WORK LONG ENOUGH FOR A "STILL"

And did he make good at once in motion-pictures? Mack has told me that he did not.

"It was days and days," the latter relates, "before Charlie put over anything real. He tried all sorts of make-ups—one of them I remember was a fat man—and they were all about equally flat. The fact of it was that for some time I felt a little uneasy as to whether my find was a very fortunate one."

IT MUST be remembered at this point, however, that Chaplin encountered at the outset of his screen career an almost inflexible conception of humor. He himself has told me how he had to combat this prejudice in creating his very first picture.

"I was a tramp in that story," he recalls, "and they wanted me to do all the usual slap-stick stunts. I had to beg them to let me play the part my way. 'If you want somebody to pull all the old gags,' I said to Sennett, 'why do you hire me? You can get a man at twenty-five dollars to do that sort of stuff.' So at last they gave in to my idea. This I had worked out very carefully. A tramp in a fine hotel—there's a universal situation for you. Hardly a human being that hasn't duplicated the feeling of being poor, alone, out of touch with the gay crowd about him, of trying to identify himself somehow with the fine, alien throng. So I did the little touches here of imitation—the pulling down of shabby cuffs, the straightening of my hat, all the gestures that gave a wider meaning to the characterization."

Chaplin's own account of his start is eloquent of the creative imagination which has made him the supreme exponent of screen art. This first picture was a success. Even so, there were those in the Sennett studios who looked askance upon such advanced methods.

"They didn't really appreciate Charlie in those early days," so Mabel Normand has often said to me. "I remember numerous times when people in the studio came up and asked me confidentially, 'Say, do you think he's so funny? In my mind he can't touch Ford Sterling.' They were just so used to slap-stick that imaginative comedy couldn't penetrate."

When Chaplin went out to California to make his first pictures he found the pantomimist just quoted a star in the Sennett organization. After having been a model for Gibson and other noted illustrators, Mabel had worked with Mary Pickford and Blanche Sweet in the Biograph studios. She was still here when Sennett, meeting her on the street one day, said, "How about going to California at a hundred dollars a week? I've just got some backing for my company and I'm going to settle out there in a short time."

Mabel had been rendered incredulous by her salary at the Biograph. She was so skeptical of there being any such salary as a hundred dollars a week that Sennett's backers, to whom he had referred her, thought she was hesitating because of the insufficiency of the recompense. They thereupon offered her twenty-five dollars more.

NOT long ago my friend Edgar Selwyn, the theatrical producer and playwright, said to me: "We hear so much about our successful stars as they are to-day. Yet most of us are a great deal more curious to hear the details of their earlier years." With this in mind I am devoting a short space to the Sennett studio of a former time, for, altho these days did not come under my direct observation, they have been described to me so often by Mabel Normand and Chaplin and Sennett himself that they seem almost like a portion of my own experience. Certainly, too, such flash-backs are necessary to a complete participation in the stories of my own immediate contacts with these two stars.

The older Sennett studio, like the stable which first cradled the Lasky Company, presented a striking contrast to the modern film background with its meticulous divisions of labor, its attempts to introduce the efficiency methods of a business establishment. Everybody knew everybody else; all the performers talked over in the most intimate fashion the details of the day's work; the stars could and did do all such chores as cutting films.

Instead of a honeycomb of dressing-rooms, there was a communal space where all the men put on their make-up; as to Mabel's dressing-room, this was a crude, boarded cubicle with the oil-stove familiar to all the old-timers in California studios. Altogether, an atmosphere informal and light-hearted as that which we imagine surrounding a group of strolling players in Elizabethan times!

Every one knows the long rainy seasons which in California interrupt those months of brilliant, unflagging sunshine. During such times the rain would drip ceaselessly from the roof of Sennett's projection-room, and his actors, shivering from the cold dampness, used to gather together after the day's work around the one cozy spot in the studio—the oil-stove in Mabel's dressing-room. Here, by the hour Chaplin, a slender little fellow of twenty-two or three, attired unvaryingly in a checked suit, used to sit and talk with Mabel about work, books, and life. They were great pals, these two, and whenever Charlie wanted a raise he would go to Mabel and say, "Come now, you ask Mack for me."

LOS ANGELES FLORISTS PROSPERED WHEN FARRAR AND TELLEGEN LEFT FOR A WINTER TOUR

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sometimes, according to those who worked with the pair, the friendship was invaded by a little feeling of rivalry, especially on Chaplin's part. This was hardly strange, for Mabel's talent as a comédienne was undoubted, and to this gift she added not only her experience on the screen but a very exceptional beauty. Of course the sentiment was only fleeting, but every now and then something would bring it to the surface.

One day when Chaplin entered the studio he found Mabel standing beside the camera. Running over to Sennett, he asked the producer what it all meant.

"Oh, nothing," replied Mack. "Only I've asked Mabel to direct you to-day."

Chaplin said nothing, but for an hour or so he was quite evidently ruffled. Before the end of the day, however, all irritation had vanished in the boxing-bout which represented the favorite muscular outlet of the two young comedians.

Charlie and Mabel, as will be remembered, appeared in many comedies together. One of their scenes which the public was never permitted to share involved a motor-cycle. On being asked if he could ride this vehicle Charlie had replied promptly that he could.

"Now you're sure you know how, Charlie?" Sennett inquired of him again on the day the scene was to be taken: he confronted the comedian with this modern mechanism.

"Why, of course I do," maintained Charlie stoutly, "I used to cycle all about London." With no apparent trepidation he mounted the cycle. Mabel jumped on behind him. An instant afterward those watching the performance saw the two riders whirling down a steep hill with a fury that made a nor'easter look cool and collected.

"Talk about Jock Gilpin's ride!" laughs Mabel to-day as she tells the story. "I knew from the moment we set out that Charlie hadn't the least idea in the world how to guide or stop that machine, and as the trees and hills whizzed by us I closed my eyes. My only wonder was when and how badly. At last it happened. When I opened my eyes again it was from a long unconscious state. I had been dashed into a ditch at the side of the road, and a little farther on they found the souvenirs of poor old Charlie. You see," she concludes, "he hadn't realized that there was any difference between a cycle and a motor-cycle."

Just a little farther on I shall pick up the thread of Miss Normand's career where it became interwoven with my own professional interests. In the meanwhile, closing these glimpses of the Sennett studio in its early days, I shall proceed to developments in the Lasky Company.

MR. GOLDWYN SCORES ONE OF HIS GREATEST TRIUMPHS — BRINGING MISS FARRAR AND MISS GARDEN TOGETHER IN SWEET ACCORD

Photo by O. M. Hixon

DARK-EYED THEDA BARA

IT HAD long been apparent to me that a merger of the Lasky and the Famous Players organizations promised many benefits. It would put an end to the costly competition for stars and stories and it would effect a corresponding reduction in other expenses. To all such arguments, however, Mr. Zukor turned a deaf ear, and it was not until 1916 that I succeeded in overcoming his reluctance. Then, under the name of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, these two enterprises, which only a few years before had launched out with a capital representing conjointly less than one hundred thousand dollars, were incorporated at twenty-five million!

It was a radiant day for me when the vision of this gigantic unification, held so persistently for many months, finally took form. But, as so often happens, the fulfilment of my most cherished dream proved to be a weapon turned against me. Mr. Zukor was the president of the new organization; I was chairman of the board of directors. I shall not enter here into the differences which sundered us, both men accustomed to domination, I shall merely relate that only a few months after the formation of the new company I resigned my interests in the Famous Players-Lasky organization.

But before leaving this phase of my career I want to pay my heartfelt tribute to the man whom I consider responsible for much of the success won by Lasky films, Cecil de Mille!

Altho I have had occasion to mention several instances where his judgment was at fault, I have never once lost the sense of how disproportionate these rare flaws were to the sum of his achievement. As a matter of fact, De Mille is seldom wrong in his valuations of either performer or story. Again and again his judgment proved superior to both Lasky's and mine. Then, too, he adds to the qualities which make him a big director, a gift for personal relations which I have seldom seen equaled. Farrar was only one of the many Lasky stars who "got along" wonderfully with our chief director. The courteous, self-controlled, kindly De Mille—who, indeed, could dislike him?

Certainly my own thought of him always reaches far beyond our mere professional association. To me at a time when I most needed it De Mille was a true friend, and the memory of his truth and loyalty illumines one of the bitterest chapters of my life.

Well, I left my company and I was then not quite thirty-five years of age. I was accustomed to a life where every working hour was inspired by the one thought, "How can I make the Lasky Company more significant?" You can imagine, therefore, the terrible blankness of those days following my resignation. Feverishly I cast about me for a new outlet for my organizing energy, and in the Autumn of 1916 I, together with my friends Archie and Edgar Selwyn, the theatrical producers, Margaret Mayo, and Arthur Hopkins, the theatrical producer, founded the Goldwyn Motion Picture Company.

The beginning of this second film venture of mine involved conditions very different from those which attended the start of the Lasky Company three years before. Then the story was supreme and the Lasky Company was successful without any really overshadowing personalities. True, the field presented some great celebrities such as Mary Pickford, but the emphasis was not placed upon the player to the degree which afterward swayed the producer. Constantly this emphasis became more irresistible, and by the time that I started the Goldwyn Company it was the player, not the play, which was the thing.

Photo by Dorn

MAE MARSH, A STAR OF THE GRIFFITH AND GOLDWYN SKIES

Every theater-owner in the country wanted personalities. Stars were now made over night. New names came out in electric light almost every evening. Obviously, therefore, the only guarantee for the success of a new motion-picture organization was the assemblage of a list of big names.

Hence it was upon an array of planets that the Goldwyn Company concentrated its initial energy. The first star we engaged was Mabel Normand; the second, Mae Marsh; the third, Madge Kennedy. Add to these such towering figures from other histrionic firmaments as Mary Garden, Jane Cowl, and Maxine Elliot, and you will see why our competitors were warranted in feeling a deep uneasiness. For the engagement of these people was attended by enormous publicity. Newspapers featured many of our stellar connections and, added to this, huge posters blazoned with the names of our trophies carried promise of greatness to every hamlet in America. The first thing that I did, in fact, was to scatter these posters broadcast.

Perhaps at first I did not quite realize that in building up the Lasky name I had been in reality creating a Frankenstein. Later, however, the full force of this figure was to occur to me, for at every turn I was met by the ruthless competition of the Famous Players-Lasky Company. This was particularly acute in the engagement of stars.

Added to obstructions of bitter rivalry came a personal misfortune. While playing hand-ball at the Athletic Club one day I broke my ankle. This kept me away from our studio for three months and, as my associates were inexperienced in picture-production, my absence meant a loss to the company of thousands of dollars. It was, indeed, a maddening situation for one attempting to launch a new business where the odds were already sufficiently against him.

It would seem as if the Greek dramatists had not overdrawn things. When the gods decide they want to make things hard for you, they are thorough, they overlook no executive details. The first Goldwyn film was just being released when America announced her participation in the War. Heretofore the conflict had spelled advantage rather than disaster to the American producer, inasmuch as our films had become the rage in all neutral countries. But with America's precipitation came a new set of conditions. These, oppressive enough to picture industries long established, almost succeeded in crushing our new venture.

First on the list were transportation difficulties. We were now unable to procure space on trains to move our products. This handicap was accompanied by shortage of fuel, conservation of light, and scarcity of labor. The second obstacle of this group became so acute that we were sometimes obliged to use four studios in order to complete a day's production. Obviously, therefore, our only chance of survival lay in removing our establishment from the Fort Lee studio, where we had been operating, to a California one. This we did in the Summer of 1918.

SOMEWHAT less than two years after America's entrance into the War our pay-roll was ninety thousand dollars. How to meet it—here was the question which tortured every waking hour. At last I felt it incumbent upon me, as the largest single stockholder in the company, and as the individual in our group personally responsible for loans amounting to eight or nine hundred thousand dollars, to lay the whole situation frankly before my associates. With one accord they advised that the company should go into the hands of a receiver.

I could not sleep that night when everything which I had been building for the past years threatened to go down with the morrow. Money, credit, my reputation as a producer—how, how was I to save them? Spent by my vigil I arrived in my office the next morning.

Here after a talk with Mr. Schay, the controller of our company, it seemed to me that the one reprieve of which I had thought during the night was really available. The reprieve was this. We had branches in twenty-five different cities. Each branch represented two or three thousand dollars of ready money. By removing the total amount from all of them we should be enabled to meet one week's pay-roll.

"And how about next week?" asked the controller.

I shrugged my shoulders. But inside I was thinking fiercely that something had to happen.

It did. The very next week the armistice was signed. From this moment the entire complexion of the picture situation changed. Shipments to Europe came about almost immediately. Other difficulties cleared away. It was not long before the Du Ponts, of Wilmington, and other prominent financiers invested seven million dollars cash in the Goldwyn Company.

With this new capitalization all my financial struggles ended. To-day the organization which bears my name is one of the three largest companies in the world.

"HER REAL LOVE OF PEOPLE" MAKES MABEL NORMAND BELOVED

ONE DAY, while the receivership was threatening, Mabel Normand came up to my desk and handed me a long envelope. "What is this?" I asked her.

"My Liberty bonds," she answered, "There are only fifty thousand dollars worth of them, but if they will tide you over you may have them."

Those interested in the personality of Mabel Normand can receive no more illuminating introduction to her than the incident just sketched. There are a hundred tales of this characteristic response to any human appeal clustering about the name of Mabel Normand. One which came directly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"'LET ME STAY, MATUSHKA! THIS HUT IS OF NO USE TO ANY ONE, SUNKEN AND LEAKING. I'LL DO ALL YOUR WEAVING IN PAYMENT FOR IT LET ME STAY WITH MY BABY!'"

WHO wouldn't have fallen in love with this sparkling daughter of generous Mother Earth? The reader of this poetic love-story feels the spell under which big, kindly, imaginative Sergey fell

KATINKA

An Idyl of a Tiny Thatched Hut and the Sunny Hay-Time

BY ROSE GOLLUP COHEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FORREST C. CROOKS

THE peasants were scattered over the fields of Sabinka. It was the season of the *strada*. The sun lay hot. Tall, waving wheat was ripening fast. Acres of potatoes, row after row, were in deep blossom. Here and there lay barren places, bare, dry, unyielding earth. Over it the peasants toiled incessantly, heads bent, faces set, eyes narrowed to shut out the glint of the sun. If you worked long enough, day after day, and year after year, and hard enough, and were patient, it would reward you, that earth, with crops like the tall wheat, and those stretches of potatoes in deep blossom, or that deep green, almost treeless meadow, beginning at the road and sloping down to where the blue lake ran, the finest sight in Sabinka, this meadow, and lake, and forest wall beyond it.

The peasants themselves were like that earth; they were the earth; of its growth, sandy-haired, light-eyed. They were of the strength of the earth, of its beauty as well as its stubbornness.

One Saturday afternoon during the *strada*, young Sergey, owner of that meadow, sat outside of the big house, smoking his pipe, and glancing from time to time toward the lake at the small, sunken hut, black and sunken, but with a roof of new straw, gleaming in the sunlight. From time to time, too, Sergey's deep-set gray eyes took in the rest of the scene that lay before him—the forest, the full stretch of blue water, and right at his feet the green, treeless meadow sloping down to the lake where the hut stood. The hut that had been empty, a blot on that scene until—Katinka came and settled there. If Sergey could be truthful with himself, he would have said *at once*, until Katinka came and settled in the empty hut, and settled in his heart. But he could not say it—because—he was Sergey, a growth of that earth, of those gleaming fields and of those barren stretches.

SERGEY was thirty years old. He had thick, straw-colored hair and deep-set gray eyes. He was clean-shaven and so browned that his hair showed lighter than the skin of his face, and neck, and arms from which the sleeves were rolled back. Even sitting there he looked tall, and he was immensely strong. His face quivered with his strength and with the intensity of his feelings.

Sergey had been in *shushba* four years, serving Nicholas the second, and had roamed over half of Russia. He had rented out his fine portion of land that he might be free to roam. Above all things Sergey loved his freedom, to come and go as he pleased. Every Fall he went forth when the harvest was taken in, picking up what work he could in the cities. Every Spring he returned to his old Matushka, and to Sabinka, both of whom he loved. It had been so until——. Sergey felt his freedom slipping away from him and he was filled with wrath. He drew his fingers through his thick blond hair and turned his shoulders upon the hut.

Let it gleam there, he told himself. What was it to him? What affair was it of his? He would go and chop wood. But he sat there. And gradually his face and body relaxed. He settled his back closer against the wall and began to recall Katinka's coming, to recall with the peculiarity of the peasant and the vividness of the poet the minutest details of Katinka's coming, and to dwell upon them.

Sergey was haying that day, in the bend of the meadow facing the lake. In this bend he was shut in on either side by bushes, hop-trees, and tall, waving flag, shut off from the rest of the meadow. When the sun had set he was gathering the hay into heaps for the night. There was a blue twilight. Many of the peasants had already retired from the fields and there was great stillness. The dry hay rustled under his rake, and he heard the water beat gently on the edge of yellow sand, or he had thought he heard because he could see the ripple on the edge. Sergey was sensitive to sound and color, to beauty of any kind.

He was carrying over his last armful of hay when Matushka's voice broke the stillness, spread through the meadow and settled in the forest wall, calling, "Sergey!"

He knew that Matushka was, then, over the lake, out

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

to his left, picking blueberries. During the day she claimed the sun on the bushes hurt her old eyes and the berries hid in the leaves. But at twilight they came out from beneath the green, standing out boldly with the blue of the coming night.

HE SMILED as he sat there on the bench. Matushka, he thought, had a way of describing things that made you see, his old Matushka! His eyes twinkled. There was also another reason, he knew, why Matushka liked to go picking at this hour—oh, she is sharp, he laughed, sharp, and old, and wise—and so cross—— But she was not deceiving *him* with her cross ways. Not him!

He had taken his rake and scythe over his shoulder, picked up his earthen water-bottle, and started. A few moments brought him out of the enclosure and the whole meadow lay before him. There stood Matushka, not far from the lake, looking a shriveled little body in the distance, like an aged brown mushroom. Her blue earthen jug was tied to her waist by a red girdle, and her apron was tucked up.

"What is your trouble, Matushka?" he teased, when he was within speaking distance. "Have you picked so many berries you can't carry them? Have you deceived the young women of the village, misdirected them and saved the best bushes for your own picking, hey? You sharp, old Matushka! And what is in your apron there—mushrooms for your son's *echerka?*" he laughed.

He saw her stamp her foot impatiently and beckon, "Hurry!"

"What is the hurry, Matushka? Who cares to hurry in this blue twilight?" He looked about, threw out his chest, and took a deep breath. "I tell you, Matushka, you can roam all of Russia and you won't see that forest wall, the still lake, and the golden wheat."

Then he stood still, staring, and he knew at once why Matushka had called him. Over the roof of the empty hut a thread of blue smoke rose from the chimney.

"I saw it from the other side of the lake," Matushka said when he reached her. "I had thought it was you, laid a fire in the oven of the empty hut. Then I saw a skirt flick, a flash of scarlet pass the door. Who can it be!" Her little withered face quivered with excitement. Sergey shrugged his broad shoulders. He did not take it seriously.

"How should I know? Let's go and see. *Tchertie*, I suppose," he grinned.

"Godless one!" Matushka cried sharply. "That is what your roaming has done for you. You must joke even at the devil himself."

Sergey had laughed then, and he laughed now as he sat recalling.

Matushka had started briskly toward the hut and he took the jug from her and followed.

They soon stood at the gateway of the tumbled pole fence, surrounding the sunken *isba* and the wilderness of weeds growing in strength and fury.

The door of the hut stood open and in a moment there was the flash of scarlet. A girl appeared on the threshold, a girl not more than eighteen, a flash of black, and white, and red—"Katinka!" His body grew straight and tense as he sat now against the wall. His face worked with suppressed emotion. Then he had not known her as Katinka, he told himself. It was a little stranger that stood there, with black hair, in a scarlet skirt, a girl clasping a baby in her arms. A stranger! No one in Sabinka had such black hair, or wore it in a single braid, or went bareheaded.

She came straight toward them through those weeds to where they stood at the gate, and he knew at once, he had known, that hers was the old sin, since the time of Hagar. But Katinka walked as one who knew no guilt. Her head raised, her eyes upon them, she came clasping her baby as would any other woman, any other mother. But her face was very white. Matushka had told him later that the baby could not have been more than a week old, no longer time than she had been in the hut; by her own account, later.

Her face was so white and her eyes—he had then and now, too, tried to think of the color of her eyes. His breath came quickly and he turned unconsciously toward the hut.

She held out to them at the fence, Katinka, and she and Matushka looked at each other a long moment. Then she spoke. She spoke as one out of breath, as if she had been running a long distance.

"Is this your hut, old mother? I want to live here with my baby. Let me, old mother, let me stay with my baby!"

Matushka stared at the little stranger. Katinka continued to breathe as if she had been running. But her face was quiet. She freed one arm a moment, made a deep circular motion, and her gaze took in the lake, and meadow, and forest wall.

"Sabinka is beautiful, old Matushka; let me stay here with my baby. I love these fields, the golden wheat, the still lake, and forest wall. Let me stay, let me stay with my baby." So Katinka had stood pleading for her baby. Pain swelled his throat now, as it did then. He had been eager to get away. He knew what Matushka would say—finally. Matushka's mouth was so drawn that it looked like his little brown tobacco-pouch But he knew well what she would say.

Matushka made a hoarse sound in her throat. "Are you figuring," she said, "that the women of Sabinka will hold out their arms, open their doors to you? You are nourishing false hopes, stranger."

Katinka took a step back as if she were stepping away from the doors opened to her.

"I do not expect the women of Sabinka to open their doors to me, to hold out their arms. All I want is work I am a fine weaver, old mother. I can weave rare designs and shadings into cloth, and they can pay me with food. Let me stay, Matushka! This hut is of no use to any one, sunken and leaking. I'll do all your weaving in payment for it. Let me stay with my baby! I have been here a week. I have not had much—much food. But I am strong. I can work hard. Let me stay, Matushka: let me stay with my baby!"

Sergey's throat felt ready to burst. He took his pipe from his mouth.

He had, then, looked at Matushka and she had looked at him. Her face was full of folds and her eyes were curiously bright. He knew what Matushka would say. He could have said it himself. For he was really the master since his Batushka died. But he liked Matushka to say it, that she might feel the mistress.

Matushka was long about it, but she said finally, "Stay," and started to climb toward the big house.

As they climbed Matushka was cross, and snappy, and he had laughed. Matushka thought herself sharp and every one got what he wanted from her. He laughed now.

"Brazen thing!" Matushka had muttered, trotting ahead. "Stands there with her white face—'Let me stay, let me stay with my baby. I love Sabinka!' Choosing!"

"'THERE IS MY NAME, KATINKA AND REMEMBER THIS—THAT YOU HAVE GROWN INTO MY SOUL'"

HE HIMSELF had thought it the strangest thing he had come across in his life, in all his roaming. There were women who had come now and then, wandering to Sabinka. But they had bent their heads in penance. Katinka's face was lifted.

Matushka said again crossly, "Sergey, you better take her some potatoes, and a loaf of fresh bread and milk. And to-morrow mend the leaks in the roof. I'll have nothing to do with her. Brazen!" She trotted ahead, her body bent almost double, and he followed with his head thrown back, laughing at her.

"She is a little hussy," he had told Matushka to humor her, "a crafty little thing." And to himself he had thought—Yes, she was little, so very little——

When he had gone to mend the roof in the hut the next day Katinka was established with all the old things she could find in the hut. The earthen floor was swept clean and spread with fresh flag gathered near the lake. The baby slept in the deep wooden cradle which had once been his own, and at the old loom, dragged down from the attic and put up between the two dingy windows, sat the little stranger—Katinka. She turned her eyes upon him, and he stood still in the doorway a long minute, and looked at the bright picture she made of the hut. She was the brightest picture herself, in her scarlet skirt and white shirt, and with her black shining hair in a single braid. He took off his cap and twisted it between his hands.

"You—you have not told Matushka your name," he had said.

"Katinka is my name," she had told him quietly. And this was all he knew of her, Katinka! The name suggested to him a coquet, a spoiled child. But when he looked at her there was nothing of the coquet about her.

Sergey had had no excuse for remaining longer, standing there in the doorway that morning. So he climbed upon the roof and examined it. He found too many leaks, so he covered the whole roof with new straw. And now it stood there, gleaming in the sunlight.

Katinka had turned out to be a marvelous weaver and won Matushka, who believed that a woman who could not sew a straight seam and weave an *arshin* of cloth without a mishap could not be any good. Katinka won Matushka with her rare designs and shadings. Matushka herself carried a piece of cloth and showed it about to the villagers. And now Katinka sat all day at the loom, weaving. All the marriageable daughters of Sabinka insisted on having their finest weaving given to the little stranger. And the Matushki, who resented Katinka's coming and settling in the empty hut, were compelled to give her work. They brought their yarn to her gate and she came out with the woven cloth. They paid her with the damaged goods of her own weaving and with wheat and vegetables, which Katinka traded with the pedlers in the road. None of the women ever stepped over her threshold, and Katinka did not seem to pine for their friendship. She wove all day, and at twilight she came out and went forth to pick berries, or spinach, or gather wood for her fire; went forth with her step light and her face lifted!

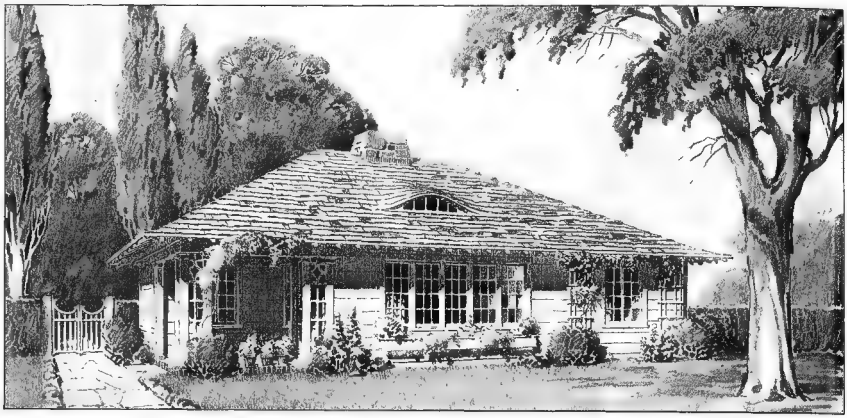
IT WAS five weeks now since Katinka had settled in the empty hut, he told himself. And he had seen her every day since he covered the roof with new straw. He turned on the bench, clasped his hands behind his head, and looked straight over at the hut. How bright it looked, standing there in the sun with its new roof! Here it was dull in the big house. Here it was empty. Matushka was getting old.

Suddenly he panted at the thought of Katinka's lifted face. Something about it troubled him, that lifting of her head—as if she could stand being alone, as if she liked it! He all at once remembered with what joy she was building up her home in the empty *isba*, building up her life with joy, with laughter. Katinka laughed often. It was dull here in the big house, dull and silent. The hut by the lake shone——

He rose. The earlier stubbornness came upon him. What affair was it of his? he asked himself angrily. What was it to him? Let her hut stand there, gleaming in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



PICTORIAL REVIEW LOVE-NESTS

The Third of These Small Houses Which May Grow with the Family

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

HERE is another example of a tiny home with every convenience required by the very small family, with provisions for enlarging the house as additional rooms may be needed. Besides being of small dimensions the house here shown is exceedingly economical to construct, for the following reasons:

The plan is practically a perfect rectangle, with a bearing partition running through the center of the 28-foot depth, thus exactly accommodating two lengths of 14-foot beams. The plumbing-fixtures are in close proximity, avoiding useless waste in excessive piping, and the general simplicity of the lines of the building certainly tends to produce a home of low construction cost.

A basement is contemplated under the entire building, and an attic for storage or for an extra room or two is available. The small attic window shown on the front is proportioned to give a good exterior appearance, and a long dormer can be arranged on the rear to provide headroom, light, and ventilation for the attic rooms desired, or if a greater expansion in this direction is desired, the front dormer may be enlarged in the same manner.

This attic area thus furnishes ample opportunity for additional rooms, or a first-story extension on the rear may be built on at any time, either with one or two additional bedrooms as desired. Attention is called to the fact that these future additions, either in the attic or at the rear of the main story, may be made with a negligible amount of tearing out or waste, as often occurs in remodeling jobs.

In the attic, if the dormer-windows are built with the first construction, the rooms can be put in at any time without tearing out anything; and the building of the first-story rear addition involves only the removal of the present bedroom closet.

The design shows the side walls of frame construction covered with either shingles or clapboards, altho this may be easily changed to stucco on frame, or brick, solid or veneered, hollow tile, or stone. Wood shingles are indicated for the roof, but this, too, is entirely a matter of personal preference.

The porches are shown to be open, but one or both may be easily enclosed with glass or screens, or both. In case the front porch is enclosed it becomes an attractive sun-parlor, and the present front door had best be changed to a wider opening, with or without doors, so as to throw together these three front units—the porch, living-room, and dining-room—producing a broad vista, as the apparent size of the interior will be thereby materially increased.

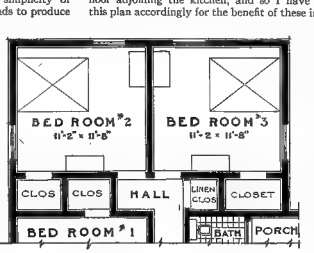
The laundry may be in the cellar if desired, or the tubs may be put in the kitchen, as many prefer them, but I have had many requests for a plan arrangement which provides a separate laundry-room on the main floor adjoining the kitchen, and so I have laid out this plan accordingly for the benefit of these inquirers. In this laundry-room I have placed the hot-water boiler and gas-heater, which are ordinarily found in the kitchen by the range.

The almost universal use of gas for cooking has caused the coal-range to be almost abandoned, and hence no flue for range has been shown, altho this can easily be added if needed. A small galvanized-iron pipe can be placed in the wall behind the range for a vent if desired, altho I do not find this of much value unless a hood is used above the range so that the fumes and smoke may be carried off as well.

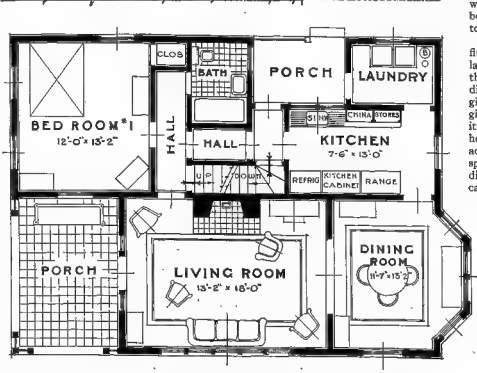
The width of this building, including the projection of the dining-room bay-window, measures 41 feet, which means that without room for a driveway the house would require a minimum lot width of 50 feet. If a driveway is wanted, as is of course usually the case, a lot of 55 feet frontage would be needed. Or, if the house should be placed so that the narrow end faces the street, as is sometimes done, then a lot of 35 feet frontage would answer without a driveway or of 40 feet with a driveway.

And now, what will it cost? This question is the most difficult part of the preparation of this page. A picture and small-scale plan, as are here illustrated, do not form sufficiently definite data from which to prepare an estimate without assuming many things, the complete working drawings and specifications being essential if a definite figure is to be given.

And besides this the constantly fluctuating prices of materials and labor even in a given locality, and the wide difference in these items in different parts of the country at a given time, make it impossible to give any positive figures. However, it may be said that a little house as here pictured may be erected in accordance with a good average specification and under the conditions prevailing in an average location at this time for figures ranging from $4,000 to $5,500. This refers to the house as shown in the main-floor plan, without the possible enlargement.



BELOW IS SHOWN THE FLOOR-PLAN OF AN IDEAL SMALL HOUSE WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE, WHICH CAN BE ENLARGED WHEN ADDITIONAL ROOMS ARE DESIRED, BY ADDING TO IT THE PLAN SHOWN AT THE LEFT AND ELIMINATING THE BEDROOM CLOSET AT THE END OF THE HALL. THE ADJUSTMENT IS READILY ACCOMPLISHED

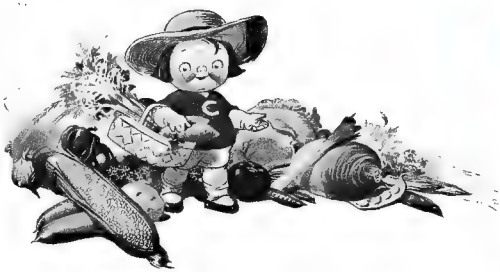


EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Woods will gladly answer any questions regarding this house, free of charge. Address care House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Now here's a crop to make you stop
And state your admiration
For all fifteen will soon be seen
In Campbell's rich creation!



Vegetable Soup that's real!

Just the hearty, delicious, filling kind of soup you mean when you come home hungry and say to yourself: "What I want is a good hot plate of real vegetable soup!" Fifteen vegetables, picked at their prime in the finest gardens, are in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Rich broth of fine beef, substantial cereals, fresh herbs and tasty seasoning add their nourishment and flavor. Thirty-two ingredients in this one famous soup! Baby limas, dainty peas, sweet corn, juicy tomatoes, potatoes—white and sweet—Chantenay carrots, choice turnips, chopped cabbage, celery, barley, alphabet macaroni. Each spoonful laden with real strength-giving food! Serve this soup tonight.

Do you know all the delicious Campbell's Soups?

They are decidedly worth knowing. In addition to your regular favorite Campbell's kinds, you will enjoy serving and tasting each week some of the soups you are not familiar with. It's such an easy and delightful way to give variety to your table—so welcome to every woman who has to plan the meals.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

under my observation relates to a poor girl with a dependent family. This girl was stricken with tuberculosis and, altho Mabel did not know her, she became interested in her condition through a friend of hers. Immediately she went to see her, and when she left she pressed something into the sick girl's hand. It was only after she had gone that the other realized what her caller had left. It was a check for a thousand dollars.

Nor does Mabel wait for the large demand upon her sympathy. Gifts from her come unprovoked as manna. She is likely to go out and buy a hundred-dollar beaded bag for a stenographer in the organization, and just as likely to invest a corresponding amount in remembering somebody whom she has met once and happened to like.

I USED to find it very hard to get Mabel to a set when the set was early in the morning. Extras and other members of the cast would have been waiting there for hours. The director would be fuming. At last somebody would be sent to investigate the whereabouts of the missing luminary. More than likely she would be found writing letters in her dressing-room.

"But I don't feel in the humor this morning," she would sometimes say to me, pleadingly. "How can I go down there and act that way?"

My associate, Mr. Abraham Lehr, made frequent attempts to overcome this habit of Mabel's. He found himself forever frustrated—indeed disarmed -by the charm of manner, the delightful playfulness which Mabel possesses so abundantly.

Once, I remember, when she was exceptionally tardy, Lehr met her in the studio with his face fixed in lines of righteous indignation. She approached him with one hand behind her back and the other uplifted in a gesture of the gayest, most irresistible command.

"Wait," cried she, "before you say anything!"

With that she brought forward a new and very beautiful photograph of herself and presented it to him with a curtsey. On the photograph were written these lines:

> Roses are red.
> Violets are blue,
> When I'm late
> I think of you.

She watched him while he read these words and then, her big brown eyes dancing with merriment, she said coaxingly: "That's the reason I was late, you see. I was thinking up something nice to write on your photograph. I didn't want to say just 'Yours sincerely,' or something stupid like that."

I do not need to say that Lehr's face softened perceptibly or that he forgot all about the judicial rebuke which he had evidently planned. For the pictured collection of stage and screen celebrities which he has had mounted under the glass top of his office-desk represents a hobby, and this contribution of Mabel's still occupies an honored place in the gallery.

I do not mean for a moment to convey the idea that Miss Normand is an isolated example of tardiness. Many screen favorites heave in sight as slowly as *Lohengrin's* swan. This is particularly true of comedians. Chaplin, for example, often keeps his associates waiting for hours—indeed, there are entire days when he is absolutely unable to work. The fact of it is that the efficiency engineer will never be able to control a picture studio.

Such an expectation is as vain as the belief that you could obtain a poet's best work by snapping your fingers at him and crying, "Come, come, we want another sonnet and a gross of couplets before lunch." For the best screen acting is naturally inspirational.

True, some performers are able to turn on their emotional faucets at any time. Mary Pickford, as I have related, rings up early every morning. But then she is a systematized human being who presents in temperament the opposite pole from Mabel Normand. The latter is a creature of impulse. She never calculates the moment ahead for fear that the moment itself might calculate something she liked better. When she works she works hard, but she won't do it in set-work the hour-hand.

Mabel has a really fine talent and she knows picture-production from every angle. But the screen does not absorb all of her amazing vitality. Eagerly she turns to people, books, gaiety, strange scenes. She does not want to miss one glint of "this dome of many-colored glass."

THE difference of degree in the attitude of Mary Pickford to pictures and that of Mabel Normand is indicated by their varying response to European travel. Chaplin once said to a friend of mine, "You know, I was in Paris with Mary and Doug and often they really seemed lost without their pictures." Far from this state of mind, so familiar in the American business man temporarily implicated with a gondola or a ruined temple, is the eagerness with which Mabel Normand returned last Autumn from her first trip abroad.

"Oh, how I enjoyed every minute of it!" she told me. "Pictures, music, all the funny outdoor cafés, all the funny people!"

She has always been an inveterate reader. This, of course, is at present one of the fashionable claims of the screen star, and in some cases I am obliged to say that the claim rests on very flimsy foundations. Right here, indeed, I feel compelled to anticipate by telling a story illustrative of this point.

One day Charlie Chaplin went with me to a Los Angeles hospital where a friend of mine was recuperating. Left alone in the corridor, he wandered into a little sitting-room. It was filled with books representing the most advanced taste in fiction, poetry, and criticism.

"Whose room is this?" asked Chaplin of the nurse hovering over the scene.

Quite evidently she did not recognize him, for she replied without a vestige of embarrassment, "Oh, this belongs to Mrs. Mildred Harris Chaplin."

Charlie's face underwent a number of changes. "Oh, indeed? And is she reading these books?" he finally inquired.

"Oh, no!" returned the nurse in a matter-of-fact tone. "The books she really reads are in a little closet in her bedroom."

Mabel Normand, however, does not regard books merely for their furnishing value. She really gets into action on "literachoor."

Many people who are generous with money and material possessions are not equally so when it comes to that more difficult gift of time and thought. No such limitation exists in Mabel's nature. The thing which makes her beloved is that going out of herself to others, that real love of people irradiating her most casual contact.

Once, I remember, she was eating lunch in the Goldwyn studio restaurant. The apple-pie struck her as being especially

ONE OF THE LASKY COMPANY'S EARLY STARS—NORMA TALMADGE

successful and she asked to see the cook. A few moments later this functionary, an ample old Irishwoman in a gingham apron and with her sleeves rolled up, appeared behind the counter. Visibly she was overcome with awe at the summons from the brilliant young star. It did not take Mabel long to remove such oppressive sentiments. Only a moment and she had literally vaulted over the counter and had grabbed the astounded old woman in her arms.

"Bless your heart!" we heard her cry, "it's the best apple-pie I've had since I left home." And as she left the scene she tucked one of her inveterate bills into the cook's hand.

Nor is her response to people merely an emotional one. It is practical as well. She keeps a book in which are written the birthdays of all of her friends, and she never fails to react to these dates with a letter, a telegram, or a gift.

It was when she was in the Goldwyn studio that the death of Olive Thomas occurred in Paris. Never have I seen such a passion of pity as Mabel showed for the unfortunate girl, such a passion of indignation as she expressed for those whom she believed responsible for the tragedy. Nor did she stop there. The mother of Olive Thomas was in this country and there was hardly a day when Mabel did not go to see her or take her on a drive or send her some remembrance.

To a nature like this, so alive with human sympathy and understanding, it is easy to forgive much.

There was one person from whom, so I always suspected, Mabel withheld much of her usual kindliness. This was Madge Kennedy. I had engaged the latter actress soon after making my contract with Mabel and the two worked simultaneously, therefore, in the Fort Lee studio. That they did not always work harmoniously is scarcely puzzling, for the fact that they were both comédiennes represented perhaps the only likeness between them. Indeed, that very similarity constituted in itself a ground for conflict.

They each had the habit of slipping into the projection-room to look at the rushes of the other. And the comment with which they greeted the rival performances became fairly familiar to the studio.

"Hmph," announced Mabel to her group, "she saw me do it and she quickly did it first!"

"Hmph!" duplicated Madge to her group, "she saw me do it and she quickly did it first!"

Mabel behind the screens is as full of pranks as she is on the screen. Madge Kennedy's professional manner, on the contrary, is decorous to the point of primness.

My contract with Mabel Normand contained one clause providing that she should pay half for the clothes worn in her stories and that the company should pay the other half. Time went by, however, and brought us no bill from the star for our share of her stage wardrobe.

"How's this?" I asked her one day.

She looked very much embarrassed. "Well, you see," she replied, "I've ordered so many clothes that I don't feel right about letting you pay anything at all."

It was quite true. She did order lavishly. Instead of buying one hat at a time she bought twelve. With frocks and other accessories it was the same. To be sure, there are other stars whose expenditures in this direction are equally impressive. Pauline Frederick, for example, once got an exemption of fifty thousand dollars from her income-tax on the basis of an investment of that amount in her wardrobe. I am sure, however, that only a few of this number would have been hailed by any such scruples as those revealed by Mabel Normand.

I had the same wardrobe arrangement with Madge Kennedy. In her case, however, developments were slightly different. One day my studio manager came to me in a towering rage.

"See here, Mr. Goldwyn," he began truculently, "Miss Kennedy has been ordering a whole lot of clothes——"

"Sure!" interrupted I. "They always are."

"Yes, but she doesn't need them for her picture. She needs them for her Autumn—that's what!"

It was with difficulty that I persuaded him of the fact that Miss Kennedy would never be guilty of such an imposition. Indeed, my success was only temporary. For almost every picture which she made revived this supposition that Madge was ordering more clothes than she needed.

Madge Kennedy was always prompt on the set and was most conscientious in her efforts to do good work. No mocks, no sharp edges, obtruded themselves into any business relation with her. I ascribe this to the equipoise which comes of a very happy marriage. Obviously she was very much in love with her husband, a young New Yorker of business who frequently drove over to the Fort Lee studio to take her back to town.

From a being so well disciplined as Madge you would expect the relentless care with which she guarded her health. At any party she was apt to go off unexceptionably at an early hour. Once, I remember, I invited her to a dinner-party in Los Angeles to meet Mr. and Mrs. Rex Beach. The dinner had just ended and the party had hardly begun when Madge rose to depart.

"What!" exclaimed Pauline Frederick, another of the guests, "you don't mean to say you're going?"

"Oh, yes," replied Madge. "I told Mr. Goldwyn that if I came at all I should have to leave early. You see, I have a call for eight-thirty in the morning all made up."

Pauline looked bewildered. In her mind there was absolutely no connection between early to bed and early to rise. One of those rare people who, like Edison and Bernhardt, thrive on a few hours' sleep, she never took a day as anything more serious than the start of an evening. Yet when she appeared in the studio the next morning her eyes were glowing with health, her whole frame snapping with vigor.

THE third member of the trio of feminine stars with which I began work in the Goldwyn studio was Mae Marsh. One of the luminaries of whom I have spoken in connection with "The Birth of a Nation," Mae had also played a leading rôle in Griffith's "Intolerance." Both of these performances had inspired me with great confidence in her ability, and I looked forward eagerly to her first Goldwyn venture.

I have spoken of my disappointment when Blanche Sweet, another Griffith product, made her first picture for the Lasky Company. I was doomed to the same experience now with Mae Marsh. She, too, seemed incapable of any notable achievement when removed from the galvanizing influence of Griffith. To be sure, her Goldwyn pictures were not failures, but comment on these pictures usually failed of any reference to Mae Marsh.

Take, for example, "Polly of the Circus," the first vehicle to be provided for her. People spoke highly of the story, but Mae's work in it created no flurry of excitement. I was not, however, discouraged by this initial experience, for it often happens that the very story which you suppose exactly adapted to a performer's personality fails to evolve her best. So it was with unimpaired belief in her more sensational possibilities that I made preparations for "The Cinderella Man." These included the engagement of George Loan Tucker, the celebrated director of "The Miracle Man." Unhappily, however, he failed to strike twelve. For the comedy which brought Tom Moore's acting into such bold relief again evoked only lukewarm appreciation of its star, Mae Marsh.

I can not say that Mae's presence in the studio was conducive to a sunny one. She had a habit of balking at something which the director suggested, and the terms of her objection were always the same.

"Oh," she would say rather scornfully, "that isn't at all what Mr. Griffith would do. He would do it this way."

Naturally such continued harping upon the one standard of artistic merit did not exactly enlist the sympathy of the director thus reminded of his limitations. Friction marked all subsequent relations between the two.

There was one type of service in the Goldwyn studios which did inspire her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Your smooth fresh face—what are you doing to keep it young?

Many famous and lovely women depend on this method

In your mind you picture yourself always the same. But one, two years from now will your face be as fresh and smooth as it is today? Or will it be a little coarsened? With fine lines growing deeper around the eyes, the nose, your mouth? Will you discover one day, while you are still young, that your skin has grown old?

What are you doing to prevent this unnecessary ageing of your skin?

To save women's skin from this early ageing, to keep it young and soft in spite of modern strain and exposure, two famous formulae were developed.

Two creams, each so wonderful in its *results* that now literally millions of women depend on them.

Today in 56 different countries these women have decided that no other method gives quite that transparent freshness and velvet smoothness. And that no other has quite that magic efficacy against the drying and coarsening influence of the out-of-doors, or that extraordinary effect of freshening the complexion.

The cleansing cream that has doubled its users every two years

Isn't it amazing that out of the hundreds of cold creams this one cream has grown so extraordinarily year after year? So marvelous is the softening, clarifying effect of Pond's Cold Cream on the skin that the number of women using it has actually doubled every two years.

Its special light consistency agrees with your skin. Its fine light oil gives your skin perfect suppleness and then is wiped off with the loosened dirt, so that your face has the exquisite freshness you want. It is never left heavy with cream.

In the whole world the most used of all vanishing creams

But the miracle of one cream's success is no greater than that of its sister cream.

So unfailing is Pond's Vanishing Cream in its protection of the skin, so marvelously does it freshen the complexion and keep it lovely through the day that last year the women of the United States alone wanted several million jars!

Photo by Witzel's, Los Angeles

This cream contains such a wonderful soothing ingredient that the minute it is put on you feel your face soften and relax. In the mirror you see how fresh and smooth it has made your skin—almost in an instant. You go out in the severest cold or hottest sun and your skin does not chap or burn.

This woman's extraordinary experience—

Of all the letters that Pond's receives from women whose skin has been kept smooth and fresh by this famous method, none is better evidence than this:—

"For two years I lived in the hottest point in the deserts of Arizona and my skin did not lose its smoothness and become dry and peel off like the other people who live there. Last year myself and three others made an automobile trip across the states of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, and while their skin became parched and blistered from the sun and dryness of the desert my skin alone kept its velvet-like smoothness."

Photo by L. von Bru.

Marion Davies, whose complexion is extraordinarily fresh and young and who is now playing so charmingly in "When Knighthood was in Flower," says—"My skin, of course, is constantly exposed to trying lights and I have to use a great deal of make-up, yet my complexion has kept young and beautifully smooth with Pond's two Creams. I have used this method for years and know I can depend on it."

Ruth Roland, who does so much outdoor work, says, "Pond's Cold Cream gives a light cleansing that leaves my face very soft and supple. Then I use Pond's Vanishing Cream by day to prevent any roughness thru the day."

or this: —

"For a long time I had been keeping the skin of my face clear and smooth with Pond's Cold Cream, until suddenly I realized that my neck looked positively dull and dirty in comparison! Now, it, too, gets the same marvelous cleansing treatment every night and I can justly be proud to wear evening dress."

TRY THIS METHOD—

The difference will convince you today

Do this tonight. First wash your face with a pure soap and warm water. Then with the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Let it stay a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black on the cloth will show you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then, in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand! How new and charming the reflection in your mirror! The powder is even, not in patches, because it clings evenly to the delicate film of cream. The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

When you are tired in the evening use these two creams together before you go out. See how they soften out the lines and smooth away the worried tightness of your face. Also whenever a special daytime cleansing is needed, as always after a motor or railroad trip, use the two creams together, wiping off the cleansing cream and then finishing with the Vanishing Cream and powder.

To see how these two creams will actually improve your skin use this method regularly. Begin now by buying a jar or tube of each cream. You will get them in any drug store or department store. Neither can possibly clog the pores or cause the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

These are the troubles that mar and age your skin

Read how this famous method corrects them

Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor, but the process is so gradual you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. Be careful before the harm has taken hold. Keep your skin clean and soft and properly oiled with a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then, always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection against any weather condition and the trying changes in temperature. This method will keep your skin soft and smooth always.

That Distressing Shine

Shine is often the result of excess oil in the glands. Your careful nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream carries out this excess together with the dirt. This cream is so light it wipes entirely off. Now in the morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. You can use plenty of it, because it has no oil. This will keep your skin lovely and fresh right to the end of the day.

But sometimes shine is due to a dry, tight skin. You must apply an extra amount of Pond's Cold Cream at night after the cleansing and let it stay on. See how gladly your skin will absorb the fine light oil of this cream, how it will soften and relax and the shine disappear. Put on the Vanishing Cream in the morning to keep this suppleness through the day and to hold the powder.

Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling

These are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly. Now it cannot scale and peel. It will not develop the little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally. It contains a wonderful daytime softening ingredient and prevents your skin from drying out again.

Accumulation of Dirt and Fat in the Pores

Dirt attracted and held by fatty accumulation in the glands is especially the trouble of an over oily skin. Pond's Cold Cream is so light it penetrates the glands and takes out excess oil and dirt together, thus freeing the glands and stimulating their natural discharge. Your skin is left clean and softened. Do this every night and your complexion will soon grow clearer and more transparent.

removes coarsening dirt—restores suppleness

defies exposure—finishes and holds the powder

The Pond's Extract Co.,
118 Hudson St.,
New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State .....

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

© THE R.L.W.CO.

Keeping your child's hair beautiful

What a mother can do to keep her child's hair healthy—fine, soft and silky—bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon you, upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and runs it. . .

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your child's hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if dandruff is accumulating, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your child's hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

Beautiful, luxuriant hair

You will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating along and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine, and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Digitized by Google

BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

admiration. It was the thing removed from her own special sphere of activity She always liked the director assigned to the other stars. She had a corresponding esteem for their stories.

Right here I wish to introduce one of the thorny elements of any film-producer's life. First of all, he buys at the advice of his editorial staff some particular story. The purchase is made, of course, with some one star in mind. But when the story is submitted to that star there is hardly a chance in a hundred that she will like it. Sometimes she may be convinced of its merits. In other cases she remains obdurate. Either termination involves, of course, precious time and money.

Mae Marsh was not, as I shall establish later, distinguished by her cautiousness in this regard. But she was exceedingly able in the performance of rejecting scenarios.

"I don't like this—It doesn't suit me," she would report after reading something our editorial department had just bought for her. We would then concede a new scenario, only to have it dismissed in the same arbitrary fashion.

In this way weeks went by, weeks during which of course her salary of more than several thousands was being regularly paid to her. . . . Was any wonder that I began to feel uneasy as a man who sees his meter jumping while his cab remains perfectly motionless?

IN THE beginning of these reminiscences of mine I said that it was always the far horizon which had haunted me. While I was with the Lasky Company I had tried always to march in its direction. Now that I was head of the Goldwyn Company I was determined upon really catching up with it. Far from limiting myself to those who, like Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh, were representative screen stars, I reached out toward the far lights of opera and the legitimate drama. I drew to the screen the most finished histrionic ability, the names of deepest import in the world of art—in this ambition may be traced the great disasters of my professional career.

While I was still with the Lasky Company I had been attracted by the reputation of Mary Garden, the most consummate of "singing actresses" (I borrow the phrase from that famous critic, H. T. Parker of Boston), and at the beginning of the War I wired our London representative to see her. She was then in Scotland, where she was connected with a hospital for war-relief, and all efforts of our organization to interest her in pictures failed absolutely. She refused to leave her humanitarian work. When, however, two or three years after this she came to America to sing in opera, I was prompt to get in touch with her.

My first talk with the celebrated artiste was at her apartment at the Ritz. As she swept in upon me I remember thinking that she looked even taller than she does on the stage. With her clear blue eyes and her finely modeled features and her heroic mold, a real Valkyr! Not for one moment did she suggest any of those rôles to which her exquisite art lends itself. *Thais, Melisande, Louise, Le Jongleur*—I thought of these and was bewildered. I had never realized before how completely the mind can transpose the entire meaning of a face.

Here in her apartment away from the footlights Miss Garden's countenance expressed a keen intelligence directed toward the problems of the day. For a long time we talked about the future and I was amazed at her grasp of every industrial and economic phase of the conflict. Her wide range of information, together with the vivid, forceful phrases in which she expressed it—these made it hard for me to realize that I was really talking to a prima donna, who, indeed, in her business transactions is supposed to distil an atmosphere of feminine romance and caprice. If I had heard Miss Garden that evening without knowing who it was I should have thought I was listening to some keen-witted, alert woman journalist.

So engrossed were we both in the impersonal that it was at least an hour before I attacked the real business of my call. When I finally broached the subject of pictures I told her, of course, how eager the Goldwyn Company was for the honor of first presenting her on the screen. She responded to this tribute very graciously. There was quite evidently not one moment's doubt on her part that she could do pictures. Her only misgiving, frankly revealed, was that I would not pay her enough to justify her in making them.

I must say that for some time I, too, shared this misgiving. For the sum on which she stood firm was a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for ten-weeks' work.

However, a discussion of the matter with my associates, Messrs. Selwyn, Arthur Hopkins, and Margaret Mayo, brought out the fact that they were all in favor of engaging her at that sum. I took their advice and, triumphantly conscious that I was taking Miss Garden from the numerous other film-producers who had been competing for her services, I signed my name to the enormous contract. The news that Mary Garden was at last to appear in pictures created a sensation throughout the country and, as the newspapers carried the story in big type, the Goldwyn Company profited by an enviable publicity. Seeing the importance attached to her appearance, I grew more and more hopeful that in the celebrated operatic star I was going to offset the various hardships attending my foundation of the Goldwyn Company . . .

Naturally it was "Thais," the most widely known of her operatic rôles, which suggested itself as her first vehicle. This story, altho uncopyrighted in America, obligated the purchaser of foreign rights, and I paid M. Anatole France, its author, ten thousand dollars for these. In so doing I felt sure that the French exhibitors alone would more than return my expenditure. Just how little this belief was realized is brought out by the conclusion of this episode.

No sooner had the actual production of "Thais" begun than I was beset by grave fears. Miss Garden, feeling rightfully that her operatic presentation of the rôle was authoritative, did not recognize the difference of medium involved, and her first days on the set showed her, as the studio people expressed it, "acting all over the place." That which was art in opera was not art on the screen, where the secret of achievement is emotional restraint. Watch Charlie Chaplin, the great exponent of motion-picture art, and you will see that he gets his effects by suggesting rather than by presenting an emotion.

Those days when we were producing "Thais" remain with me as among the most troubled of my history. Harassed by financial adjustments and by production difficulties, assailed by complaints of scenarios and directors from my various stars, I now had this supreme anxiety regarding the outcome of my enormous investment in Mary Garden. Indeed, I was constantly called upon to mediate between the singer and her director.

The death of "Thais" was almost the death of Mary Garden. She had fought bitterly the scenario's departure from the original text here in this scene. She asserted that the screen version, presenting as it did the triumph of *Thais*, the woman, over *Thais*, the saint, was an intolerable falsification. And she could, indeed, hardly be persuaded to act in it at all.

When she saw the rushes of this scene, which so violated her artistic conception, her rage and grief knew no bounds. "I knew it!" she cried. "Oh, I knew it! Imagine me, the great *Thais*, dying like an acrobat!"

A moment later she rushed from the projection-room down to the office. Here she found Margaret Mayo. "Did you see it?" she stormed to this other woman. "That terrible thing? Did you see the way they made me die? Imagine a saint dying like that!"

The actress looked her up and down and then she responded, in a tone of studied insolence, "You would have a hard time, Miss Garden, proving to any one that you were a saint."

Some time later when I came up on the set I found Miss Garden weeping hysterically. "Oh," she said, "that terrible woman! Have you heard what she just said to me?"

Miss Garden never forgave this gratuitous insult.

At last, after such stormy sessions, "Thais" was completed. The finished picture was not reassuring. But, even the I recognized its shortcomings, I still hoped that Mary Garden's name would carry the production to triumph. If it went over it meant a lift from the deep trough of the sea in which the Goldwyn Company had been weltering. If it failed—but I did not dare allow myself to dwell upon this.

WITH the full sense of that evening's significance, I went to the opening of "Thais" at the Strand Theater in New York. A woman friend of mine went with me and as we walked out of the theater her face told me everything. "Oh," she said, her eyes filling with tears, "I just hate to tell you—knowing how much it means to you—but—well, you can see for yourself how they like it."

I had indeed seen it—the heart-breaking coldness with which that first New York audience received the picture on which I had staked so much. Even then, however, I did not realize the enormity of the failure. I did this only when a day or so later telegrams began pouring in from cities all over the country where "Thais" had appeared simultaneously in New York. These telegrams rendered, with few exceptions, the same verdict as the metropolis. Nor were foreign countries more enthusiastic.

Miss Garden herself was quite as overwhelmed by this failure as was the company. It fastened itself through no lack of diligence on her part that the story went as it did, for she had arrived at the studio early each morning and was often the last to leave it.

Certainly we were most unwise in selecting for our first venture a story in which her operatic tradition was so ingrained. This was brought out by the comparative success of her second film, "The Splendid Sinner." Had this been only produced first we should have done on it three or four times the business which we actually did. As it was, "Thais" had been such a complete "flop" that exhibitors had their fingers crossed when it came to Mary Garden.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

All outdoors can be yours—

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The cheapest health insurance for the whole family is a Chevrolet.

In a few minutes it transports you from the close and sultry atmosphere of the city to the pure invigorating air of the country. The shriek of factory whistles, the clang and bang of trolleys and the multitude of nerve-racking city sights and sounds are left behind and replaced by the restful and inspiring vistas of green fields, babbling brooks, cheering songs of birds, lowing of cattle, the rare color of wild flowers, and the scent of new mown hay.

What meal tastes so good as a picnic lunch under the shade of the trees or on the bank of a trout stream watching the sporting fish?

2-Passenger Roadster	$510
5-Passenger Touring	525
2-Passenger Utility Coupe	680
4-Passenger Sedanette	850
5-Passenger Sedan	860
Light Delivery	510

Prices F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

Without counting the daily utility of a Chevrolet for going back and forth to work, shopping or taking the children to school, etc., its value in saving doctor's bills, broadening your mental horizon and keeping the whole family physically fit, amounts to more than the cost of the car and its upkeep.

It is more of an essential to the modern family than anything else but a home; in fact it makes possible the suburban or country home far from the trolley or railroad tracks.

Call on the nearest Chevrolet dealer and learn how much daily utility and year 'round health and happiness can be had for a sum so low that almost any American family can easily finance the purchase.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Dealers and service stations everywhere.
Applications will be considered from high grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Google

The soap for every day in the year

Wholesome, cleansing, refreshing—Resinol Soap makes the skin *look* clean and *feel* clean.

IF YOU have a clear, healthy skin you are proud of it. You know what an asset—and comfort—it is, and you want to keep it in that condition. But perhaps you are so busy with other things that you haven't time to give much thought to the matter, and the result is becoming unpleasant. Adopt Resinol Soap for your toilet and bath and find your skin cared for automatically.

The soothing, healing Resinol properties and its unusually cleansing leather enable this delightful toilet soap to relieve clogged, irritated pores, reduce the tendency to blotches, excessive oiliness, roughness, redness, etc., and restore skin health.

No nursery is complete without Resinol Soap. Mothers have found that it not only cleanses baby's tender skin without hurting it, but it helps to prevent rashes and chafing, and keeps his hair soft and silky. *It is the soap for the entire family.* Men like it because it gives such a quick lather, rinses easily, and has no heavy perfume—only the refreshing and invigorating Resinol fragrance.

Get a cake today from any druggist or toilet goods dealer and use it night and morning. See if it doesn't leave your skin smoother, softer and tingling with that freshened feeling which indicates skin health. *Trial on request. Dept. 6-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.*

Resinol Soap

BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

The Garden experience cost the Goldwyn Company heavily. Disastrous as it was, however, it did not compare with the two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar contract which the Famous Players-Lasky organization made with the late Caruso. I was at Graumann's Theater in Los Angeles when the first of the two pictures involved in this contract was released, and its reception was even more virulent than that accorded "Thais." After playing two days it was, in fact, hissed off the stage. What was more, this experience was echoed all over the country. Nor was a rival's venture with the beautiful Lina Cavalieri more productive of confidence in the wisdom of transplanting the operatic star to the screen firmament.

ASIDE from the unfamiliarity of the stage and operatic star with the medium of motion-pictures, a difficulty enhanced by the arrogance with which they usually approach the new field, there is another fundamental obstruction in the path of the film-producer who exploits them. Altho their names may be on the lips of every inhabitant of a large city, many a small town knows little or nothing about them, which counts enormously in pictures, is apt to be much more familiar with some comparatively obscure film actress than with Farrar or Garden. This fact was brought home to me when, some months after signing my contract with Miss Garden, I was talking with a small-town exhibitor who had come with his lawyer to see me about signing a contract for Goldwyn films.

"Ah," remarked the lawyer, looking at some photographs on my desk, "I see you have engaged Mary Garden. That ought to be a great card."

"Mary Garden!" exclaimed the exhibitor at this point. "Why, what's new about her? I showed her five years ago and charged five cents admission." Evidently he had confused the prima donna with Mary Gardner, a screen actress.

ONE of the incidents which stands out from that Winter in the Fort Lee studio was the meeting which I effected between Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar. The two rivals had never been introduced. But neither apparently had found acquaintance necessary to the formation of a firm opinion. In the days when Miss Farrar used to be working in the Lasky studio I would sometimes talk to her while De Mille was taking other scenes. The conversation usually drifted toward people, and its current bore is almost inevitably to Mary Garden. It was quite patent, however, that the fascination which this theme seemed to possess for Geraldine was that of professional rivalry, which always exists, and the greater the prima donnas the more vehement the feeling.

When I came to meet Miss Garden I found the sentiment strikingly reciprocal. Yet on that famous day when I brought Miss Farrar over to the Fort Lee studio to meet her rival I wish that the world might have shared with me the effusiveness of that greeting. Never were two women more glad to see each other. The affectionate cadences of their voices, the profound appreciation of the privilege of this moment expressed by each—these ended at last in a farewell kiss. But the kiss, I discovered later, had worked no psychological change. Both felt exactly the same after the meeting as they had before.

My experience with Miss Garden was costly. It was not, however, so ill-fated as was the Goldwyn Company's engagement of Maxine Elliott.

With this episode I shall begin my next chapter and shall follow it with the story of Pauline Frederick, the Goldwyn Company's engagement of Geraldine Farrar, and with my memories of Charlie Chaplin.

BRAINS—A FAMILY AFFAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

America of equal population? That their leadership is rapidly declining, owing to the emigration of these stocks to other sections, the reduction in the size of their families, and the replacement of these energetic stocks by duller and lower immigrant breeds?

Do you know that no genius was ever a truly dull boy; that the *really* stupid boy remains a stupid individual throughout life? In short, that dullards are really dull and prodigies really "prod" in later life and are the hope and power of the nation? True, some geniuses have been *regarded* as dull children, but this was solely because the remarkable methods for measuring brains were but recently invented.

Do you know that it pays both bright and dull children to study? That those who study hard and succeed best in the kindergarten usually succeed best in the grades, those who succeed in the grades succeed in the high school, those who are ahead in the high school are generally still ahead in the university, and those who take honors in the university nearly always take honors in the world?

Do you know that if you have even *one* eminent relative as close as parent, uncle, nephew, or grandparent, you have from 500 to 1,000 times as many chances of becoming famous yourself as if you had in your ancestry no remarkable blood?

Do you know that some families—some strains of blood—produce one great person out of every eight, while other strains with apparently the same opportunity produce not one great person out of a million?

Do you know that it is nearly fifty times as advantageous to have a preacher for a father as an unskilled day-laborer?

All the politics, education, science, morals, and religion of the nation should combine to bring about three great *tendencies* in our national life, first, to discover, conserve, and use useful every ounce of brains that we have; second, to build up those economic and social conditions and ideals which would *encourage* all people of sound character and abilities to marry and produce at least three to five children, rewarding them for this immense patriotic service with social distinctions, political privileges, and an economic security that would neither pauperize the fit nor encourage the unfit; and third, the stern and absolute prevention of the unfit from reproducing and increasing their kind, by measures that would be both merciful and socially approved.

A few outstanding investigations will illustrate.

LET us first walk down the corridors of the Hall of Fame on the banks of the Hudson in New York city. Tablets have been erected here to honor America's supreme geniuses. Out of the first 57 we find 10 of them—one-fifth, practically—were either the sons or daughters of preachers. Since there is only about one preacher to every 500 people and they have an average of about four children each, it follows that the son or daughter of a preacher has from 25 to 50 times as many chances of becoming a great leader as the son of a man picked out at random.

Bear in mind that it took seven generations of painters to produce Rafael, seven generations of musicians to produce Johann Sebastian Bach; five generations of actors and actresses to produce our great American trio of dramatic artists, Lionel, John, and Ethel Barrymore; seven generations of preachers and philosophers to produce Ralph Waldo Emerson; while the best students believe that some of the richest blood of the English race from Charlemagne down through the first families of Virginia flowed in the veins of Abraham Lincoln.

NOW let us glance at the results of the army mental tests. The men were rated according to their proficiency in these particular tests as follows:

A	Very superior
B	Superior
C plus	High average
C	Average
C minus	Low average
D	Inferior
D minus and E	Very inferior

These tests did not pretend to rate a man's moral character, "will-power," persistence, temperament, and the like. For a full discussion as to whether they measured to a fair degree such man's native, inborn intelligence as distinguished from his experience and education, I must refer the reader to the first article in this series, published in Pictorial Review for April.

But a point of evidence that they probably did to an encouraging degree measure each man's natural brain-power is the fact that a large majority of the men who rated high in these simple tests made records were later found to be the sons of business men, preachers, teachers, lawyers, accountants, doctors, engineers, expert salesmen, foremen, and skilled mechanics, and men generally who had demonstrated their very real brain-power in the vastly harder test of real life.

That is, the A, B, and C plus men were in the main the sons of A, B, and C plus fathers and mothers. The C minus, D, and D minus men, on the other hand, who could make only common soldiers (indeed the D minus men could only make shovelers, truck-loaders, and trench-diggers), were mainly the sons of unskilled laborers generally; that is, C minus, D, and D minus fathers and mothers.

Of course there were numerous remarkable exceptions, and on the battle-field one set of men were about as brave as the other. But the leader, the man of brains, upon whom all depends, usually springs from an ancestry whose blood was also teeming with intelligence and energy.

After all, the greatest mental test is the laboratory of human life.

Let me, therefore, set out for your inspection a few exhibits culled at random from this great world laboratory. While the following exhibits of mental tests upon children are much more accurate than

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

BRAINS—A FAMILY AFFAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

were the army tests, yet it may be that some part of the differences among children which they indicate is due to some having had *better nutrition than others, better health, better home surroundings, books, pictures, and travel, and above all the example and stimulus of able, inspiring parents.* Much of this the tests seek to allow for in advance, and probably do so with encouraging success.

With these considerations in view and admitting that our mental measurements are not perfect, altho enormously helpful, let us face the facts they seem to reveal.

Exhibits from Life's Laboratory

EXHIBIT A. In the schools of California Professor Lewis M. Terman, of Leland Stanford, probably our highest authority, found among a large number of children who were picked out at random forty-one who made high scores in the intelligence tests. All but two of these children had parents or close relatives who had shown superior ability by making important practical achievements in the laboratory of life.

Exhibit B. In the schools of Milan, Italy, the children of the professional and upper middle classes were found by these tests to be decidedly superior in capacity to learn to those of the artizans, servants, unskilled laborers, and street-venders. Of course a few children of the artizan class proved, as they always do, extraordinarily bright. This accounts for the occasional man of genius with ordinary parents.

Exhibit C. In Brussels, Belgium, the children of the well-to-do were a year and a half ahead of the standard for their age in learning capacity over other children.

Exhibit D. In Columbia, S. C., the children of the cotton-mills tested distinctly inferior in learning capacity to the children of mill-owners and business men.

Exhibit E. In Cambridge, Mass., the children from "favored homes" did from a quarter to a third better in the mental tests than those from "unfavored homes."

Exhibit F. In Columbus, O., the children of doctors, lawyers, teachers, and the other professions were nearly half a year superior in intelligence to the children of traveling salesmen, and the children of traveling salesmen ranked very high; the children of managers were six months ahead in mental power of the children of clerks, and the children of skilled laborers were over half a year superior to the children of the unskilled.

Exhibit G. Mrs. A. H. Arlitt, of Bryn Mawr College, tested the brains of 191 American children and ranged them in four groups according to the occupations of their fathers. As these occupations descended in social and economic worth the mental scores of the children descended, as follows:

Occupation of Father	Children's Rating
(1) Professional	125
(2) Semiprofessional and higher business	118
(3) Skilled laborers	107
(4) Semiskilled laborers	92

Exhibit H. S. L. Pressey, an American psychologist, tested the intelligence of 548 children. Eighty-five per cent. of the children of the professional group had brains, as measured by these tests at least, above the average, while 68 per cent. of the business group, 45 per cent. of the skilled labor group, and only 39 per cent. of the unskilled labor group were above the average.

Exhibit I. In Liverpool, England, Cyril Burt, one of the greatest British psychologists, found that the children of bishops, diplomats, and university professors could perform certain mental tests in 74 seconds, the children of small merchants in 91 seconds, while it took children of the poverty-stricken 123 seconds.

Exhibit J. Professor Terman, previously quoted, compiled the results of a large number of mental measurements, and states that superior intelligence, as indicated by these tests, "is five times as common among children of superior social status as among children of inferior social status."

It must be remembered, of course, that these figures express only *averages*. A group of clerks or salesmen would, for instance, almost certainly *average* lower than a group of managers because the managers have usually climbed up by having more ambition and brains than the *average* clerk or salesman. The big second question in nearly every establishment there are several office boys who have in them the "making" of general managers. This is because they are not "average" but superior.

The happy thing about these tests is that they pick them out years earlier than the old hit-and-miss methods and promote them more rapidly. The same is being done right along in the schools and colleges. Nothing is more important to those of us who are slow and dull than to pick out the leader and promote him to his high office as the manager of the rest of us.

The outstanding fact is that a good heredity bestows upon a child a *double advantage:* it first gives the child a rich endowment of health, brains, and energy to start with; and, second, the parents of such a child are usually able to give it good food, medical attention, moral training, and stimulating friends and teachers, besides their own personal influence and example. Beyond *any question* all of these latter things, which we sum up under the general term "environment," count enormously.

But I am insisting in these papers upon the tremendous importance of heredity, not with a view of belittling the immense influence of environment, but for four very just reasons: first, because the power and meaning of heredity have been almost wholly neglected in human affairs; second, because the astounding results of good education and good environment have led many to believe that *nothing else mattered*, that we could make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, make a natural-born pauper into a genuine prince of the blood, and put brains into empty heads; third, because all men believed until recently, when science disproved it, that the results of good education were transmitted in the form of improved brain-power and character to the children and that the children therefore would be born better and brighter because the parents educated themselves; and fourth, because heredity—that is, natural-born energy and intelligence—is basic and primary to everything else.

Probably three-fourths of all modern "reforms" are based upon these four fundamental fallacies, all of which science has utterly destroyed, and unless we take account of the newer and *much brighter hopes* that science offers most of the dreams of the reformer will go to smash. But if he will but listen in a new humility to the voice of science all his dreams and vastly more will and can come true.

BUT plainly, without the foundation of good horse-sense—that is, good heredity —we can build nothing—first, because there is nothing to build on, and, second, because there is no builder. But upon sound heredity we can build anything within the dreams of man. If we destroy this living foundation of the temple of progress, either by race suicide among our abler families or by flooding our nation with low-class immigrants—either immigrants from overseas or "immigrants from heaven"—we shall destroy all possibility of national character and glory.

And in this disaster the man below would lose as much as or more than the man above, for he would lose the very leadership, guidance, and example of his abler brother, who is, in fact, his hope and salvation.

On the side of environment I think that psychology and education are to-day on the eve of discoveries and methods that hold the mind in awe. I think ere long we can likely teach a ten-year-old child ten times as much as we can teach him now.

Indeed, nearly every child to-day does gain ten or a hundred times as much real life proficiency, or, as James Harvey Robinson puts it in that wonderful book, "Mind in the Making," ten times as much "mind," as was possible in the soul-killing days of Charles Dickens or Queen Elizabeth.

There is, therefore, not the slightest ground for conflict between those who believe in heredity and those who believe in environment. It is only the fool who does not believe with all his heart in both.

Those who, because environment is so obviously potent, argue against eugenics, that is, improvement in heredity, exhibit not only personal ignorance and bigotry, but show also a pristine innocence of nearly all modern biology, psychology, sociology, and even education itself.

If any doubt remains that blood will tell (altho sometimes "the less it tells the better"), let us walk once more through the Hall of Fame, this time with Dr. Frederick Adams Woods, the American biologist. Dr. Woods, back in 1900, had already shown, in his now famous studies of the royal families of Europe, the greatest single eugenical study ever made, that the more stupid members and nincompoops, such as some of the Hapsburgs and Bourbons, were related for hundreds of years to stupidity, cupidity, and crime, while the celebrated members, such as William the Silent, Frederick the Great, and Gustavus Adolphus, were surrounded by a brilliant galaxy of relatives who were also renowned as generals or statesmen.

It was objected, however, that this might not prove true in democratic America, where the son of a blacksmith may become President. To test this extremely important point, Dr. Woods took the first 46 men and women in the Hall of Fame and compared them with another list of 3,500 very famous Americans. He found the same thing true in democratic America that has been true since Adam and Eve, that blood is the largest single source of brains.

Over half of the superior 46 had members of their own families among the second list of 3,500; that is, they sprang from great *breeding stock*. These 46 had a total of 57 relatives in the second list, or an average of more than one eminent relative apiece. Among ordinary people Woods showed that only about 1 in 500 has one of these very distinguished relatives. In the famous group of 3,500 *1 in 5*, instead of *1 in 500*, as is true of common people, had a relative in the same distinguished company. Some of the more celebrated, such as the Adamses, Lees, and Lowells, had two or three of these eminent relatives.

Sir Frances Galton of England had shown

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Let natural food supply you vitamin

"Select Proper Foods From the Grocer and You Won't Need to Hunt Vitamins at the Drug Store," say Medical Authorities.

Medical Authorities agree on the importance of the vitamin element in food, to build energy, promote health, provide growth.

Grape-Nuts contains vitamin from the wheat berry—brought to you as Nature intended it to be used. The addition of cream or milk gives a further supply of vitamin to this splendid food which for more than a quarter of a century has been famed for its nourishing, health-giving qualities.

The iron, phosphorus, and other mineral elements from the grain, so necessary for adequate nutrition, are included in Grape-Nuts, together with roughage to promote healthful regularity. Grape-Nuts digests quickly—without undesirable fermentation.

There's the zest of health and fitness in the nourishment of Grape-Nuts that makes it a splendid food.

Crisp and naturally sweet, Grape-Nuts charms the appetite, makes an ideal breakfast, lunch or supper, and satisfies the children's appetite between meals.

Ready to serve from the package, Grape-Nuts is truly economical because a moderate quantity provides an unusual amount of nourishment.

Grape-Nuts

THE BODY BUILDER

"There's a Reason"

Made by
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

FOR WORK AND PLAY

Drawings by

C. H. TWELVETREES

He hears the clock and up jumps Ted
As prompt as can be out of bed.

And Sister too on getting up
Her limbs will stretch just like the pup.

And then, not bending either knee,
Her toes she'll touch quite easily.

One reason Ted so clean appears,
He always soaps behind the ears.

To make her teeth gleam white she'll rush,
For twice a day Sis plies her brush.

And when he's washed and done his hair
Most carefully his nails he'll pare.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THESE RULES OBEY

Verses by

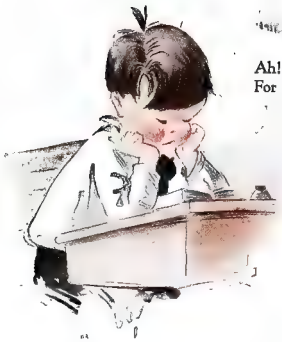
PERCY WAXMAN

Sis combs just like a grown-up girl;
She knows it helps her hair to curl.

Ted's learned to slowly eat his meals;
That's why so big and strong he feels.

Ah! See Ted's ready now for school!
For promptness is his daily rule.

Each morn he feeds his kittens first
So they won't hunger, cry, or thirst.



To do his school-work makes Ted glad;
He knows then he'll grow up like Dad.

Sis prays before she goes to sleep
To *know* that God His watch will keep.

Copyright, 1923, by
The Pictorial Review Company
New York City

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

As you slip on the warm little shirt

Is it comfortable to Baby's tender skin? Is it soft and unshrunken?

Each day the wee shirts must be washed. If you wash them in Fab-suds for a year and a day, they will still be soft—not matted up or scratchy. For Fab is made of cocoanut-oil.

Cocoanut-oil—you know how pure and white it is. It makes Fab completely soluble. No bits of soap stay in Fab-suds to stick to the wool and shrink or mat it.

Cocoanut-oil is put in Fab to make every freshly washed shirt soft and comforting to the tenderest baby skin.

Over 115 years' experience in making fine soaps has gone into the production of Fab. No effort has been spared to make these cocoanut-oil flakes safe for washing baby shirts and flannels.

For knitted sacques, bootees, night clothes, day clothes —all fine things—you can be sure of the cleansing suds of the cocoanut-oil flakes.

COLGATE & CO.
199 Fulton Street
NEW YORK

FAB

A color print of this Saida (H. Willebeek Le Mair) painting for six cents in stamps. Address Dept. F 10.

BRAINS—A FAMILY AFFAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

that on the average about 1 man in 4,000 becomes "eminent," but among the sons of English judges 1 in 8 reached distinction. By dividing 8 into 4,000 it is plain that the son of an English judge has about 500 times as many chances of becoming famous over the ordinary person. And the above work of Dr. Woods's shows practically the same thing is true in democratic America.

This puts a quietus forever on the popular notion that strong and able men never have strong and able children. Where they have any children at all these children rise to eminence 500 to 1,000 times as often as ordinary folk. Indeed, our national biographies, such as "Who's Who" and "The National Dictionary of Biography," are largely family albums.

Anybody can easily prove all this in his own home town. Look about you and count noses and you will find that the leading citizens who have mainly made your town what it is are several hundred times more related to one another than the average individual is related to these civic leaders Some of your families have not produced a single prominent citizen out of hundreds; some would not produce one out of thousands. Other families amid the same general environment have produced an energetic, stirring, successful, progressive citizen out of every five or ten members. There you have it all in a nutshell.

While eugenics never expects to "breed geniuses to order," nor indulge in any wild schemes, let us imagine two nations, one inhabited by a stock which produces 1 great person out of every 8 citizens and another which produces only 1 great person in 4,000. By the relative number of portraits of these heroes hung upon their national monuments, I have shown in the picture of these monuments the amazing result. One nation would have only the lonely portrait of its one leader, whereas the other would have its national monument covered with the portraits of its 500 leaders! It is high time that America pondered deeply such facts.

And if we examine the pedigree of almost any great man we likewise find it written all over with the words energy, decision of character, achievement; in short, with brains. His ancestors are not always famous, but they are practically always men and women of energy and character. We see these words running like a streak of light down the pedigree of Jonathan Edwards. The list which I append here, made up from the work of Professor A. E. Winship of Boston and Dr. Charles B. Davenport of the Carnegie Institution, tells only part of the wonderful story. It truly reads like some fable of the gods of Olympus Among Jonathan Edwards's relatives and descendants, of whom 1,394 have been studied, have been the following:

285 college graduates
13 college presidents
65 college professors
60 physicians
100 clergymen
75 army and navy officers
60 prominent authors
100 lawyers
30 judges
80 public officers
1 United States Senators
1 Vice-President

Besides this they have furnished numerous bankers and railroad managers, several State Governors, Mayors of cities, and Ministers to foreign courts, while thirty-three countries have had their world-ranging activities. Not one was ever convicted of a crime. Nobody ever had to "reform" them nor build jails, penitentiaries, and rescue-homes to care for them, and nobody ever had to "Americanize" them, because America, itself, was born out of the hearts and brains of just such people as these

CONTRAST this record of national glory with another, one of national shame—the melancholy tale of Max Juke, a lazy New England vagabond, born nearly 200 years ago. The original record of these 1,220 social scourges reads as follows:

300 died in infancy
310 professional paupers
440 wrecked by disease
50 prostitutes
60 thieves
7 murderers
53 other criminals

Not one was ever a college graduate. Many were drunken and licentious. Dr. Arthur Estabrook, of the Carnegie Institution, has recently brought the ghastly record down to 1915 Some of them have moved West to new environments, but, as he says, many still exhibit "the same feeble-mindedness, indolence, licentiousness, and dishonesty despite the fact of their being surrounded by better social conditions." Dr. Davenport, mentioned above, and his pupils have studied other similar families, such as the "Nams," the "Hillfolks," the "Worthless Dacks," and the "Rufers," but they all tell the one unhappy tale—the tale of degenerate blood

We could go on with the story of other families, such as that of Commodore Perry, who said, "Don't give up the ship," which contains *twelve admirals*, including Admiral George Dewey; and also with the Herreshoff family, whose extraordinary genius for boat-building, handed down for five generations, has enabled America to keep the international yachting-cup because members of this family have designed a succession of American defenders. One such family in time of war might turn the whole tide of victory and the course of human history.

We see how easily this might be true in the accompanying chart of the Kallikak family, lent me by Dr. Henry H. Goddard, head of the Juvenile Research Bureau of Ohio and our highest authority on feeble-mindedness. I wish I could blazon this story before every young man and woman across the skies instead of merely on the pages of Pictorial Review. It contains a hundred sermons. As we see in the chart, one mating of Martin Kallikak handed down only misery, suffering, and shame, while the other family gleams with "the righteousness that exalteth a nation."

Volumes of reflections could be written upon these new findings of science. The first thing is the lesson they bring to fathers and mothers as to the marriages of their own children. The second, even more important, is their powerful teaching to young men and women as to the immense bearing of a wise or unwise marriage upon the health, happiness, and intelligence of their children. In the third place they should not bring to any one a note of personal discouragement. Some may exclaim, "Oh, well, my ancestors were not great; therefore I can not amount to much!"

THIS is a wrong view as to just what heredity is. Heredity is not some mysterious "force" or "influence" sent down to you by your ancestors, as it is usually pictured in novels and dramas. The great thing that heredity teaches us is that man is "master of his fate and captain of his soul" and that he is so, as the extreme environmentalists teach, the helpless victim of environment and the plaything of fate. He would be if environment were the sole or even the larger factor in giving him his inborn energy and ambition. But fortunately it is not.

Every man, unless he be an idiot or insane, has powers *within him* by which he can rise and master well-nigh all handicaps—indeed make them steps to climb upon. Heredity shows us that the kingdom of heaven *is* within and not without in the chance circumstances and surroundings of a man's life

A man can do almost anything which he *intelligently* thinks he can do even if all his ancestors were mollycoddles and jailbirds. Maybe they had poor heredity or they may have had poor environment. But if *you, yourself*, have energy and ambition, for Heaven's sake go to it. Just *so you have them* it makes no difference where or how you got them. You are at the bat, not your grandfather Moreover, you had hundreds of grandparents and great-grandparents. Keep your eye fixed on the best one and determine to outdo them all.

I know one family in which not a single member in 150 years has ever saved up $500 *except one*. He is a man of wealth and influence. He has also married into an outside family of good blood, a thing which none of the others did, and he now has three splendid children who by the very laws of heredity bear every promise of careers of dignity and honor

As the final, grand result of these studies, heredity and eugenics, which are simply other names for the new biological politics and social sciences, are asking America just two tremendous questions. The first is, Are we replacing the noble strains, the great family lines of our forbears with weaker, slower, and lower streams of immigrant blood? The second is, Are the great native stocks—the living foundations of empire—that created our rich and multitudinous environment and made America the most luxurious abode in the whole earthly life of man—are they reproducing *their own kind?*

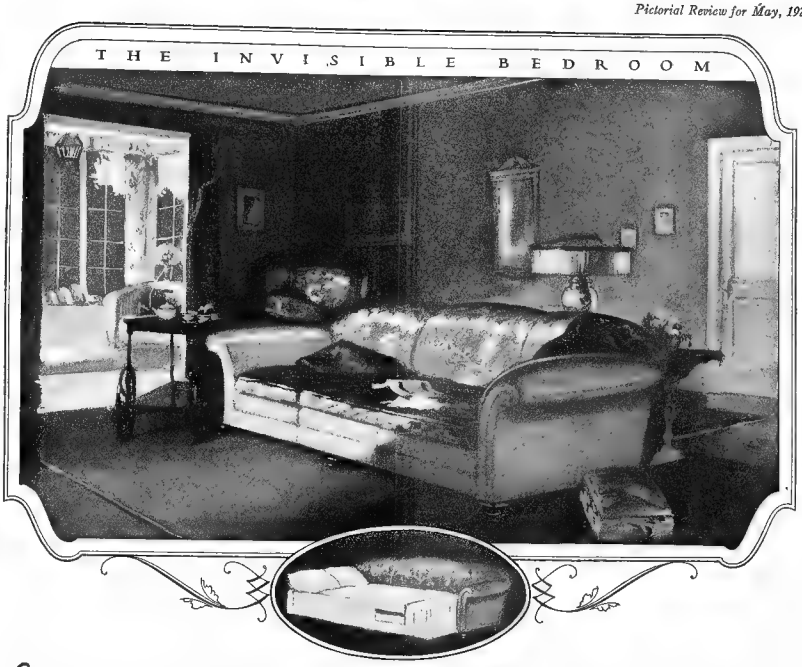
The fate of our civilization, this great dream of human destiny, lies in the answers.

But the hour is not too late for America to give a new and triumphant solution to these questions, which, from the human dawn, have been but the tocsins of every nation's doom. There are still 60,000,000 of the old native Americans, and every phase and form of human excellence does exist among the choicer strains of our later immigrations. The hour is, therefore, not too late to carry out the grand purposes of our foundations, to foster *real* superiority and give it the one and only privilege superior blood should have—the privilege to serve; to serve the weaker and the less endowed; to build a true aristodemocracy, a rulership of the wisest and best, the one and only thing which our founders intended us to have; to create those social and political conditions, customs, and ideals in which and by which those wisest and best shall naturally and joyously replenish the national soil with the scions of their own truly royal blood; to hold the members of every family who display ability true to these high responsibilities which nature has laid upon them, and make intelligence, coupled with character, the sole right to social rank and political power.

If America does this it will live "till the books of the judgment-day unfold," because it will have made the blood of its people the national goal.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM



LATE AFTERNOON sunlight drifting through sheer-curtained windows. A slender beam aslant the big Kroehler davenport—its lovely, rich coloring aglow with light. The tea-cart drawn close, silver glinting, kettle singing.

How charmingly luxurious and restful the room appears! How inviting the davenport—low and easy of line, deep and soft of cushioning.

Nothing to mar the good taste of a delightfully furnished room. Indeed, a subtle air of distinction, in which the fine lines, subdued coloring and soft luxury of the Kroehler davenport play an important part.

Yet, when bedtime comes, that same Kroehler davenport will provide the additional sleeping space which the presence of an overnight guest requires.

No disrupting of the household. No hurried making of a makeshift bed. Just one simple motion, opening the Kroehler davenport bed. Revealing sheets and blankets all in place. Offering nighttime comfort as great as its daytime beauty—all the luxurious restfulness that such a wide, roomy bed, deep, yielding springs and thick, soft mattress can give.

Surely you would wish to have the convenience and beauty which a Kroehler davenport offers. And you would gladly save the expense of an extra bedroom.

Kroehler davenport beds may be had in overstuffed, colonial and period designs, in any wood finish, with chairs to match; upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. In prices they meet any requirement.

Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell Kroehler davenport beds for cash or on easy payments. Do not accept a substitute; look for the Kroehler name-plate, shown here, on the back. Write for illustrated booklet and nearest dealer's name.

KROEHLER MADE CHICAGO NEW YORK STRATFORD CAN.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Factories at KANKAKEE, ILL., NAPERVILLE, ILL., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. *Canadian Factory:* STRATFORD, ONTARIO

KROEHLER

Davenport Bed

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Leonard CLEANABLE Refrigerator

"Like a Clean China Dish"

Woman's Work Is Simplified

Time, Strength and Money Saved

C. H. LEONARD

Wide-awake women are delighted to learn how the Leonard saves and serves; how it makes meal-planning easy, saves time and toil, and gives the housewife extra hours for rest and recreation. The Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator will keep your meats, salads, vegetables and fruits fresh, sweet and clean.

Ten walls of insulation are scientifically built into the Leonard to prevent the cold escaping and heat entering. No dust. No contaminating air. Ice lasts longer in the Leonard—another great economy.

The Leonard food chamber is one piece, triple-coated with snow-white porcelain. No dirt-catching seams or cracks. No scratch can mar it. Corners are rounded. Porcelain extends clear around the door frame. Easy to clean. No place for germs to lodge. Many other Leonard perfections—the fruit of forty years of research in the science of food protection. Furnished with water coolers and outside icing doors when desired.

One out of every six refrigerators sold is made by Leonard. It's real economy to get your refrigerator one size larger than you think you need. Ask why before you buy.

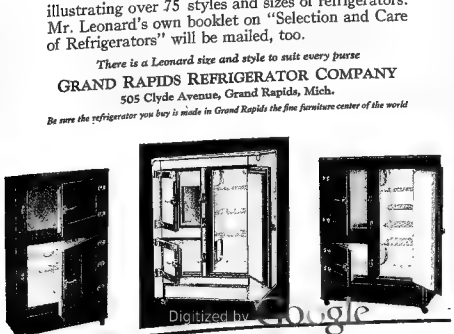
See the nearest Leonard dealer. If you cannot find him, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Send for actual sample of porcelain, and catalog illustrating over 75 styles and sizes of refrigerators. Mr. Leonard's own booklet on "Selection and Care of Refrigerators" will be mailed, too.

There is a Leonard size and style to suit every purse

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
505 Clyde Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Be sure the refrigerator you buy is made in Grand Rapids the fine furniture center of the world



LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

"Taking care of the baby—that *was* a great deal to do, wasn't it?" She was talking smoothly again.

"It was pretty tough with his throat trouble and all," explained the visitor.

A baby! During her year with Lew he had never hinted that there had been a child by his first marriage. But now that the blow fell—be it said to Jimmy's credit and the credit of her kind—she endured the pain without flinching.

"He must be quite a large boy by now," she said casually.

"Oh, he's dead."

"I—I didn't know"

"He died just before Lew and Jessie were separated. I thought maybe—"

"Lew did say something about it," she lied, and assumed indifference. "It was his throat, you say?"

"Poor little Buster! He never had a chance. I'm no Jack Dempsey myself, Mrs. Tyler, and I know what it is to be born a shrimp. He was mighty lucky to go out when he did, before he knew—"

"Buster." She seemed to examine the commonplace middle-class nickname and to shrink away from it as something that had vulgarized Lew's very blood. "Buster. That couldn't have been his *real* name."

"Oh, no, indeed!"

Little Mr. Garrick got down from his chair and looked around, as if seeking an exit from further complications. Then that knack of adding two and two, which we often miscall feminine intuition, came to her aid and caused her to ask:

"Mr. Garrick, was the baby named after his father?"

Garrick had half turned, as if to break and run, but her question brought him around with the reply:

"Why, yes, Mrs. Tyler. So he was." He scratched his gray head in an attempt to recall the past. "That's just what he was. They called him Buster so much that I almost forgot he had a regular name. But that's right—Lewis Kensington Tyler, Jr., was the way they christened him."

MISS SIMMONS, Dr. Havelock's nurse, came that afternoon while Virginia was parleying with little Mr. Garrick. Companionship with the trained nurse brought a sort of comfort, a feeling that the days of waiting were soon to be over. She was a busy, humorous, sallow little person and a Canadian—as good trained nurses often are nowadays. She could be garrulous upon occasion, but she was not assertively so; she showed none of that ghastly "tact" with which ladies of her profession sometimes madden their patients.

Myron Havelock had selected a hospital which he considered suitable for the birth-place of the new Tyler baby. His decision, of course, had been in favor of the Infants' and Mothers' Hospital. Havelock had been on the staff of that institution since the day it was founded. The efforts of so illustrious an obstetrician naturally gave the I. and M. Hospital prestige as the birthplace of fashionable babies. Thus it proved that Virginia was easily persuaded out of her first prejudice against hospitals.

She was grateful to have Miss Simmons near at hand during the hours after the mouselike Garrick had darted in and darted out again. She was even diverted by her droll tales of Mr. Fortescu or Mr. That had behaved under the stress of becoming a father. Fortescu Blynne, the polo-player —according to Miss Simmons's racy account—had "groaned and carried on" to such an extent during little Fortescu's coming into the world that his friends had later presented him with a loving-cup inscribed "For Heroism." Another prominent New-Yorker, under stress of great excitement, had followed a nurse down the hall, clamoring for a sight of his new-born heir and refusing to be convinced of his namesake until the woman had unrolled her bundle to show a negro baby which she had been carrying up from the free ward down-stairs. Miss Simmons's gossip was not malicious, as that of so many trained nurses is apt to be, and she proved a diversion until five o'clock, when Mr. Philips came in.

"Well, well! Cheerful as a cricket—that's the way to be!" he congratulated her. "You have a way of making a place homelike, Jinny. By George, you do! And with a baby crawling around the floor—nothing like it."

"You didn't go and cable to mother, did you, Daddy?" she asked, responding only mildly to his enthusiasm.

"Oh, yes. Yes."

"She isn't coming!"

"No. No—I thought I told you. She sent me a long cable. Seems she's having half her teeth pulled by an American dentist in Rome and she can't show her face until April, when she gets her new set. That's practically what she says. Just like your mother. No sense of proportion. Hello, what's this?"

Mr. Philips had spied the climbing geranium on the window-ledge. He walked over and held up a cluster of blossoms with his delicate forefinger. It was a patronizing gesture, as if he were chucking the flowers under the chin.

"Curious way of doing geraniums," he blustered. "Fussy, I call it. Where'd the plant come from?"

"De Campo's."

"H'm De Campo's, getting spoiled. People think he's fashionable and they'll buy cabbages of him, so long as he charges enough and ties 'em in gold ribbons. Well, well!"

Mr. Philips strolled across the room, his hands in his pockets. Like everybody else around Virginia, he seemed to be waiting and making a clumsy, kindly attempt to conceal his impatience.

"Oh, Daddy, please sit down," she begged at last.

"I'm sorry, Jin," he said, slipping into a chair. "If I make you nervous, say the word and I'll get out."

"Please don't take me seriously," she cried. "If you only knew how I love to have you around. Why don't you get yourself a drink? Lew's left a little Bourbon out on the sideboard"

"Thanks. Believe I will."

His prompt acceptance was followed by a retreat into the dining-room, where he clinked among the glassware and appealed to Katherine for ice.

Presently Lew appeared in the foyer. To rush and meet him had always been a part of Virginia's routine, but to-day she remained in her chair, scarcely glancing up from the needlework in her lap.

"Hello, Lew!" Seumas Philips called out; he got on famously with his son-in-law. "If you don't want people to steal your liquor you ought to lock it up."

"Go to it!" commanded Lew, striding into the dining-room and shaking hands. "You can always dig something up in this place if you look for it."

"Aren't you joining me?" asked Mr. Philips—merely a matter of form.

"No, thanks. You can have my share."

He went into the drawing-room and stood beside her a full minute before Virginia looked up.

"What's the matter, Jinny?" he asked, leaning down.

"Nothing." She went on sewing.

"Nothing's gone wrong—I mean, you're feeling all right?" In a swift glance she caught the clouds that had gathered in his eyes. She made no answer; but when she was aware of his turning away, offended by her queer behavior, she yielded to impulse and caught out at him.

"Lew," she whispered, drawing his head down to hers, "the flowers are beautiful. Don't think I don't appreciate them."

His rough cheek was against hers as he said, "I just thought——"

"I know. You remembered. Do you remember everything, Lew?"

"I—I think so."

As suddenly as she had seized him she pushed him away. Civilized women are sometimes savage in their reactions. Possibly this is because no woman is entirely civilized.

"What's the matter now?" he asked grumblingly just as Mr. Philips, a tall glass of amber liquid in his hand, came merrily into the room.

"I suppose just telling Jinny," said her father, "that she has the knack of taking hold of a place and making it look attractive. I don't know where she gets it—certainly not from her mother."

"Daddy!" she cautioned him, offended by his habit of airing domestic secrets before the world.

"Excuse me," apologized Mr. Philips, sipping his drink. "But what I say's the gospel truth, Lew. I bet you won't begin to appreciate your home till you hear a little fellow yelling in the nursery or toddling up and down——"

AS THO drawn by an evil lodestone, Lew had laid his course across the room to where Garrick's geranium stood by the window. His back was toward Virginia, but his whole body seemed to stiffen at sight of the flaunting red.

"What do you think of Jinny's taste in flowers, Lew?" was Mr. Philips's unfortunate question.

"Very odd," he commented, and leaned down to smell the pungent clusters.

"I thought you'd like them," said Jinny.

"I?" He looked up, his face a puzzle.

"Men are always so fond of," she explained gaily. "They hate things to be subtle."

"Oh, I object," whinnied Mr. Philips. "Lew and I are both crazy about you, Jinny."

"Do you think I'm subtle, Lew?" she asked.

"Sometimes." His look was moody as he stood on the center of the rug, his hands deep in his pockets.

"Lew wants the baby to be a girl," she went on in the same wild vein. "That's all nonsense, isn't it, Daddy?"

"Nonsense? Of course it is."

She had caught up her father's hand and was turning the blue signet-ring round and round his finger.

"Because, Daddy, I've decided on a boy. And do you know what?"

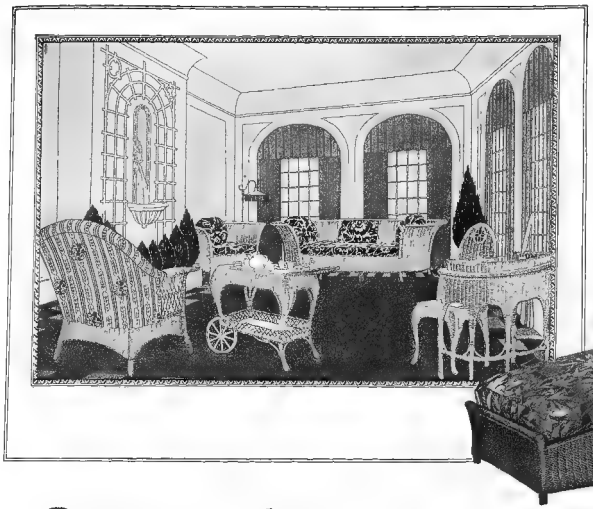
In that short pause Lew caught his breath, and Mr. Philips glanced uneasily with the expression of one who scents unknown trouble.

"Lew and I have been thinking of a name for him," she said, "and I've made up my mind to name him after you."

"After me? By George!" Seumas Platt Philips spatted his hands together in hearty appreciation. "By George, Jinny—that *is* mighty sweet of you!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



No. 641 Chaise Longue

A comfortable lounging piece with luxurious Karpenesque upholstery Adaptable to any decorative color scheme.

How to make the "Sun Room" the cheeriest spot in Your home

Furnishing the Enclosed Porch is a Question of Taste, Not Expense

By MATLACK PRICE

It is astonishing how much one can do with comparatively little money, wisely spent, in making the Sun Room the brightest, gayest, most livable spot in the home.

Thoroughly American in practical utility and comfort is the enclosed, or glassed-in, porch.

The enormous popularity of this inside-outdoor room has resulted in developing an entirely new style in furniture.

Lovely New Furniture Effects

The Karpens have provided Sun Room fittings of exceptional loveliness. Originated in the Orient, porch furniture had so much of colorful beauty and picturesque form that the designers found a rich field of inspiration. The perishable brittleness of reeds, rattans and willows led the Karpens to develop a new material, woven from jute fiber, more beautiful, more plastic and practically indestructible. This they call Fiber Rush. It takes a great variety of finishes and has been woven into lines of exquisite charm.

In upholstering this Handwoven Furniture the Karpens have used brilliant cretonnes and chintzes, gorgeous handblocked linens in striking color combinations, glowing tapestries, velvets and even tinted leathers. The result is charming.

Beauties of Karpen Pieces

To graceful forms have been added modern color schemes of decoration. And every piece is upholstered with that devotion to expert craftsmanship and luxurious comfort which has ever distinguished the products of this house.

A Sun Room furnished this way becomes the favorite gathering point of the home, whether for family use or for entertaining guests. Flooded with sunlight in winter, it becomes a happiness center; while awnings and shades keep it cool and wide open to the breezes in hot weather.

Send For This Book Free

In my book, prepared for Karpen, I have plans for Sun Rooms that may give you inspiration for beautifying your own enclosed porch. It will also show you how to transform uninteresting living rooms and halls into harmonious "beauty spots" by a gradual replacement process, at moderate expense, buying a piece or two at a time. Write for this book. It will be mailed free on request.

No. 642 Chair

A deep seated, splendidly shaped arm chair, suitable for porch or living room, finished and upholstered in any desired color combination.

K A R P E N

KARPEN Guaranteed Construction FURNITURE

S. KARPEN & BROTHERS

Also manufacturers of Karpen Handwoven Fiber Rush and Reed Furniture and Office and Windsor Chairs

S. KARPEN & BROTHERS
Dept. C-5, 801-811 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
37th and Broadway, New York

Please mail me free and postage prepaid the Book or Interiors by Matlack Price on How to Make a Little Money Go Far in Transforming a Living Room or Hall, and name of nearest Karpen dealer.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

FLAVOR *and* CRISPNESS THRILL YOU SO — EATING *Kellogg's* CORN FLAKES

Amazingly delicious, these sunny-brown sweet hearts of rich, ripe corn; and so appetizing to look upon and to eat—big and generous bowlfuls—that you marvel how Kellogg's make such *extra*-goodness possible!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only taste-fascinating, but they sustain the workers and the aged, as well as the little folks, who love them dearly.

More and more Kellogg's are becoming *the ideal breakfast*, together with one's favorite beverage—for, it's the good-health-idea to eat lightly but substantially in the morning so as to give the stomach a chance to get-going! *Just prove how much better you feel breakfasting on Kellogg's!*

For any meal or any time—it's such a treat to eat Kellogg's Corn Flakes—crispy and crunchy and wonderful in flavor—with fresh fruits in season—and plenty of milk or cream. All grocers.

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

Lew Tyler stood silent, his back turned to the geranium.

GERTIE VAN LAERENS had just doubled three hearts and Virginia laid obediently spread her thirteen cards, face upward, on the green cloth. It was something less than a fortnight after the arrival of Garrick's geranium, which still held its corner in the Tylers' drawing-room. They had been playing bridge there—with an interval for luncheon—since eleven o'clock that morning. Every day Virginia had played furiously like this, losing more than she could afford at half a cent a point. This afternoon she was a little irritated with the feeling that Gertie, usually a martinet for rules, was holding her sharp tongue in the face of Jinny's inexcusable errors. She hated the idea of being favored by her friends, like a cripple or a mental defective.

At other tables feminine gamblers sat in sets of four, either absorbed in play or quarreling between deals. "But you *did* lead an eight," Octavia Orpen's high note, insisted as a little bird's was chirping from a table by the window. "What else could I do?" throbbed Emily Harlan's slow contralto. Gertie van Laerens, her cards held fanlike between veiny fingers, never took her eyes from her hand as she groped for a cigaret out of the golden case she held open in her lap, struck a match in the same blind way, and sat like an ugly, intelligent statue—a statue which wreathed itself in its own incense. Finally she glanced over at the candid thirteen which her partner had arranged in suits on the green cloth.

There were four hearts, two high diamonds, three spades, and four inexcusable clubs. Virginia never forgot the units in that rather mediocre hand. It was as if they represented the decisive play in some game of tremendous importance. Anne Bryant, puffing at a long amber stem, had led the deuce of clubs and Gertie had reached across to pull the six out of the exposed hand when Virginia pushed back her chair.

"Well, I'm dummy," she said casually and arose.

Outside the door she paused to gather strength for her walk down the hall. Before she moved again she had taken a last look at her drawing-room, busy with gambling. Nothing else seemed important to the women in there, their eyes hypnotic as they followed their chances on the bright-green squares. Right above Mrs Orpen's gray-and-black ostrich plumes the red geranium glared.

When she gained the bedroom door Miss Simmons darted out, a look of disapproval in her eyes. She had never quite concurred with Dr. Havelock's program.

"I think I'm ready now," said Virginia coolly.

"I think so too." Miss Simmons smiled like a captain at the zero-hour and led her patient to a chair. "If you'll sit here a minute I'll phone Dr. Havelock and we'll be over to the hospital in a jiffy."

"You'll find the number of the garage on that card—the one sticking in the mirror. Ask for a closed car. Mr. Tyler's arranged it——"

At that instant the pain came upon her. It was more a blow than a seizure. Virginia bit her lips, but made no sound. At the bedside telephone Miss Simmons was talking in the hushed voice with which trained nurses can make themselves understood.

"Why, Jinny!" Rita Kemball was standing in the door. "You're not ill——"

"We're going to the hospital right away," replied Virginia, calm again in the cessation of pain. "I hope I didn't make a mess of it, the way I stepped out."

"I don't think they noticed it," explained Rita. "I wasn't playing, so I saw—Jinny, shall I send them away?"

"No. Go back and play out my hand. Just tell them I'm tired. I've asked the Van Laerenses to stay for dinner. You'll find the key to the wine-closet in my dressing-table. Just bluff it out, Rita."

"But Lew——"

"He's left his office by now. Tell him quietly when he comes. Go back and play it out, Reet. Don't argue—please!"

"Just as you say, Jinny." She patted her shoulder and was gone.

RITA had scarcely time to bring herself and Virginia's excuses into the bridge game before Miss Simmons had slipped a moleskin coat over her patient's shoulders and had conducted her to the elevator and down-stairs. They found the hired limousine waiting at the door, and above Miss Simmons's instructions to drive slowly down Fifty-seventh Street to the L and M. Hospital the lady whom it was all about sat quietly back, scolding herself a little for having taken alarm so soon. She hated the idea of quitting any game before it was finished; it violated the code of sportsmanship to which she had been trained.

Poor Virginia! Her business now was with Nature, who makes her own rules and keeps them. Thus we enter and leave life like boorish guests, quite without consideration for the others in this crowded caravansary. Twice at least in our careers we compel the busy world to adjust its program to ours. In that regard, at least, we come and go like princes. So it is that no hour, early or late, is regarded as ridiculous by the physician, usher of life and death.

Thus Dr. Myron Havelock cut short his consultation hour, giving offense to some, at the very instant that Virginia Tyler, having deserted her guests, was moving slowly, joltlessly toward the L and M. Hospital. The pain had come on her again, and she clutched tightly at the little nurse's hand, hoping all the time that Lew would come soon and Rita would stay away. Much as she loved her cousin, she resented her intrusion upon this sacrifice, which was for her husband, and for nobody else. This thought was buoyed up with the martyr's joy that it would soon be over and people would stop their eternal waiting, waiting for her.

The room reserved was on the eleventh floor of the smartly modern I and M. Hospital. It was a light corner room which seemed trying to hide its grim nature under a coat of strawberry-colored wall-paint. Here Virginia endured the officiousness of a head nurse who asked silly questions about birth, parentage, religion, and nationality as she jotted busily on a blank form. Meanwhile Miss Simmons, having unpacked an assortment of negligées from a suitcase, got her patient undressed and into one of them. Virginia was lying in the high iron bed—somewhat too suggestive of an operating-table—when Dr. Havelock, cool, bustling, and friendly, made his appearance.

"Well, how's the husband pulling through?" he grinned, by way of a bedside joke.

"He doesn't know yet. But he'll be here pretty soon." Then with that tender which pain sometimes brings to women, "Lew won't fail me. He never will."

"You're in luck there, Jinny." was Havelock's cheerful assurance. "Some husbands just cut and run. Brand Mactinside, for instance. He went duck-shooting and didn't know he was a father until the baby was two weeks old."

Even in her pain she felt a great tenderness for Lew. The very silence with which he guarded the memory of his first wife was, she felt, but another evidence of his chivalry. It was impossible for him to be unkind to a woman.

"Keep your husband around," was Dr Havelock's advice. "He'll do most good Quarrel with him, if you want to."

"All right," she said weakly, for she had just gone through another spell. She had grown suddenly afraid, and the question came to her lips, "Does it always cost like this?"

"My dear girl," he replied pleasantly, "life's a costly thing. But isn't it worth it?"

"I suppose so." She was less than half sure.

"Just think of the others in the same boat," he laughed. "That's the idea that took lots of soldiers through the War. And you're doing as good a trick as any soldier could, you're giving life instead of taking it away. But here! Lecture's over. I'll be hanging about the building——"

"Not far away!" she begged.

"Don't worry about that," he laughed.

AS HE went out Lew came in. He pulled up a chair and her fingers closed on his with a grip of steel. Her body was at ease for the moment, her thoughts stirring rapidly. There was so little time remaining and so much to say—if she could.

"Rita told me," he began, and she rejoiced to see his look of excitement. "I'm glad the time's come, Jinny."

"So am I." Her eyes never left his face. "She stayed at the apartment?"

"Yes. She was bossing the party. I got out before they knew I was there."

Virginia, only half listening, drew her husband's arm close to her breast. How could she tell him?

"I've been trying to notify your father," said Lew. "Tried his club, everywhere. He's gone to Albany."

"I'm glad." Her brown eyes were never so tender as when she lay there, clutching his arm.

"But you'll want him to know."

"After it's over. Lew——" She hesitated to form her words, then said, "I'm glad this is our affair—just yours and mine."

"I wish I could do my share," he answered, and tried to smile.

"You'll do your share, my dear, later on. Perhaps you'll have it all to do."

At this he pressed her hand tighter still and leaned a little closer, a look of worry in his face.

"Jinny, what's all this about?"

"I'm old, Lew," she answered quietly. "I'm thirty-three. Women of my age don't go through this as easily as they should."

He laid his jowl against her hot cheek and scolded her: "You talk like a hundred and fifty! Don't be a nut, Jin! We've got the boss baby-doctor; he's giving you all sorts of attention—says you're doing great."

"He'd say that." It was the first sign she had displayed of any distrust in Dr. Havelock.

"You're not weakening, Jin! You've made the bravest sort of fight. Don't lose your nerve——"

"No, darling But if I don't get through all right—some women don't, you know—I'm sure that Myron can save the baby."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

This is the greater achievement

Grateful comment is frequently made on the fact that, while Premium Ham is the accustomed choice of those who can have all things superlatively fine, it is also easily available to those of modest means.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham
Swift
Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard

Look for this identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

A good way to serve it—simple, too

Into a hot frying pan, put a medium thick slice from the juicy center of a Premium Ham. Sear it on both sides, then cook it slowly. Taking it out of the pan, blend two tablespoons of flour into the fat that's left. To this add a cup of milk or thin cream, cooking till it thickens.

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Mix a chocolate paste from cocoa and condensed milk. Use any tea wafer.
Spread the wafer with the chocolate paste.
DROMEDARY
COCOANUT
Dip the wafer into a dish of Dromedary Cocoanut.
A delicious tea dainty in two minutes!
An unlimited number of guests can be served in a few moments

A Delicious Tea Dainty in two minutes!

HERE IS a tea dainty that is simple and delicious. It can be made in two minutes and right at the tea table if you wish!

How many times have you longed for something new to serve with tea—something that your guests will exclaim about—something that will make your function stand out in their memory.

Try this recipe; it is pictured at the left. Simple—delicious—different—that describes Dromedary Cocoanut Chocolate Dips; and many different kinds of wafers can be used to vary the flavor.

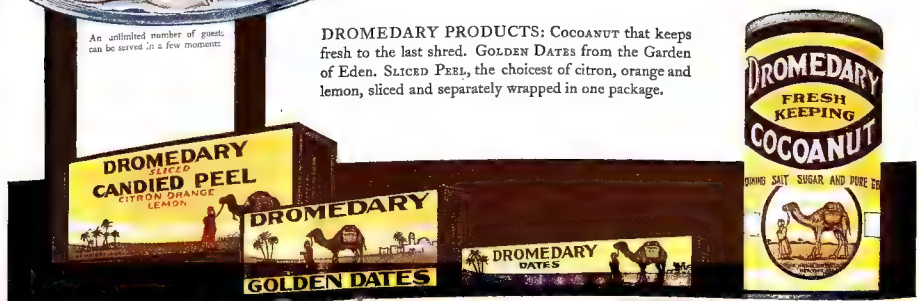
Now that you know this simple method, try it with other dishes; and, to make sure of the rich full flavor of cocoanut, ask your grocer for Dromedary Cocoanut, the only cocoanut guaranteed to retain its original tenderness and moisture in the ever-sealed container.

Send for the new Dromedary Book, "*One Hundred Delights.*" It contains one hundred unusual recipes for the use of Dromedary Cocoanut, Dromedary Dates and Dromedary Sliced Peel. Address Department 97

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY
BEACH AND WASHINGTON STS. NEW YORK CITY
NEW YORK SAN JUAN LONDON SMYRNA BUSSORAH PARÀ

Dromedary Cocoanut

DROMEDARY PRODUCTS: COCOANUT that keeps fresh to the last shred. GOLDEN DATES from the Garden of Eden. SLICED PEEL, the choicest of citron, orange and lemon, sliced and separately wrapped in one package.



Digitized by Google
Digitized for NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

"I won't let you talk that way!" he cried out, and she could feel his tears against her cheek.

"I won't bother you, Lew. Only I wanted to say a little before— Listen to me. I so wanted to name him after you, dear. But I just couldn't when I heard about the other baby——"

"Who told you that?" He sprang away as if she had struck him, but she reached out for his sleeve.

"I had to know some time, Lew. The little man who sent the geranium told me— Oh, my boy, it's been wicked and stupid, the way I've felt about—your first wife. You couldn't help living and having things that weren't mine, up to the time we were married. I hadn't any right to pry into your secrets; sometimes I thought I could help you by knowing things you wouldn't tell. And, Lew, I've wanted so to help!"

"You have, dearest. You know you have."

"People seem to think so; and you were awfully kind to think so too. But what have I done? You were reformed before I ever met you, and you were doing just as well as you've done since."

"It wasn't that so much, Jinny. But you've——"

"I've taught you a few parlor tricks."

The pain was creeping on her again, and she clutched wildly at his hand.

"I've been so jealous, Lew. I shouldn't have felt that way, especially when I knew that her baby had died—and how much she'd the last you. But she never seemed to let me alone; she always seemed to be around somewhere. And when I found she was in New York, trying to see you——"

"When was that?" he asked roughly.

"She telephoned to you, Lew. She tried several times before she found you at home that night and tried to get you to meet her——"

Lew wrinkled his brow, striving to make something out of the puzzle. Then light seemed to dawn, for he asked: "You don't mean that woman I promised to see down at the office?"

"I shouldn't have interfered if she really wanted——"

"See here, Jin!" He laid his hand on her arm as if to restrain her from further errors of judgment. "What made you think that was Jessie?"

"You wouldn't say——"

"I couldn't very well." He had grown ill at ease.

"Who, then?" Struggling up to a half-sitting posture, she rested on her elbows.

"It was a woman I'd known. I couldn't exactly refuse to see her—not that it mattered much." He was crouching on the edge of his chair, like a man about to kneel and pour out his full confession. It came rushing forth, impetuous, unqualified by any reserve: "Jinny, I've never told you what a bad, selfish, reckless boy I was with Jessie. She stood above everything; and this woman came along. They called her Coleen—she wasn't anything, didn't mean anything; she just came along. Can't I make you understand?"

"Yes. You have." She was very quiet now.

"She didn't mean a thing. But that was the way I paid Jessie for——"

"I see." There was silence after that, then Virginia's arm went out and drew his head against her breast.

"Lew," she whispered, "I think I can say it now. I've wanted always to know how much you owed Jessie."

"A great deal," he muttered.

"A great deal," she repeated. "After what you've done to her—there's nothing in the world too much—nothing she could ask——"

The nurse knocked twice before she answered, for Virginia was whispering in his ear: "Remember one thing about me, Lew. Always think of me as the one that gave you a son—that loved——"

Dr. Havelock, all in white, as befits a priest of so high and holy an office, followed Miss Simmons into the room. He gave Lew barely time to kiss Virginia before motioning him away. An attendant stood outside the door with one of those rubber-tired, glass-topped wagons which are forever rolling along hospital corridors, fateful as Charon's ferry over the Styx.

FOR the woman in labor, time moves not in hours but in years. According to Miss Simmons's chart Mrs. Tyler was rolled into the little white room at 7:22. She was there just forty-two minutes. In that time—if time it was—Virginia ceased to be Virginia; she was a thing of pain, suffering to area; she was the birth idea, thrown fighting into a region of blood and snow; she was the volcano, tearing itself with flame in order that one of God's purposes might be carried out.

Now and then the sodden smell of chloroform would fill her nostrils, and she would suck it in greedily, hoping to drug away sensation. Then Myron Havelock—Myron Havelock, who had changed from a pleasant bedside visitor to a clever fiend who spoke civilly to his assistant demons—would command his anesthetizer to withhold his mercy. The room was white, white as the snow upon which blood falls. All the priests, male and female, who moved around her, intent upon the sacrifice, were robed in white. Silver instruments in a glass case gleamed pale and savage—the flash of ice across snow.

Sometimes she would slip for an instant under the spell of chloroform, and then pictures would come flocking into her mind: beautiful pallid women with faces of glazed pottery, Della Robbia virgins, passed in a straight procession, moaning as they went. "We are the sacrificial saints! We know no pain because we have never lived!" And somewhere around the corner a woman was writhing in agony. Virginia would awake from her dream to learn that the woman was herself.

There would come spells of rest between the spasms, and in these intervals minute objects stood out with special vividness. She noticed that Dr. Francis, who managed the anesthetics, had especially long lobes to his ears; she noticed that Dr. Havelock's white coat had a brown stain under the elbow—a stain that resembled the map of South America; she noticed that the enamel was chipping on an iron stand that held the instruments. This last discovery she confided to Myron Havelock, who seemed to relish the joke, for he winked over at Dr. Francis and spoke through his gauze mouth-mask, a promise that he'd report it to the superintendent.

Through it all she fought against an impulse to scream, to ease her feelings noisily as common women do. But pride held her to an ideal of stoicism; even in the supreme moment she rejected that behavior which her world condemned. As the pain marched across her again she knew that this must be the last. She could not live again through that brutality. More chloroform. This time it brought a fear that his child would be ruled by her obsession: it would be a red-haired plebeian like Lew's first wife.

A short, rather prickly built nurse who had come in now and then, bringing a certain air of authority, entered again just as the drug was clearing from Virginia's brain. Like the others, she wore her hair bound up in white cloth, but as she leaned over to set down the pan of dressings she had been carrying, the patient on the table observed her with eyes grown morbidly clear. At the back of the little nurse's head a lock of hair slipped into view. Against the white cloth it seemed to glow, red as fire. Virginia was not aware then that she screamed. It might have been the poor tortured woman around the corner.

LEW TYLER marked time in one of the small reception-rooms which the I. and M. Hospital had outfitted with chintz curtains and Chippendale furniture in one of institutionalism's attempts to be homelike. There were *National Geographic Magazines* on the table and in a corner a rack of encyclopedias—poor diversions indeed for the minds of distracted husbands. A large young man with squeaky shoes was pacing the rug, but to Lew he represented nothing more than an annoyance. He wanted to talk. Once he turned a heavy, sweaty face and complained through his nose. "It's a long time, ain't it?"

This seemed to require an answer, so Lew inquired, "What's a b—— of a way?"

"This getting born. Why, man, I wouldn't have hurt a hair of her head for a million dollars. And look what's happened! Do they let you smoke in here?"

"I don't think so."

Lew paced one way and his companion the other. Frequently some one in the corridor motioned to the large young man, who charged away like a bull rhinoceros, leaving Lew to attack the situation. There was one which especially annoyed him; it was entitled "Idle Hours" and represented a lover in the somewhat silly costume of the Directoire, smirking ecstatically as he held out a rosebud in such a way as to tickle the chin of a sheepishly pretty shepherdess. The lithographed prettiness of it revolted Lew to the point where he could have attacked it with his coat.

He wanted to smoke, but he was afraid to leave the room; more fiercely he wanted to drink; that could be managed by him, awaiting its chance. Lew resumed his pacing, round and round. The young man who had accompanied him in his restless promenade had said an appealing thing. He wouldn't have hurt a hair of her head. And look what's happened!

Lew's thoughts were all at loose ends, considering Jinny's ordeal and his status as a husband. He couldn't believe that she would die in childbirth, yet she had gone to the white room, convinced that it would mean her death. Jinny wasn't the whining sort.

So Meech Garrick had come to her and told her about Bussey. He might have told that himself, been more candid; he had never been able to talk frankly with Jinny about his past; it was too much like confessing a crime. Yet there were so many things he might have said before they rolled her on the ridiculous glass wagon. Would she have understood?

The day before he would have doubted it. Jealousy grows as deep as love, and Virginia seemed always to have shut her heart against Jessie. But how splendidly it had opened in that last good talk with her! He had never suspected that she could be so generous; her attitude toward poor Jessie had made a great difference; but even then how could she have understood the burning

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

Digitized by Google

Who picks the food she needs?

YOU can let the child pick the flowers, but the food-needs of a growing child are so vital that Mother herself must select her daughter's food.

Mother should know that oatmeal leads all cereals in food value, yet how many realize what a difference there is in rolled oats?

The superiority of H-O is due to an exclusive process of Steam-Cooking and Pan-Toasting the oats in the old-fashioned way.

The thorough Steam-Cooking in closed kettles at a temperature of 250 degrees, breaks down the starch cells to dextrinize the starch and make the oats digestible. Pan-Toasting in ovens over live coal fires, at a temperature of 650 degrees, produces that delicious H-O flavor.

H-O oats are plump, curly and brown—exclusive characteristics made possible only by the Steam-Cooking and Pan-Toasting process.

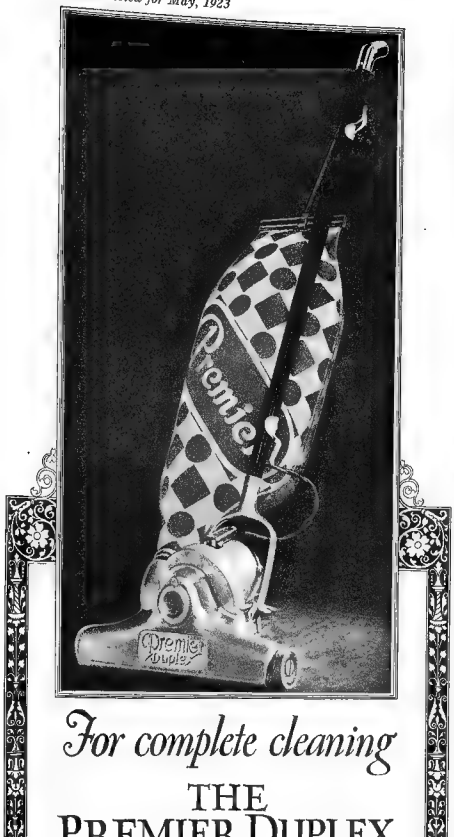
Oatmeal made from H-O (Hornby's Oats) has distinctive color, flavor and texture, unlike any other oats.

For free trial package, write the H-O Cereal Company, Inc., Department "A," Buffalo, N.Y., or Ayr, Ontario.

H-O OATS

Steam Cooked for HEALTH *Pan Toasted for* FLAVOR

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



For complete cleaning

THE PREMIER DUPLEX

Some electric vacuum cleaners are admirable in removing lint, threads and surface dust—some in getting the embedded dirt, assuring sanitation.

The PREMIER DUPLEX, combining both principles, gives the housewife a complete and reliable housecleaning machine for every purpose.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO.
Cleveland, Ohio.

Distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., and the Canadian General Electric Company, Ltd.

Mail This Coupon Today

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., DEPT. 104, [P. R.] Cleveland, O.
Please send me free color-booklet describing The PREMIER DUPLEX.

Name_____

Street Address_____ City_____

R. F. D._____ State_____ Telephone No._____

Digitized by Google

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

of his youth, the wastefulness of it, and the glory?

The half-hour in the little reception-room was a bad one for Lew; in its meaningless optimism he paced like a caged lion. "How generous she can be!" he kept thinking, "yet she doesn't want *me* for the father of her child. She wants the *idea* of me, the husband she has created in her mind." Cooling a little from the glow which her words had imparted, he remembered how her idea of him as a husband had been leading him away from fortune and into the obscure honor of an obscure diplomatic post. Her ambition for him had wrought havoc with his business.

That very afternoon there had been a disagreeable scene at the office. Mandelbush had come in, glowing with one of his "propositions"; it violated all the ethics of legitimate advertising, it was hilariously undignified, and it was backed by a combination of millions. He had never seen Buzzy so excited; but when his partner's lyric ecstasy was over Lew had said, quite without comment, that he had decided to quit the Institute for the diplomatic service. He had expected an outburst, framed in Buzzy's picturesque eloquence. Instead a sensitive look had come over his partner's usually leathery face, and without a word he had walked away. That, Lew realized, was the end.

He paused in his aimless march around the little room and for the twentieth time looked at his watch. Thirteen minutes past eight. Surely he had been waiting longer than that. Parting the curtains, he peered down on the slummy West Side street and saw the lamps bleared like drunkards' eyes, through the drizzly rain. On a night like this Buster had lain dead while his father was away dancing with Coleen. He had almost forgotten her name. People died on such nights, cold, wet nights with no mercy in the world. What could have happened to Virginia? Havelock had promised to come and let him know, yet the hall outside was quite deserted. Why didn't somebody tell him something?

LEW had plunged out of the door and started down the corridor when he saw Dr. Havelock coming toward him.

"Well, proud father!" he crowed, his face kindling like a schoolboy's.

"You don't seem to go——"

"It's a boy," announced Myron Havelock. "She insisted it *would* be, and I guess she wins."

"Is she—is it all right with her?"

"She had a fairly hard time." Havelock had brought out his cigaret-case and was looking hungrily toward an exit. "Really she came through remarkably well. She may run a little temperature to-morrow, but I don't look for any complications. She's had a good deal of chloroform, but if you want to see her—make it brief, will you?"

Lew was charging away when he heard the doctor's hearty voice coming after him, "Hurry up and look at your boy. He's certainly a Buster."

The door of the room was ajar, and Lew opened it cautiously to be greeted by the sweetish, morbid odor of the merciful drug. Miss Simmons, who had been arranging the blankets, looked up and smiled the triumphant smile of science. Virginia's eyes were closed and her cheeks were as white as the pillow; her black sheen of bobbed hair, tousled against the linen, gave her the look of a delicate, sleeping child.

He leaned over her, full of tenderness yet afraid to touch a thing so fragile. She must have known that he was there, for she opened her heavy eyes and smiled. "Hello, dear," she murmured, then, "Have you seen him? They say he's beautiful—"

Miss Simmons touched him lightly on the arm and signaled for him to go. But when he had tiptoed into the hall she glided after him. "Haven't you seen that wonderful son?" she scolded pleasantly.

"Why, no——" He had just begun to think of the baby.

"You fathers! You don't deserve to have so much done for you. I never saw a finer baby, except among the Swedes and Italians. You know where the nursery is? Go right down the hall and take the turn to the right. You'll find it easy enough by the noise." She chuckled and went back.

At the elbow of the corridor he knew unmistakably that the nursery was near; a chorus of thin wails arose without ceasing, such a clamor as guided Vergil through Hades into the Land of the Lost Souls. He crossed over to the glass-paneled door through which a nurse had just passed with a roll of blankets encircling young life. A peep into the busy room fascinated him and brought a strange embarrassment. Row upon row of bassinets were hung along the wall. In many of them he could see effin, brick-red faces, puckered in sleep or yawning wide open in the enjoyment of early grief. Several nurses were working at a central table, their faces gently maternal in spite of their businesslike movements. A small, rather plump nurse was kneeling by a bassinet in the corner, her head down, listening.

"Are you Mr. Tyler?"

He turned to see a young woman in undergraduate's blue.

"Why, yes. I——"

"You haven't seen him yet? My! He's a beautiful baby!" The I. and M. Hospital seemed to be unanimous on this point.

"Just a minute. I'll tell Mrs. Winkler."

She went inside and spoke to the plump woman who scarcely looked up from the basket. Her attitude, her concentration on the child, filled him with misgivings. Something was wrong with the baby, just as it had been with Buster at birth. He saw the white-clad arms reach down and lift out the woolen bundle. A memory and its attendant fear caused him to retreat halfway across the hall. A thought of the other boy, who had never had a chance, made him afraid to look.

Finally he turned and saw the short nurse standing beside the door. Her eyes were bent on the child she carried, but there was something vaguely reminiscent about the way her small, strong hand went down to tuck away the cloth from the baby's face.

"He's all right—" He began his sentence huskily, only to stop when the woman raised her eyes

It was Jessie.

HE NEVER knew how long he stood there, staring and wondering and trying to realize time's change. Her skin had coarsened, her body had grown thick and solid, there was a streak of gray in her fine red hair. Jessie had become a middle-aged woman, but the clear gray eyes with their violet rims were as beautiful as ever they had been in the days when they saw so much to try their patient spirit. Lew tried to speak, but his mouth had turned to ashes.

"I've been listening to his breathing." It was she who spoke first, her tone quite impersonal as she held Virginia's child against her breast.

"Jessie!" He tore the name roughly from his dry mouth, and was silent again while an orderly rumbled by with a hamper of towels.

"I wanted to be sure about his throat," she went on, quite professionally. Behind it all he could hear the voice he remembered. The pretty, nasal note was still there, discipline and discipline it as she would. "I don't think you'll find any trouble. He's absolutely sound."

"Yes, of course," he agreed stupidly, his eyes still on the face which had come before him like a vision cast up by the day's emotions.

"Perhaps you'd like to look at him," she suggested.

Lew gazed vaguely down at the little beet-red face, grimacing in sleep, miniature hands weakly folded. How can a doctor tell a perfect child from an idiot? is the thought of many a proud father, gazing for the first time upon his young.

"Fine baby! Fine!" he grinated. Lew's mind was beginning to clear from the shock of meeting, and his first thoughts brought a strong desire to talk with her as people sometimes long for converse with the dead.

But Jessie was already turning toward the nursery door with its undeniable sign, "Visitors Prohibited."

"Jessie," he began recklessly, "I can't tell you—I never expected to find you like this."

To this she might have answered, "How *would* you expect to find me?" That would have been like the old Jessie. Instead she laid a hand on the glass-paneled door and said:

"I've been a graduate nurse for over five years."

She pushed the swinging door a few inches, signal for him to go, but Lew followed her as the block her way.

"I've got to talk to you, Jessie."

"When?" Her clear eyes regarded him with the look of one accustomed to human weakness in every form.

"Now. I can't go away without talking to you."

She hesitated an instant; possibly it was his old domination over her that caused her to change her purpose in mid-channel.

"Wait here," she said, and went inside to lay the new Tyler baby in his basket.

THEY went silently together down the long corridor and took the narrow passage behind the elevator.

"We can go in the wait-room," she said, and led him into a glassy compartment which hung like a nest above the lower buildings to the east of the I. and M. Hospital.

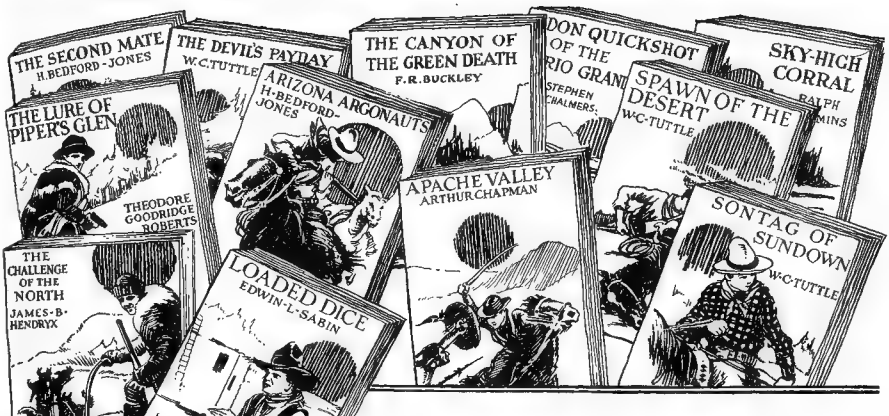
A lamp from the hall shed twilight in the room, whose transparent walls showed the nocturne of Manhattan. She stood at the glass, gazing out. Through the murky rain New York's jumbled detail was transformed into shapes of violet and gray, glowing with infinite jewels. Toward Columbus Circle a fabulous ruby flashed on and off; a tall building, illuminated by some electrical trick, burned watery blue like an aquamarine. To the east a giant golden rooster—a veritable *coq d'or*—stood luminous on the crown of a modern Babel's tower and aimed his fiery beak at the Hotel Pisa's mysterious outline. In the foreground an elevated train shuttled by, a rapid, businesslike glowworm. The city cast up her nimbus to the rainy heavens, and below a million fireflies, moveless, twinkling, orderly, opposed the night which it is man's nature to defy.

In the dimness Lew turned to the small woman beside him and remembered another

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

Orig nal from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

RED BLOODED, BANG-UP STORIES!



Don Quickshot of the Rio Grande — *Stephen Chalmers*

"Lookin' f'r Trouble is my middle name," said impulsive Pep, adventuring cowpuncher. And there on the border, among raiding Mexican bandits, train robbers, Texas rangers, a prairie fire—not to mention a pair of blue eyes—he did not have far to look.

Loaded Dice — *Edwin L. Sabin*

A romance of Texas, of the early days, when lives depended on the quickness of draw, and all the courage of the pioneers was needed to brave the perils they so fearlessly faced. A thrilling tale of men who were juggling with death.

Sontag of Sundown — *W. C. Tuttle*

The story of the question of ownership of the TJ ranch— a question which promoted bloodshed and a war of no mean caliber. The cowpunchers of this story will live long in your memory for their originality and enterprise. They are men whose best friends were their nerve and their gun.

Spawn of the Desert — *W. C. Tuttle*

A tale of Calico Town:
Where men lived raw in the desert's maw, and Hell was nothing to shun, where they buried 'em neat, without preacher or sheet, and writ on their tombstone, crude but sweet:
"This jasper was slow with his gun."

Arizona Argonauts — *H. Bedford-Jones*

Three adventurers whose fortune in the Arizona desert led through drought and danger to the goal they sought—gold, free gold, the gold of which they had always dreamed. They were men quick on the trigger who loved to face odds.

The Lure of Piper's Glen — *Theodore Goodridge Roberts*

It was the lure of all the great timber country of the North, of plentiful game and of the clear wind from the great plains. The call came South; young Jim Todhunter heard it, and a great tide of life in the North caught him up—to bring adventure a-plenty.

Apache Valley — *Arthur Chapman*

A story of a cattle war in the Southwest, with all it means—terror and blood feud—always by night and day; rustling and stealthy murder. And through it all are woven the lives of true men as well as thieves, men whose lives reflected the glories of the land they protected.

The Challenge of the North — *James B. Hendryx*

This is a story of the call of the great Northland; of purposes and cross purposes; of true men and of "bad" men; and of big deals and pioneering triumphs. A tale of the North which holds for the young, the strong and the brave, adventures that are countless.

The Second Mate — *H. Bedford-Jones*

Peril and mutiny on the China Seas. When every scupper was running red, and with two white women at the mercy of a villainous crew composed of the sweepings of the outermost islands, Jim Barnes realized the gage of desperate battle he had accepted when he signed on as second mate of the Sulu Queen.

The Devil's Payday — *W. C. Tuttle*

A sky of brass, the sun a flame,
And the land no place to dwell;
The only spot that God forgot,
A hunk of earth, so doggone hot,
That it still belongs to Hell.

The Canyon of the Green Death — *F. R. Buckley*

Who were the devils in human form, whose haunt was the lost barranca? Invisible, terrible, they brought the redoubtable young officer of the law to a strange dilemma. The law of the land commanded him not to desert his prisoners; the law of the desert ordained that he stand by his companions. Which did the Fates decree he should obey?

Sky-High Corral — *Ralph Cummins*

A yarn of the unending feuds between cattlemen and forest rangers; of the forest fires, grazing herds and bitter fights at timberline. Yet in the end our gallant young ranger, through ordeal of battles, fire and blood, brought the old timers to see that the new ways of forest conservation are best.

Thrills on Every Page

12 Big Bully Books $1.98 For All

Every One a Ripsnorter!

Exciting? You'll say so! 12 red-blooded tales. Real thrills on every page. You whirl along breathlessly from climax to climax. Smashing, unexpected endings make you gasp. Never a slow evening if you own these books. Just like being a cowboy, a prospector, a dare-devil adventurer yourself. Every story a "humdinger."

Live the life of the big open Western world — among hairy-chested, hard-fighting frontiersmen who tramp, ride, camp, scheme, love and hate—yes, and sometimes shoot to kill! Live among them in Adventure-land! These fascinating, gripping stories will pick you up, and whirl you bodily into the "gun-toting" life of the West—the bad old, glad old West. Every one of these books will make you "hold on to your chair."

SEND NO MONEY

You can get this whole library of 12 fascinating, nerve-tightening books for about 10c each. The whole set sent to you right now—without sending a penny in advance. But listen! The night these books come you won't sleep! You're just BOUND to finish the one you start—if it takes till 3 A. M. You can't be lonesome or out of amusement while you have these smashing stories in your home. YET EVERY STORY IS CLEAN AND WHOLESOME—nothing that should not be read by any boy or girl.

Get this whole library right away. Don't send any money. Just your name and address on the handy coupon, and mail it. The whole 12 of these splendid books, each printed on good paper and each with a striking cover in full color, will be sent to you promptly. Just pay $1.98, plus a few cents postage, to the postman who delivers the books, and they are yours. There are no other payments of any kind. Each book complete. If you are in any way dissatisfied, send them back to us—and we will send back your money in full.

Stake yourself to a whole lot of pleasant evenings! Think of it! Twelve novels for only $1.98—and you take no risk. Take up this offer right now, for it may not be repeated in this magazine. Send the coupon today—NOW!

MAIL THIS QUICK!—12 GREAT BOOKS!

Garden City Publishing Co., Inc.
Dept. W-715
Garden City, N.Y.:

You may send me the 12 volumes of Western stories by Hendryx, Tuttle and other famous authors. I will pay the postman only $1.98 (plus postage) on delivery. It is understood that I may return these books, if I desire, within five days and receive my money back promptly.

GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO., INC.
Garden City, New York
Dept. W-715

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Our Store Comes to 20,000 Homes Daily

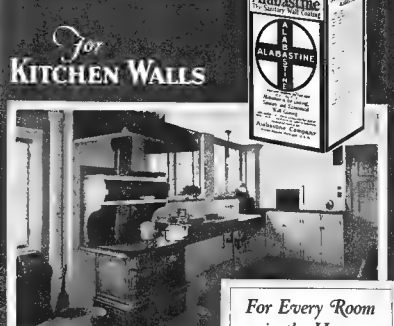
We welcome your request for a free trial of the ROTAREX Electric Washer or the ROTAREX Home Double Roll Ironer, or both, right in your home. Write for descriptive folders.

With the specially trained organization of Apex-Rotarex house-to-house demonstrators a new advance in retail merchandising service is achieved. More and more women are coming to realize the advantages of having the electrical appliance store brought to their homes.

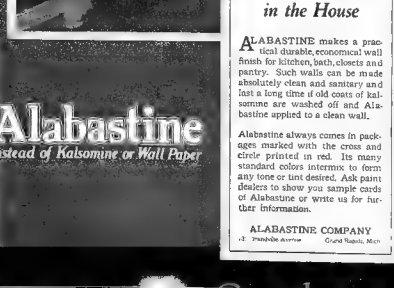
The chance to examine the Apex Cleaner at your leisure, without the bother of dressing for a "shopping tour," to hear its famous inclined and divided nozzle explained, to test it in your own hands and to estimate for yourself how many hours of time and work you could save each week with its help—that is the opportunity our representatives extend to you at your own door.

THE APEX ELECTRICAL DISTRIBUTING CO.
1067 East 152nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio
Canadian Factory: Apex Electrical Mfg. Co., Limited
108 Atlantic Ave., Toronto, Ont.

EVERY PACKAGE OF ALABASTINE HAS THE CROSS AND CIRCLE PRINTED IN RED



For KITCHEN WALLS



For Every Room in the House

ALABASTINE makes a practical durable, economical wall finish for kitchen, bath, closets and pantry. Such walls can be made absolutely clean and sanitary and last a long time if old coats of kalsomine are washed off and Alabastine applied to a clean wall.

Alabastine always comes in packages marked with the cross and circle printed in red. Its many standard colors intermix to form any tone or tint desired. Ask paint dealers to show you sample cards of Alabastine or write us for further information.

Alabastine
Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

ALABASTINE COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Jessie who had loved to gaze across a flowery back yard and view a sphinx-head cliff beyond the blue-gray waters. He wondered if she still thought about California.

"What was it you wanted to say, Lew?" she asked in the trained, practical voice of this new Jessie.

"It's been so long since I've seen you," he began, clumsily enough.

"Nearly nine years," she said.

"And I've wondered a lot—just what happened to you. You went out so completely and never let me provide——"

"No." Her tone was quite dispassionate. "I didn't want that. I knew I could take care of myself."

"You must have had some hard times."

"A little, at first. But I've always managed. I went into a school for nurses as soon as I could after Buster died." There was no change in her inflection at the name of the child who had been her tragedy. "The work seemed best for me, somehow. You see, I wanted to be with children and see if I couldn't help, maybe. It seemed so unnecessary, the way he died."

"I tried to find you," he said, "but nobody seemed to know anything. Meech Garrick dropped out of sight, and I thought for a while that you'd married him."

"No. I've never seen him since."

"Do you know your father's dead?"

"Yes." Her steely vagueness had used to birth and death to feel sadness any more. "You know, I thought once or twice of coming back to you."

"Jessie!" He touched her hand, but it was quite unresponsive.

"I lost track of you for several years. Then right after the War I found where you lived, and I had a queer feeling that maybe we might make it up. But I couldn't come to the point of writing to you—and a little later I heard you were married; I knew your wife wouldn't like my knowing you. I'm glad, Lew, that you've married such a nice girl." For the first time her voice fluttered.

"You've seen her?" he asked, feeling a new embarrassment.

"I worked with Dr. Havelock part of the time during the confinement. She had a hard time, but she was very brave. I couldn't have stood so much—do you remember how I carried on when Buster was born?"

"You were always brave," he said.

"I've learned a lot since then," she answered irrelevantly. "But about your baby. Don't worry about him, Lew. He'll never have any of the trouble that killed Buster—that was an enlarged thymus, you know. He'll grow up straight and strong."

"Jessie," he said, clearing his throat, "I've never told anybody—I didn't think I could tell even you. But I've never forgiven myself."

"About Buster?" In the dim light he could see her gray eyes open wide. "Don't feel responsible for that any more, my dear. I blamed it all to you the night I left—I was pretty bitter and wild then. But it wasn't your fault about Buster, Lew. I've seen hundreds of cases like his since, and I know the doctors can't help much. Nobody can."

He was about to voice his relief when she repeated, as if to herself, "It might have been your fault, the way you behaved. But it wasn't."

"I've always wanted to do something to make amends," he declared, but Jessie had turned again toward Manhattan's electric night. She gave him a sensation of speaking to a disembodied spirit, one who forgives the freaks of man as one would the freaks of nature. How could she blame him for the weather, scold him for the rain or praise him for the sunshine?

"Are you happy here?" he asked.

"Happy?" She laughed, but it was not Jessie Tyler's laugh. "Grown-up people don't worry about such things. I'm myself, and that's all that counts. For the first time in my life I seem to be doing my job. I was dad's Jessie for a while. Then I was your Jessie."

"And now?"

"I'm my own Jessie."

She paused again and he said, fighting his embarrassment: "I'm doing pretty well now—in my business, I mean. I never did the right thing by you. Won't you let me —well, make some sort of provision——"

"For me?" There was no scorn in that question—only surprize. "Lew, everything's all right with me. I have more than enough. I don't suppose you know it, but I'm assistant superintendent here now. It isn't so much what I make, but I'm dreadfully ambitious."

LEW TYLER couldn't understand this Jessie; there was something unhuman about her, yet there still lurked in her traces of the humanest woman he had ever known. "I'm glad you told me that about Buster," he insisted. "I wasn't a good father, and I only hope I can make up for it this time." He hesitated, then asked, "Don't you hate me, Jessie?"

"Hate you?" The spirit gazed upon him with clear eyes. "Lew, I left you because I couldn't do anything more for you. There was nothing in it for either of us. But we loved when we were young, Lew—and you don't forget that kind of love. That's life."

The thought died on her lips, and she studied him a long time out of the gloom.

"It's wonderful what she's done for you," she said at last.

That he should have heard it from Jessie! "Do you think I've changed much?"

"You look like a man now. You weren't always that, when——"

"No." The noise of the black spirit, howling to God from his deep well, came again to his ears. He stilled it with a question. "Jessie, what's that you said about being ambitious?"

"You really want to hear? It isn't much I can do." Something like fanaticism stiffened her lips as she tried to define her ambition. "Buster's been dead so long, yet they're still as ignorant as they were about what killed him. I've seen so many little children die of it! I'm not sure I could do any good, except to concentrate what little knowledge we have. I want to have a hospital of my own, Lew. Not a big one—a little one would be much better. Dr. Boling knows more about the thymus gland than any other American nowadays—he could head our staff. We could get all the best men together to work on this one thing. I'm sure we could save a great many cases right now, and some day——"

"It would cost a great deal of money," said Lew.

"Yes. It takes years to arouse people to a point where they'll do much. I'm not in a position, exactly, to interest rich people. But it's just a dream I have, and I can't help feeling that it's somehow——" She paused for the word which Lew supplied.

"Justice," he said.

"Yes. I think it would be that."

"Jessie," he asked almost under his breath, "would having such a hospital make you feel any better about—about what's gone?"

For the first time during their interview she seemed to lose her poise. Her hands came together and she bowed her head. Light footsteps were heard coming down the cork matting of the hall and a white-clad figure hurried by the square of light outside. That seemed to break the spell.

"I must go now," she said, looking up at him with the reserve, unemotional smile of the trained nurse. "Good-by, Lew. It was nice to see you."

She held out her hand, and as Lew retained her fingers, sure for the first time that this Jessie was real and not a wraith out of the misty night, the thought came to him, "Can a man love two women at the same time?" Most men have asked themselves that question, at least once in their lives.

His face was very close to hers, and in the uncertain light he could see the little mole, teasing as a love-patch, at the corner of her mouth. Memories of youth and of Berkeley moonlight, hot-as Spain around the shadows of a live-oak tree. Whanging of a banjo and glint of gray eyes adoring him with a young girl's modest passion.

She made no resistance when he kissed her sensible, middle-aged, pathetic mouth, but the touch was as unresponsive as that we feel when we try to press our lips upon the calm, unsuffering forehead of our dead.

"Good-by, Lew," she repeated pleasantly, and left him in a daze.

VIRGINIA was asleep when he went into her room. How young and sweet she looked as she lay there, her face unmarked by the suffering she had just endured. A tenderness came over him, a feeling of possession, of partnership. He and Virginia were on the same spiritual plane, he felt. And Jessie? She was somewhere on a mountain-top. Suddenly he realized what the mystics mean when they speak of "spiritual advance ment." She had gone beyond him; peaks and peaks beyond. She was no longer a bodily thing for him, for any one. Virginia was flesh; flesh to be loved, flesh to enjoy, the pleasant things of life. Jessie was flame. It was as impossible for him to understand her now as for the awe-stricken Greek to understand that element through which the pythoness spoke her riddles.

He gazed down at the head on the pillow, girlish and tousle-haired. In spite of her artificial environment there had always been something vital, passionately human about Virginia. And the question came to him: Without that youth which Jessie had shared with him would he have known how to go on and lead his life with Virginia? The glimpse of Jessie and the sound of her voice quieted something in his heart. He had thought of her so long as a lovely feminine creature, desirable to a man. And he had found in her only—a flame. A flame, that was it—so far above him that it was impossible for him to realize that they had once enjoyed things in common. Had they ever had much in common? He wondered.

"Better let her rest till morning," he heard Miss Simmons whisper at his shoulder. Lew nodded and tiptoed out into the hall. Once away from Jinny's atmosphere, he pulled himself together with the memory that he had important business to finish before the evening was done.

Down on the ground floor he asked the switchboard-operator to call a taxicab. His order came so impatiently that the girl scowled and shuffled her gum. His heart was awake, ambition was surging through his veins; or was he restless with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

DODGE BROTHERS
TOURING CAR

As Summer days approach, the demand for Dodge Brothers Touring Car mounts swiftly.

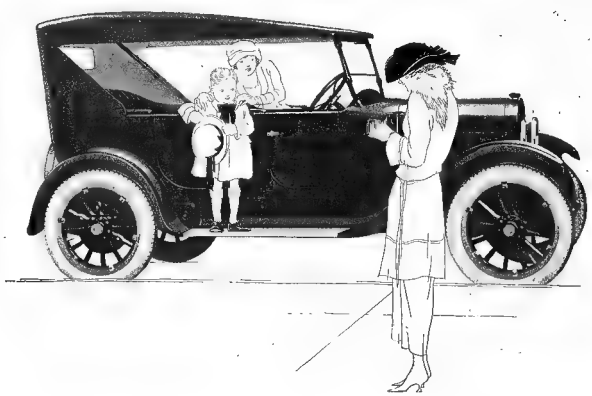
Dodge Brothers one problem, at present, is not how many Touring Cars they can sell, but how many they can build.

Never was public approval of Dodge Brothers product more obvious, and never was it more richly deserved.

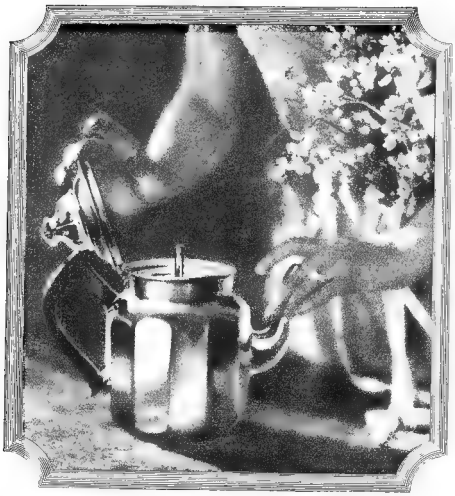
Improvements, rarely spoken of but constantly being made, have brought the car to a state of perfection which can only be described as remarkable, even for Dodge Brothers.

Every part which takes a major strain is built of chrome vanadium steel. Many more pieces of alloy steel are used in vital parts than normal wear requires.

The price is $880 f. o. b. Detroit



Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Orange Blossoms Bring MIRRO Showers

The happy bride-to-be who is showered with *Mirro*, The Finest Aluminum, achieves in a moment the goal of a Mirro-equipped kitchen: the goal to which her less fortunate friends must win by slow degrees as they replace with Mirro, piece by piece, the decrepit and dejected kitchen things with which they simply can live no longer.

What a joy it is to *start* with nothing but Mirro! A Mirro shower casts a silvery lustre over the vision of a livable, lovable kitchen that is in the heart of every young woman as she steps upon the stage in her great rôle of home-maker.

Beauty, convenience, and durability join hands to make Mirro the perfect wedding gift—a gift for the years. Mirro is thick and tough and strong. Its hard, smooth surface resists denting and scratching and is always easy to clean.

For Mirro showers and equally welcome gifts of individual Mirro articles, the fine stores that sell Mirro are replete with suggestions from the remarkably complete Mirro line—and are ready to prove to you that Mirro is as economical to buy as it is to own. Let us send you our Miniature Catalog No. A14, picturing many interesting Mirro articles.

A Favorite Gift
The Mirro Percolator

Here are the features of design and workmanship that distinguish this handsome percolator:

1 Beautiful Colonial design, with glass top to match. (Also made in plain round design.)

2 Shapely ebonized handle, replaceable.

3 Smoothly pouring spout, welded on.

4 Tightly rolled bead, leaving no crevices to accumulate dirt

5 Sanitary, rust-proof, nickel-plated brass hinge.

6 Lustrous Mirro finish—silvery beauty.

7 Celebrated Mirro trade-mark stamped into bottom—your guaranty of excellence throughout.

NOTE: The three-piece inset is easily cleaned. There is a "spreader" to insure even percolation. The tube is double, for strength. Perforated loose cover on cup prevents grounds from boiling over.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO
The Finest Aluminum

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

the criminal's feeling that he must strike quickly before courage died? Some sluggish enchantment seemed to have been lifted from Lew Tyler.

When the cab came he rasped out a familiar address in West Seventy-second Street. He knew that Buzzy would be at home, for Friday was the Mandelbushes' regular evening for poker. Through the sloppy streets the taxicab forged ahead, miles behind its passenger's raging thoughts. Under the elevated road a florist's bright window caught his eye. He pounded on the driver's window so roughly that the glass trembled at the breaking-point.

American beauty roses, he found, were fifteen dollars a dozen, and he ordered two dozen for Virginia. It was characteristic of Lew to order twice as much of anything as the occasion demanded. He thought of flowers for Jessie, too, but changed his mind. He had better than flowers for her.

Better than flowers.

Lew was again in the taxicab, slushing along the West Side, under the elevated road. He pictured in his excited mind just what Buzzy would say when he heard of his decision to stay in the advertising business, to stop at nothing, to "go after the coin with both feet," as Buzzy would say. At the news of the bet by Buzzy would, of course, offer to open a bottle of champagne. Lew wouldn't make any objection this time. The thought made his throat dry with the thirst which had lingered during nine penitential years.

As his cab was rounding the gaudy crescent of Columbus Circle another thought assailed its restless passenger. To continue with Mandelbush would, of course, mean violation of Virginia's ideal; she might pretend to agree with him, but he knew that she could never look upon the Institute as anything less than defilement. On the other hand, Jessie must have her hospital; that meant money—lots of it. If he went away with Virginia to a life of genteel poverty in the diplomatic service, what would become of Jessie's fine ambition? She might find the money somewhere. Probably not.

The taxicab went racketing into upper Broadway, Lew's destiny in its power. "I owe Jessie so much," he was thinking. Jinny had told him that when death seemed very near. He considered her words, full of forgiveness and pity. He had a debt to Virginia, too. It was no fault of hers that her life had been easy; she had given him all she knew how to give.

Both women had suffered to bear him children. He had once thought Virginia narrow and a little intolerant. There he had done her an injustice; his last talk with her had shown him that she could be generous.

Indeed she could be generous. Yet what a brave little thing Jessie had turned out to be—just what he had expected of her! But Virginia could be generous. That bedside talk with her had changed something. Their sympathies had interlocked at last; he could make her understand now. Perhaps in a week or so, when she was stronger, he could tell her about Jessie, ask her advice.

For Jinny was his wife, and he felt confident that she would realize how much he owed to Jessie and to the memory of a child who bore but his name. He had new faith in Jinny. She would help him pay his debt.

THE END

Having decided whether Lew Tyler truly loved both Jessie and Virginia, turn now to another fiction feast, Joseph C. Lincoln's splendid new Cape Cod story, "Doctor Nye of North Ostable," which begins on page 5 of this issue and will be complete in four numbers. The most popular "read aloud" novels in America are those of Mr Lincoln.

KATINKA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

sunlight. Let Katinka laugh! He stamped off to the wood-shed and chopped wood furiously for two hours.

Matushka came out and saw his coarse shirt dripping with perspiration, and his hair wet as if he had just come from a plunge in the lake. Matushka watched him a long moment with her sharp old eyes.

"Are you racing with any one, Sergeyous?" she asked.

"No! Why?" He stood up carefully a thick log on the chopping-block and contemplated it with special attention, the while leaning on the handle of the ax. "Why, Matushka?"

"You seem to be in burning haste," she said. "But perhaps you are figuring on going to the city earlier this Fall."

Sergey's ax flashed over his head and laid open the log as if it were merely glued.

"I may not go at all, this year," he panted, fitting the log together again for further splitting. "I wish now, Matushka, I had the whole portion of land to work. There is not enough to do."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

ACE
TRADE MARK

They come to you *sealed*.

Ace Quality Combs are enclosed in sanitary containers—either transparent envelopes or dust-proof boxes. They are clean when they reach you, and they can be kept clean.

For every member of the family, for every need and taste, there is an Ace Quality Comb.

You will find an assortment at drug and department stores.

HERCULES
Princess
Unbreakable
GOODYEAR 1851
are leading brands of

ACE COMBS
For Men and Women

Manufactured by
American Hard Rubber Company

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

KATINKA: *By Rose Gollup Cohen*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

That's it, he told himself. He had not enough to do. Matushka's garden and the one hay-field were not enough to keep him busy. Aloud he said,

"But next Fall the five years will expire. I won't rent the land out again. I'll till it myself now."

Matushka stared at him. For five years every Fall he had gone off to the city. And now he did not know whether he would go! He wanted his land back! He used to want nothing but his freedom, to go and come as he pleased. Matushka stared, nodded, and went back to the house.

Sergey continued to split wood. Then he went to a secluded part of the lake, swam back and forth several times, came home and dressed in clean linen, fresh birch-bark sandals, and tied a red girdle about his waist. Sergey always wore a red girdle. His soul, his whole being demanded that flash of color. It satisfied his innermost vanity.

Geared out, he went and sat on the bench against the house. He smoked his pipe and made a fine pretense of not looking over at the hut by the lake. Katinka would be going forth at this time to pick berries and wild spinach. So often he had watched her go from here, skip forth like a young deer, or steal out like a little prisoner from the hut where she was kept in by her weaving and also that she might not offend the women of the village who were all day at the lake bleaching linen and could look right over. Sometimes he had gone earlier while the sun still hung over the meadow as it did now. He sat on the door-step while she was at the loom and the baby was asleep in the cradle. He sat on the door-step, and talked to her, and gazed out at the fields softened in the waning light, looking curiously unreal. The trees cast lengthening shadows as they did now, with the afternoon gone.

He had told her about his wanderings and she had laughed quietly over the funny parts, and talked to him about her work and the fields outside, but never about herself. He knew nothing of her life. She never asked him to come, and when he stood up to go she never asked him to remain. How could he have known when Katinka herself was not aware of the softened glance that followed him from her eyes? He turned stubbornly away from the hut until his back was entirely upon it and his face to the road.

THO the red sun still lingered the peasants were already on their way home from the fields, because it was Saturday. Young Andrei was coming by with a load of hay and stopped before the gate.

"I see you are rigged out for the dance to-night," he called down from the top of his hay-wagon. "Lucky fellow with so little to do."

Sergey took his pipe from his mouth, "I am not going," he said. Young Andrei stared, then laughed.

"A fine joke! Four '*croshi*,' four beauties, are coming from Kopechosk and you are not going to the dance. You are joking!"

"This is no joke," frowned Sergey; "I am not going," and he replaced his pipe

Andrei leaned forward, scrutinized Sergey, saw that he was in earnest and in a bad humor. Perhaps he was not altogether sorry that Sergey was not going. Sergey was too good-looking, and too accomplished with his four years in "*shushka*" and all the roaming he had done. He could describe Sabinka, the beautiful lake, and forest, and golden fields as tho he were reading from a book, and gave himself airs, besides, about being able to write his name without sitting down to it. Also, in company, he always rolled a cigaret, instead of smoking his pipe. It was hard for the rest of them to keep the attention of the girls when Sergey was about. Andrei did not urge. He might even have been glad to be glad that it took him off his guard and he began to joke.

"As you like. But perhaps you are in love with that little stranger." He looked over at the hut. "*Mariya svetaya!* A sacred maiden! She notices no one!" He laughed significantly. "But you, Sergey—lucky——"

Sergey took his pipe from his mouth, aimed and spat a good three yards away. "Talk!" he said. "Go on talking!" He sent a glance up at the hay-load. Young Andrei's mouth shut with a snap.

The fact was that the peasants resented Katinka's settling in the empty hut.

"She is no fit example for our sons and daughters," they grumbled over their *vodka*. But neither could they chase her away, because she was under the protection of Matushka and Sergey. Two people whom no one cared to offend. Matushka knew more of children's diseases than any other old Matushka in Sabinka. And Sergey was a neighbor from whom one could borrow any tool in his shack. But truer than this was the fact that no one cared to match fists with Sergey, who was the strongest peasant in the village.

Young Andrei, who was off his guard a moment, cut his joke right in the middle. He even began to pretend that he had said nothing apart from the dance.

"As you like, Sergey, of course; what could a dance be more or less to you, with all you have seen of the great world?" He whipped his horses and ducked his head to avoid a branch hanging over the road.

Sergey sat, his back still turned on the hut. He knocked the ashes from his pipe, put it deep into his pocket, rose carelessly, stretched to his full height, but emitted a groan that showed anything but well-being. Then, with a "may the devil take it" air, he took the little footpath leading down to the hut. Very well, he thought. He would marry Katinka; that's all! But suddenly her uplifted face accosted him, her joyous face, her eyes full of laughter as he had so often seen her. He was tormented. He could not exactly understand why, or understood vaguely.

The hill toward the lake was too steep for easy walking. One had to swing down it. And Sergey, as he went, had an air of running, as if he were in hot haste. Reaching the fence he leaped over it and stood at one side of the house, and saw, to his amazement, that Katinka had cut the weeds and gathered them into a heap. He had often wanted to cut them but she would not let him. "I'll do it myself," she had told him. "I want to do it myself." She had waited, then, to trade her foodstuffs for a scythe, and now she had cut the weeds. And spread on the stumps here and there, were the baby's tiny shirts laid to bleach. He thought resentfully that every time he came she had something new done about the house. It began to gnaw him—her independence. Where was Katinka?

HE WENT around to the front. The door, as usual, stood open. He looked in. Katinka was not there. The room was orderly and bright as always. A sweet aroma arose from the long, slender green flag on the floor, freshly spread for Sunday. The baby was sleeping in the deep cradle. Where was Katinka? He became aware of a dull thumping on the other side of the house and he started around. "Katinka?" Her quiet laughter greeted him before he turned the corner. He saw her, holding a stout pole in her hands. Other poles lay at her feet. She was dressed in clean linen and fresh sandals, and there was her black shining braid. But the face Katinka turned was red and dripping with perspiration. Her eyes laughed. What was she doing now, he frowned.

"What are you doing, Katinka?" he asked as he came over. The poles lying at her feet were so jaggedly sharpened, in a way that made his man's eyes ache to see. And with the huge one she held in her hands she was aiming to drive into a hole she had made, aiming as truly, he thought, as a blind horse into a ditch.

"What are you doing?" he repeated. He was not aware of the severity, or the proprietorship in his tone. But Katinka did not seem to be, either. Her eyes smiled up at him. She was half his height.

"A babushka," she said, "has promised me a tiny pig for some weaving. I am fencing off a bit of earth for him."

He was looking into her eyes as she spoke. There she was, he thought, still building her home, her life Now, she would have a pig, too, a complete household!

Suddenly he knew the color of her eyes. That meadow on an early morning, green, the dew, and the sun upon it! How was it he had never thought of it before? It was her coloring, now, that brought it out; her heated face and black hair. He stood looking at her dumbly, his hands clasped in the back, his heart thumping.

"You can not do it," he said slowly, controlling his voice. "You'd better let me."

"Yes, yes, I can," she said calmly. "I must do it myself. I want to! One should be able to do everything—because—because one never can tell what one may have to do." Her face had grown very earnest This was the first time he was seeing her so earnest. She did not look eighteen now, but much older. This was all he knew of her past, this look, what her words suggested.

"Listen to me, Katinka," he said with intensity. "You can't do it—because—this is not a woman's work."

She laughed quietly, again light-hearted. "I can, I can do everything." She aimed into the hole with a great expulsion of breath and then looked at him brightly.

"I tell you, Sergey, it is wonderful to do this heavy work, drive a pole into the earth. It makes you feel your strength, your power. You feel your life."

She aimed once more and the pole remained planted firmly in the ground. She pushed the earth closely about it and stamped it down with her sandal. Then she looked at him and her green eyes laughed, her eyes of dew, and sunlight.

It was hard, harder this day, for him to stand about and see her doing things independently—of him.

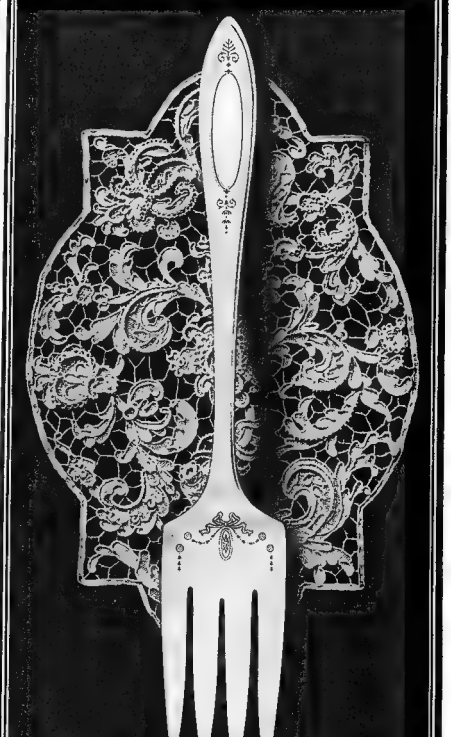
"This is all I'll do to-night," she said, glancing up at the sky. "The sun has set. Sunday has come." She went around to the door, and stopped there, folding her arms with an air as if she expected him to go.

"Why don't you ask me to sit down?" he said bluntly.

"Be—because," she stammered, "I never have. I never have because—no one else ever comes."

True. But now it stung him that she did not ask him because of the decision in his mind. Up to now he had understood her scruples. But now it hurt him. He was also miserable that he did not know how to speak to her, how to tell her. It was much harder than he had expected. What

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57



COMMUNITY PLATE

FOR luncheon or for the delightful informal supper, one finds oneself increasingly grateful for the deft convenience of this dainty Cold Meat Fork in Community Plate.

Indeed the Cold Meat Fork is only one of the many Community Correct Service Pieces which the hostess of today deems essential to the appointment of her table.

Cold Meat Fork $2.25

ONEIDA COMMUNITY MADE

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

WHAT MAKES THE WOMAN OF DISTINCTION

BY MARGARET W. WATSON

RECENTLY, at a meeting of a prominent women's organization, the truth came home to me with painful clearness that among the women one sees at gatherings of this kind, only a very small proportion are at all distinguished in appearance.

There they were, young women and old, smiling and bowing, laughing and chatting, all of them dressed with the evident desire of appearing their best, and yet out of the hundred or more that were present not more than a dozen held the attention, or made one think to oneself, "Here is a woman with real personality and charm."

Altho there were doubtless many charming women there, and clever ones too, the general impression they conveyed was one of more or less uniform mediocrity of appearance.

Why should this have been so?

Leaving aside the important matter of dress, which may not be considered here, the answers to this question lie in the following facts: few of the women present—and let me repeat that this was a fairly representative gathering of women in comfortable circumstances—had really good figures or held themselves properly; few had their hair arranged to the best advantage; many had too much rouge and powder on their faces, or too little; some were quite unnecessarily faded and wrinkled, and few, oh, very few, had a truly agreeable and musical speaking voice.

When I mentioned this fact to a friend who prides herself upon being intellectual rather than good-looking, she said:

"Oh, my dear, you are too fussy. What does it matter, after all, whether a woman is a bit too stout or too thin, or wears her hair in a bang or a bob? We can't all go about studying our types to the *n*th degree and worrying whether the powder on our noses is the exact shade to match our temperament."

"Well, of course," I replied, "if you look at it in that way, I suppose nothing really matters. What does it matter how the dinner-table looks as long as there is a dinner, or what color curtains you put beside the green wall-paper in the library, or whether a red-haired girl wears a pink dress or a blue one? Still, it seems to me that all these things do matter, and upon the choice we make in them depends whether we give delight or annoyance to those about us."

IF THE defects I have mentioned cause some of us considerable irritation it is because we realize that they are, as a rule, the result of indifference, laziness, or lack of intelligence. Take the matter of the good or bad figure, for example. Daily exercise and sensible eating will improve the worst figure.

Much can also be done by the wearing of a well-fitted corset. No woman need hold herself badly or wear corsets that rob her of any grace she may possess. The day is past when the corset was a kind of straitjacket in which women enclosed themselves for better or for worse. The well-made corset of to-day leaves the body with its natural freedom and elasticity and, at the same time, helps to give it more flowing and better lines. Choose your corset with intelligence and half the problem of looking well dressed will be solved. It is ludicrous to see the attention some women bestow on all the small details of their dress, while the fundamental lines are entirely wrong.

Even more important than the figure, at times, in the matter of the general appearance of a woman, is the arrangement of the hair. I remember a certain magnificent old lady who impressed every one with her distinguished appearance. She was very stout, to be sure, and had long since ceased to care about matters of waist-line or hip-measure, nevertheless she was delightful to look upon. The charm of her, apart from her personality, lay not so much in the fact that she was always dressed with daintiness and taste, but in the arrangement of her beautiful white hair, which was worn so as to bring out all the fine lines of her head.

In the matter of hair arrangement, it is, above all things, necessary to study one's own type. Is your face long or wide? Do you need to suggest height, or to appear less tall? Do you require a softening line about the forehead, or do you look better with your hair drawn back in a more severe way? No matter how handsome or expensive a hat a woman may be wearing, if her hair is not properly arranged she may as well resign herself to looking ill-groomed and unattractive.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

DOROTHY GISH, AN EXAMPLE OF "REAL PERSONALITY AND CHARM"

Are you one of those lucky women blessed with naturally wavy hair that always stays put or must you perform the eternal rite of putting it up every night if you would "be beautiful" the next day? Many kinds of curlers and wavers are to be had; the choice is entirely a matter of personal taste.

Then there is that wonderful time-saver, the permanent wave, which is the joy of so many women who have found what a convenience it is. A "permanent" can even be had at home these days by those who are lucky enough to have the home equipment for putting it in. No matter how you manage it, by all means have a wave of some kind, unless you are good-looking enough to affect a severe straight-hair arrangement.

Hairnets and extra hairpins are good safeguards. Keep two or three hairpins where you can readily get at them in case a stray lock threatens to make you look frowzy and frumpy.

Study the matter of hair-ornaments carefully. If combs, large pins, bands, etc., are becoming to your type wear them; if not, avoid them as you would the measles. No matter how beautiful they may be in themselves, nor however much they may lend charm to another woman, leave them alone unless you are convinced that they are becoming.

The question of the complexion is one that greatly influences the whole matter of the effect which a woman conveys. There are few women to-day who do not use powder or rouge of some kind, and yet not half the women we see know how to use these aids to beauty. The "made-up" appearance that results from the wrong shade of rouge or from the too free application of rouge or powder is disastrous. On the other hand, the look of shining indifference that some skins have is not desirable either. If a woman does not possess a naturally beautiful skin she should see to it that by the care she gives it all possible defects are remedied.

The slight touch of color in the cheeks that gives charm to the complexion, at the same time adds brilliancy to the eyes. It is around the eyes that age first begins to show. I notice as I look about me how many women, through neglect and improper care of the eyes, have allowed all beauty to depart from them. Certainly that freshness and perfectness which we see in the skin of youth can not be indefinitely preserved, but the deep folds and many tiny wrinkles one sees below and at the corners of so many eyes are to a large extent avoidable.

Eye-strain is the cause of many of these disfiguring lines. Have your eyes examined by an efficient oculist if you are aware of the least fatigue when reading. Rest-glasses and eye-lotions, massage with creams and astringent preparations, will do much to improve the beauty of the eyes. When one considers how delicate and sensitive the eyes are and how constantly they are exposed to wind, dust, too brilliant or too insufficient light, one will readily understand that they need a certain amount of protection and care. When you begin to feel that drawn sensation about the eyes that is the result of fatigue of any kind, whether from using them too much or from general exhaustion, bathe them in warm water, use a soothing lotion in an eye-cup, and, if possible, lie down for a few moments so as to be able to close the eyes and relax. If you are unwilling to give your eyes this slight care do not be surprized if you find they give you trouble and deteriorate in beauty as the years go by.

A word as to making up the eyes. Many women object to make-up of any kind; others will use rouge, powder, and lip-stick, and hesitate to apply anything to the eyebrows or eyelashes. There is, of course, no real difference in these distinctions, except that they indicate that it is much harder to have the latter kind of make-up appear natural.

IF YOUR eyelashes are too light there are several good preparations which can be applied with a tiny brush that will greatly improve them. I have known women who would never be suspected of darkening their lashes who do it constantly with excellent effect. It is best to have a good mirror hung near a well-lighted window, so that you can really see what you are doing and can tell how your eyes will look when you go out on the street. If you darken the lashes too much they will give you a hard look; also there is danger of some of the color coming off.

Perhaps it would seem as tho a beauty article were hardly the place to discuss the speaking voice, and yet it is the voice that, more than anything else, gives a woman charm and distinction. The women who flock to lectures on the modern drama, on literature, and what-not, are all too often unconscious of their own voice defects and do little to remedy them. The charm of a beautiful voice has been often described.

When one considers the many kinds of attention one must give the body in order to make it all that it should be, the perfect expression of a beautiful personality, it seems as tho the result would be a too great preoccupation with physical things, and yet it is just in this that the art of a truly distinguished woman lies. She is able to give herself all the necessary care without surrendering herself to vanity or pettiness. She makes her body minister to her mind and spirit and molds it so that it represents herself. The result is harmony, and she is able to go about her work in the world with a power and effectiveness that are utterly lacking in another woman who is handicapped by physical imperfections.

When a woman is conscious of such imperfections, she is likely to develop a kind of inferiority complex that is a serious obstacle to success of any kind. The only thing to do is to begin at once to remedy them by intelligent methods. If, on the other hand, she is not conscious of her defects the result is even more unfortunate, for the world sees her with other eyes than she sees herself. It behooves every woman therefore to study those she sees about her, and make up her mind what she will seek to avoid and what to follow.

Distinction's Charm

"THE subtle charm of distinction does not come overnight; it must be cultivated patiently and thoughtfully, but it is a precious thing worth seeking and it repays the seeker a thousandfold."

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

There is constant danger in an oily skin

If your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny, you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple.

But *too much* oil actually tends to promote an unhealthy condition of your skin.

A skin that is too oily *is* constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

How to correct an oily skin

You can correct an oily skin by using *each night* the following simple treatment:

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight feeling*. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in *the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing.

After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn feeling will disappear.

Within a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in the condition of your skin.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

The treatment for an oily skin is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs.

No matter what faults there are in your complexion—by the right treatment you can overcome them. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new forms in its place. This new skin you can make what you will!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for regular use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Send 25 cents for these special Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
With the treatment booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 305 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 305 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

Copyright, 1923, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Principal uses of Bon Ami—

for cleaning and polishing

Aluminum Ware
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware
Bathtubs
Fine Kitchen Utensils
White Woodwork
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Linoleum and Congoleum

Bon Ami

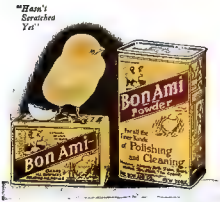
for windows, etc.

There now! You hold the cake—it won't soil your hands—and I'll whisk this Bon Ami off in a jiffy. This window will be so clear you won't know it's there.

Cleaning windows with magical Bon Ami is no work at all. Apply a little Bon Ami. Wait just a minute till the white film dries. Then off it comes with a dry cloth—and you've finished the task in no time.

Bon Ami is as wonderful for cleaning everything else in the list above as it is for cleaning windows.

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer



THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

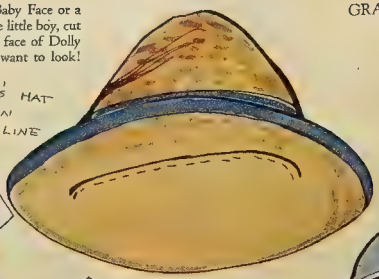
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

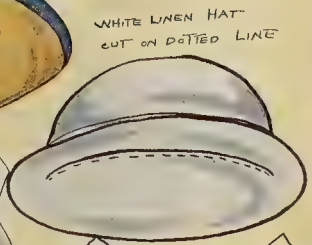
DOLLY DINGLE'S BROTHER PLAYS FARMER

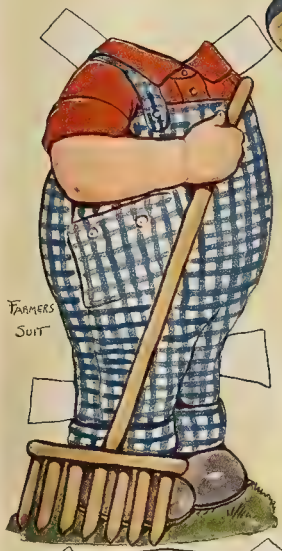
TRY THIS

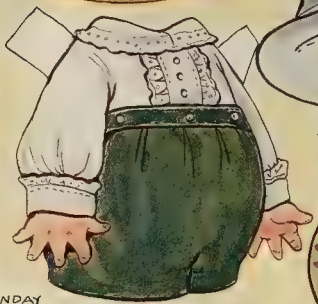
JUST to see what a difference a Cry-Baby Face or a Cross Bad Boy Face can make to a nice little boy, cut out these faces and place them over the face of Dolly Dingle's brother. Then think how *you* want to look!

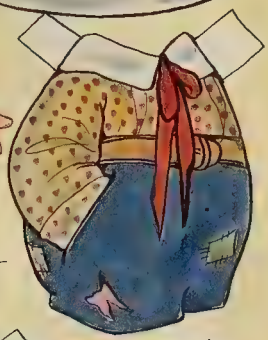
Drawings by
GRACE G. DRAYTON



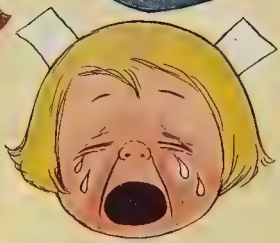








PLAYING FARMER FACE



CRY BABY CRY FACE

SUNDAY GO-TO MEETING FACE

CROSS BAD BOY FACE

Digitized by Google

BILLIE BURKE, the charming and irresistible comédienne is appearing in Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, "Rose Briar."

PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

DOROTHY NEWELL, playing in George M. Cohan's song-and-dance show, "Little Nellie Kelly."

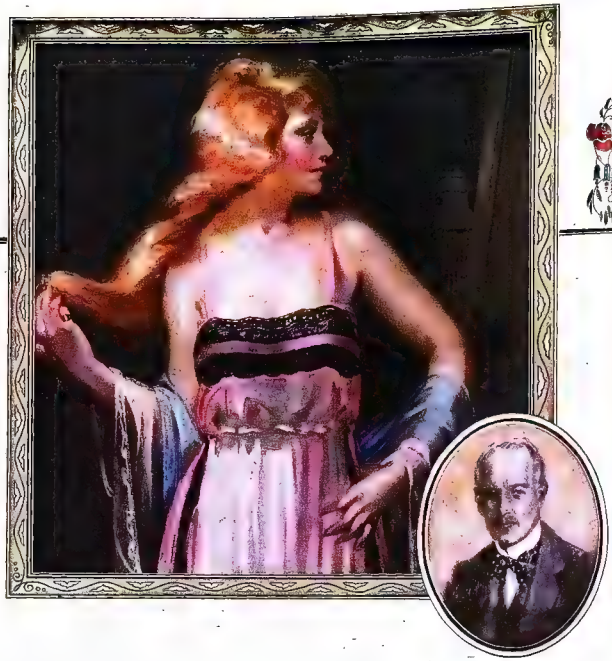
PHOTO BY THE WHITE STUDIO

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, as "Polly" in "Polly Preferred," a new comedy about motion-pictures.

PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Now I Ask a Favor of the Ladies

I have a great delight—an Olive Oil Shampoo for them

V. K. CASSADY, B. S. M. S., *Chief Chemist*

Dear Madam:

YOUR husband knows me—the chief chemist at Palmolive.

I have just given him a new delight; a gentler, quicker shaving cream.

Now I have as great a joy for you. A gentle shampoo—olive oil!—that does not make hair dry and brittle, that leaves it soft and gleaming.

The favor I ask is that you try it. And then give me your opinion.

I Asked 1000 Women

Recently I asked over 1000 women what they wanted most in a shampoo.

They named but one requirement. But as yet had failed to find it.

A thorough cleanser that would take out all grime and foreign matter—yet which would not take away the life and lustre that add so much to charm.

Scores of scalp experts agreed. They said ordinary shampoos were too harsh. And advised the oil shampoo—but made a point of *olive oil*.

So the Olive Oil Shampoo

Now I offer you the olive oil shampoo—world famous—for you to use at home.

After the ordinary harsh shampoo, results will be a revelation. You will note them in your mirror. Your friends will note them.

And then you will do as thousands have done—thank me for a new delight.

PALMOLIVE

SHAMPOO

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The words "Fruit Salt" and ENO, and the design on the above label are protected by registration in the United States of America.

Nature's Golden Rule of Health

First thing every morning, or last thing at night, drink a glass of water, cold or warm, sparkling with a dash of ENO'S "Fruit Salt." This refreshing, clean-tasting health drink is harmless and agreeable to young and old, the strong and the delicate. Children in particular love its taste and delight in its sparkling effervescence.

Back to Nature for HEALTH

GOOD HEALTH is *natural*. We enjoy it so long as we live natural lives—eating the proper variety and quantity of foods which Nature provides, getting plenty of fresh air and exercise, and safeguarding those clean and healthy conditions upon which sound health depends.

But most of us do not, or cannot, do this. In consequence, we suffer from a dull heavy feeling after meals, headaches, nausea, dizziness, indigestion, constipation, and other *un*-natural conditions of the system.

Nature's Health Drink for 50 Years

For more than half-a-century, men, women, and children throughout the world have proved ENO'S "Fruit Salt" to be the *safest* and *most pleasant* means of assisting Nature to maintain the balance of good health.

ENO is invested with the natural power to restore proper digestive and eliminative functions, because among other qualities it possesses in concentrated form many of the valuable properties of fresh, ripe fruit. Its ingredients are of the highest quality, its purity is absolute. There are no cheap, drastic mineral salts or cathartics in ENO to irritate or nauseate. ENO contains no sugar or other sweetening agent.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT—

HANDY SIZE 75 CENTS

HOUSEHOLD SIZE $1.25

(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)

TRY ENO IN THE NEW "HANDY SIZE"

If you have never tested ENO, buy the new "Handy Size" at 75c, and enjoy the healthy happiness it will bring. The "Handy Size" is ideal for traveling and for office use.

ENO HAS NO RIVAL IN VALUE

Sold by druggists everywhere. If you are unable to obtain ENO'S "Fruit Salt" locally, send remittance to the Sales Agents, who will see that you are promptly supplied.

Sales Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
171 Madison Ave., New York. Also at Toronto and Sydney

Prepared only by
J. C. ENO, Limited, London, S. E. 14
England

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

KATINKA: By Rose Gollup Cohen

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

she had just said, however, gave him an opening.

Katinka now tiptoed into the hut, bent a listening ear over the cradle a moment, and brought a stool to the door. Sergey meanwhile sat down on the door-step, stretched his legs in front of him, propped his back against the post, and looked over at the lake. The afterglow still hung in the open spaces of the sky. The golden light touched everything, the lake and meadow. It touched Katinka's face.

HE GLANCED at her, sitting on the stool near the door, and looked away, taking a deep breath.

"You won't be able to live by yourself, Katinka," he said.

She looked at him questioningly.

"Because," he said, "it is hard. It is not natural for a woman, for a young woman, to live so alone. It is hard."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I am living," she said; "I am not finding it hard, Sergey. I like it. I like this life, to come and go, to do as I please."

He folded his arms. His face quivered with emotion. He felt he was getting away, not leading up to what he wanted to say.

"Listen, Katinka. You can't live for long by yourself. It is hard, and not natural, and you will have to get married."

"No, no!" she said quietly but vigorously, shaking her head, "I'll never get married. Why should I marry? What do I need? I have everything."

He saw her earnestness, but could not believe it. Surely she understood what he meant. She understood. And yet she sat there so calmly, arguing, coquetting. She was a coquet after all, as her name always suggested to him. She was just leading him on. At this thought he wanted to get up and shake her. But instead he folded his arms as if to hold himself in check and said so calmly, almost as if he had no feeling at all, and his face paled.

"You see, Katinka, I love you. I have loved you ever since that first time when you stood here on the threshold in that twilight, ever since then."

Katinka stared at him speechless, her lips slightly open. But Sergey was carried on by the depth of his feeling. Now all his pretense of her needing him was forgotten.

"You have grown into my soul, Katinka. You are what Sabinka is to me. You *are* Sabinka, the sky and the earth, the green of that lake, the stillness of the forest, the little shrubs and green grass, the sweet air. When I want to breathe that air, Katinka, I expand *my* chest and go forth. I breathe. I hear the grasses sing, the forest stillness, and the earth rebounds to *my* step."

His breath was caught away an instant, then he went on.

"I want your love, Katinka. I want your love just like that."

But Katinka sat there like a little mute. The glow of the sunset left the sky and the rose left her cheeks. His face gradually turned toward her. Her mute, wide gaze rested upon it. And he sat there, waiting.

"No!" she finally said slowly, breathlessly. "No, Sergey!"

"No?" he repeated, "No?" He twisted his body around until he looked as if he were kneeling there on the threshold. He stared and stared at her. He could not believe that he had heard right.

"You don't understand me, Katinka," he said patiently. "You don't understand. I said that I love you and want to marry you."

Her face lifted, and she said now, sweetly, but very firmly:

"I understand you, Sergey. But I do not want to get married. I do not want to."

EVEN now he only partly realized. And a feeling of anger choked him, anger, amazement. He, Sergey, waited to marry Katinka and she would not marry him. *Him*, Sergey, with that fine portion of land and that big house! And he himself! He could marry the finest girl in Sabinka. She could not be in her right mind, Katinka, the way she sat there with her face raised, saying "No!" to him. He could have any girl in Sabinka, and she said "No!" But —but it was because she did not love him. The thought stabbed him.

"You do not love me," he said, leaning back to his former position against the post.

Her answer upset him more than anything she had yet said.

"I do not want to! I do not want to love you, Sergey. You have been good to me, you and Matushka. But I do not want to love you," she pleaded, not realizing how she gave herself away.

His emotion leaped at what she said, blinding him for a moment. She did not want to! Then she did love him! Katinka loved him! She did love him! The words were music to him. It required most of his strength to sit where he was. He dug his hands deep into his pockets.

"Why," he asked quietly, "why, Katinka, will you not love me, marry me?"

Katinka leaned slightly toward the open and made a wide circle with her hands.

"Because, Sergey, I like this life, I am happy. What do I need? What do I lack? I have everything, this great outdoors, this beautiful lake and forest side. These golden fields! The little hut——"

Her face suddenly grew white, terror-stricken!

"Of course, it is all yours and Matushka's. You can take it away from me! It is yours."

His own face turned white at the terror in hers, at the fear of losing this home. And suddenly he understood what it meant to her, this home. "Let me stay here, let me stay with my baby," she pleaded, as she had pleaded in that twilight. Tears sprang into his eyes.

"Katinka! Katinka!" he shook his head, reproaching her. And she looked at him and drew back her last words.

"Forgive me, Sergey! It was unworthy of me to say it. You have been good to me, you and Matushka. I know, I know you will never put me out of this home. I love this life, to be my own mistress, none to take me to account. I'll never marry, Sergey, I love my freedom. I have all that life needs, everything!" Her face lifted.

Sergey had forgotten his own love for freedom and pleaded once more, for the last time.

"You can't always live alone, Katinka, away from everybody, always alone. You can't."

She repeated passionately, "I can! I need no one! No one!"

A wee sneeze came from the cradle, a tiny pink fist pushed up over the edge. And Katinka cried triumphantly, "I have everything! everything!" and flew with words of adoration to the cradle.

"*Sinochock moi! Miyeh moi!*" She kneeled beside it and buried her face in it, cooing meanwhile. This sweet foolishness lifted Sergey to his feet and he stood there inside, leaning against the post. His body felt weak, with his spent emotions. His knees trembled. He stood looking on dumbly at Katinka and her pink baby, and its black curls like hers. "Let me stay, let me stay with my baby!" She was marvelous, Katinka, he thought; the way she came and built up her life—her home.

KATINKA! No one knew who she was, he came from no one knew where, a little stranger, and built up her life. And she was so little, a little round ball, she looked there against the cradle, with her face buried in it, so little and so strong! He ached with longing for her and that pink baby. He longed to take them both into his arms.

How wonderful it would be, he thought, to have Katinka in that big house. It would no longer be so big with Katinka in it, or so lonely with Katinka's bright face, her skirt flying in and out of the door, and tiny shirts made by Katinka spread on the grass to bleach. But—he could not be Katinka loved her freedom.

He started blindly out—then stood still. A thought flashed through his brain. His face paled and reddened again. He went a few steps, and again returned to the hut where Katinka still kneeled.

"Katinka!" His face was tense with pain and pity.

She lifted her head from the cradle. Her hair was slightly tumbled, her face flushed, her eyes smiled up at him, and the words would not come at once.

"There is one thing, Katinka," he said at last, "that I must tell you. You would know it sooner or later. You would have to know it very soon—— I'd better tell it to you now, and try, try not to feel hurt," he begged tenderly. Kneeling there, she turned questioningly.

"Your baby, Katinka, has not yet been christened?"

"No." She shook her head. Reading the gravity in his face, her own grew serious.

"You will want to, Katinka, sooner or later, to christen him?"

"I'll want to," she nodded vigorously. "Yes, I'll want to, Sergey. The baby must have a name."

"Then, Katinka, the priest won't christen him unless you tell the name of the baby's father. Would you tell? Would you?"

"No!" she shook her head. Her face twisted, her arms limp, slid away from the cradle. "No!"

"Then I am afraid, Katinka, the priest won't christen him. And if you don't give him a name there might be great hardship in life for him later, great pain."

Katinka hid her face in her arms and crumbled to the ground, a stricken figure, moaning and rocking herself. "Ach! *Bashi mo!*"

Sergey stood looking on at her, not knowing what to do, or what to say. And she was so little! A poor little hurt thing, rocking there in agony. He felt ashamed of his size, of his great strength.

He finally bent to her.

"There is my name, Katinka. And remember this—that you have grown into my soul." He lifted her, then, and laid her on her bed of boards and hay spread over with a clean sheet. He covered her and went out of the hut, turning up the narrow path toward the big house. Stumbling! It was not so dark yet. But he could not see for the tears burning his eyes. He was not thinking of his freedom. He had lost it, but he did not care—because—Katinka loved him!

She did love him and would marry him. But there was Katinka. She cared. She had wanted her freedom and had lost it. It seemed that as soon as one loved one lost one's freedom. Once Katinka had loved she had already lost it, poor Katinka!

Some *Will* Keep Their Youth and Their Beauty

The bride who starts with old, out-of-date kitchen methods that make work hard and hours long, will probably leave her charm in the kitchen.

But if she starts with modern, time- and labor-saving appliances in her kitchen she will save herself many weary hours and many heartaches. One of the most important needs in any kitchen is a modern kitchen cabinet.

The wide preference for the Sellers is due not only to its beauty, but to the wealth of labor-saving features which have been developed by Sellers and which are combined in no other cabinet.

There are, for example, the Automatic Lowering Flour Bin; the Automatic Base Shelf Extender; the Sanitary, Acid-Proof, Porceliron Work Table; Extending Table Drawer Section; the Special Silverware Drawer; Ant-Proof Casters, to say nothing of such vital things as the Dovetail Joint Construction; Non-Sagging Drawer Construction; Invisible Dust-Proof and Mouse-Proof Cupboard Top and many others which the Sellers dealer can show you.

Do not let your necessary kitchen work rob you of even a little of your youthful charm and happiness. See the local dealer who carries the Sellers. He will tell you that a Sellers, even with its many conveniences, costs no more than any good cabinet. And most dealers will gladly arrange terms to suit your income. If you do not recall the Sellers dealer, please write to us.

Automatic Base Shelf Extender —Now brings base shelf and contents forward within easy reach.

Ant-Proof Casters—Fill the bowl with common borax. Ants and other vermin will not cross it.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., Elwood, Indiana
Canadian Branch, Sellers Kitchen Cabinets
Brantford, Canada

If you are going to build have your architect plan for a Sellers. Free kitchen plans sent upon request

SELLERS
KITCHEN CABINETS

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Warner's WRAP-AROUND

What is a Wrap-around?

It is the modern corset—invisible, convenient, fashionable.

A standard corset with elastic panels instead of lacings.

The back is beautifully smooth and the front shapes and supports without pressure or stiffness.

Easy to put on and easy to wear.

Made in all lengths and many variations of design for all types of figures, from slender to stout.

Made only by The Warner Brothers Company, the largest corset manufacturers in the world.

Style illustrated, $5.00. Other models, $1.50 up

This Warner's long bonelon extends well below the waist-line and stays down securely over the low top of the Wrap-around.

The Warner Brothers Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Also made in Canada by The Warner Brothers Co., Montreal.

FRECKLES

Don't hide them with a veil—Remove them with OTHINE Double Strength

This preparation for the removal of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

OTHINE LABORATORIES, BUFFALO, N. Y.

SHAFT OF LIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"No. I went out with him once before."

"Don't you *know* what kind of business? Mines or cattle or crops?" This from her father.

"I don't know. I –he didn't—he didn't say."

"What did he say?"

"He said—he said something about—prospects."

"Prospects! He probably ain't worth a *meal!*"

"Of course you can have him, Irma," her mother interrupted. "And Bella can get her sister in to help for that night."

Her father snarled, "And I say she can't. I'm not going to have my dinner spoiled talking to any——"

"I guess if Irma has a young man come here for dinner——"

"Whose house is this, anyway? Who's got the right to say——"

"You ought to be glad there's somebody coming instead of——"

"Well, what does she want him here for anyhow? When I was a young fellow I used to take the girl out——"

Her mother's voice was shriller, "But Irma isn't a girl any more! You ought to be glad——"

Irma burst into tears. She found herself sobbing brokenly into her napkin.

"There," said her mother, "see what you've done!"

He stared at her, hostilely, through bloodshot eyes. "All right. Have it your way."

WHEN Booth called for her, a few nights later, she told him her parents would be delighted to have him dine with them and follow the play, and then they went to the movies. She did not know what the play was about. All she was conscious of was the contact of his shoulder as it brushed hers. She could feel the deep breaths he drew. An overpowering desire leaped up within her. She wanted him to hold her hand. She fought the wish angrily, glancing sidelong at him to see if he had guessed it, but he was studying the program. He had not.

For several minutes she sat tense, rigid; then she relaxed. She looked down at her hand. She envied the fingers of her dress, stroked it softly; each time she slid her fingers closer to his. She drew a long breath, shivering with delight and fear. At last her hand rested beside his, but did not quite touch his. Did she dare! Did she dare! She stared hard at the screen, her cheeks burning, her throat dry. Then her heart leaped and stood still. His fingers had suddenly closed about her own, crushing them in a fierce grip.

When they rose to go there was still a haze before her eyes. Outside the lights of the streets confused her. She was glad when he spoke in a natural voice:

"That's what I call a good picture. They give you your money's worth."

She thanked him with her eyes. He was helping her steady herself; perhaps steadying himself in so doing.

"I was afraid they was going to end it wrong. You know, make her marry the other guy."

She nodded. She wondered if his heart was thumping as hard as hers. He piloted her across the street and toward her home.

They were in front of her house. She had not spoken a word.

He said, "I'm moving to-morrow. Found a better room down near the office. One of the fellers told me about it. He's been there going on three years. Says the grub's fine."

She spoke up at last. "We'll—we'll try to fill you up with good things Thursday night."

Her cheeks flushed at the thought. After dinner they might again go to the movies. Perhaps this time he would find her hand himself, clasp it tightly in his, hold it that way for a long time—a much longer time.

He was saying,

"I'll be around at six-thirty."

"Seven. We dine at seven."

"I'm on. Seven it is."

He held out his hand. "Good night, Sister."

That was his nearest approach to a caress. She treasured it. "Sister."

"Good night," she said.

IT WAS Thursday. Irma reached into her closet and drew out the dress she had bought. She knew without looking where it hung. It was shell-pink with a row of rosy beads about the neck and sleeves. It in no way resembled any dresses she had ever worn or wanted to wear. It was filmy and clinging and pale. No one had yet seen it. No one suspected its existence. She had brought it home with her and smuggled it to her room; there she gloated over it. When she went out she locked it safely in her closet. But now the time had come to wear it, to slip its soft folds over her head, her shoulders. She fingered it nervously.

She looked at the clock on her bureau. It was six. She had delayed as long as she dared.

Once dressed, she hesitated at the top of the stairs. She found that her hand clutching the banisters was cold and moist. She decided to run down past her mother's closed door to the dining-room. There might still be something to do. She knew there was not; everything had been gone over a dozen times; the flowers rearranged; the mound of glistening green olives changed from one end of the table to the other; the candies shifted to make room for salted nuts; the candlesticks filled with long orange candles—everything done. And there was still an hour before he would come.

The upper hall was dim with a gray dusk. She would have liked to linger there on the top step until the door-bell rang. But she could not. Bella might have forgotten something. Hurry—she must hurry, there was so little time left for last-minute warnings.

SHE braced herself and sped down the stairs. Passing her mother's door, she heard a voice call her. She did not answer. She paused in the doorway of the dining-room. The table was lovely with its bowl of roses and smilax, with its gleaming linen and bright silver. It was almost like a page from a woman's magazine; napkins folded in triangles, forks and knives in straight rows, plates from the china-closet—lovely. She felt wildly, exuberantly happy.

Bella, in starched cap and apron, appeared from the pantry. "They ain't sent the little cakes, Miss Irma."

"I'll run up to the corner."

She was glad to have something to do.

"Anything else?"

"No'm. You says you want them crackers with the salad, tucked on side of plate, didn't you?"

"Yes, Bella, I'll show you when I come back."

"An' the cheese cut square."

"Yes. Yes."

What joy to be responsible for the dinner –just as tho it were her home, her servant.

Bella's brow cleared and she stared at Irma frankly. "That new dress, Miss Irma?"

"Yes."

"Looks swell."

Irma found a coat of her father's on the hall-rack; she slipped into it and hurried out into the gray light. The coolness of the air exhilarated her. The fears that had swept over her from early morning vanished; now she was only eager for Booth to arrive. She felt she could talk to him brilliantly, gaily. Not even the thought of her father could depress her. She would manage him, too; laugh at his surliness, lead the conversation into safe channels. Everything would be easy now.

The clock in the bakery said a quarter of seven. She took up her package and turned toward home. She walked briskly. Dinner once over, she would rise and say,

"There's a good picture at the corner."

Then off they would go, her arm tucked in Booth's.

THERE were lights in the front window; she saw them rosily fire the surrounding darkness. He must have arrived. He was there ahead of time, big and blond, and eager.

She mounted the steps and fitted her key in the door.

Some one stirred in the parlor.

"Booth!" she cried, but it was her mother.

"He isn't here yet."

The flush faded from Irma's cheeks; her heart, beating violently against her bodice, lessened its pace.

"Oh, I thought he'd come."

Her mother stepped out into the hall and looked at her fretfully. "Where have you been?"

"Up to the corner."

"You've given Bella so many orders I don't see how you can expect her to——"

"Oh, she'll get along all right."

"When you said you wanted your friend to dinner I didn't suppose you meant all this. I'm sure I don't know what your father——"

She stopped short. Irma had slipped out of the coat. She stood, the package clasped in her arms, a silk-clad, slender figure.

"Why, Irma, what have you got on?"

Irma smiled at her mother brightly. "New dress. Party one. Like it?"

"But you didn't tell me you were going to buy——"

"I hadn't a thing to wear. All old rags."

"I don't know what your father will say when he sees this, too. This and the dinner. He's been talking so much about saving and——"

"Let him talk! It's the first new thing I've had in a year."

On the stroke of seven—in another minute——

"I've got to give this stuff to Bella. You stay there, Mama, till he comes."

Her mother's voice drifted after her, "If you hadn't bought all those flowers, too. It's so silly, roses for the dining-room table. Something else would have done just as well and only cost——"

Roses. Of course she had bought roses, waxy pink ones with long stems. What did it matter what they cost—what anything cost, to-night? As she passed through the dining-room the heavy fragrance of the flowers reached her. She remembered the words of an old song: "Roses bloom for lovers." That was it. For lovers. Bella met her at the pantry door.

"If you'd show me 'bout that salad——"

"I'll show you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

SHAFT OF LIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

She hummed to herself as she shook out the wet leaves and arranged them on the plates.

"Roses blooom for lovers
In the month of June."

What time is it, Bella?"

"Seven, Miss Irma."

"Got the after-dinner coffee-spoons set out?"

"Yes'm."

"And see that every one has ice-water. Come in and look every little while."

"Yes'm."

"How do you know it's seven?"

"I heard it strike."

"And pass the vegetables to every one twice."

"Yes'm."

He must be nearing there, hurrying through the dark, conscious that he was late. Or perhaps he wasn't. Watch slow. Apologies. Why didn't her father come? They couldn't start without him. He knew that. Seven. The hour had struck. No more waiting and glancing at the clock —any minute now——

"You just come in and say, 'Dinner is served.'"

"Yes'm."

"All right, Bella. If I want anything I'll call you."

"Yes'm."

Through the dining-room again. This time she paused to light the candles. Candles and flowers. That was what a home should have. That's what *her* home would have when——

Her mother was moving restlessly about the parlor. "Why don't he come?"

Irma smiled. "He will. Everything's ready."

"Maybe you said some other night."

"No, I didn't. I said to-night. Now. This minute."

It seemed unreal, waiting in that little-used room. Her mother, in an old silk, high-neck dress, looked like a character from a play, uncomfortable and ill at ease, awaiting her cue. Irma crossed to the window and stared out. She was suddenly miserable. All her elation gone. In its place a nervous desire to be anywhere but there waiting, waiting——

Outside black figures hurried by; two men, a woman with a child trotting beside her, a young girl. But she did not see Booth, or her father. It was after seven — why were they both late—— Trains blocked, probably; a traffic jam. Her mother's voice sounded behind her:

"I hope there hasn't been an accident in the subway."

Accident. Irma had never thought of that. Accident!

"Oh, I don't think so—I don't believe——"

"You can't tell a thing about it. Those trains go so fast."

Irma turned and dropped on to a low stool because she could no longer stand. She was so frightened. If only her mother would not talk that way!

"Oh, they'll be here in a minute now."

Her mother had risen and was moving about slowly.

IRMA heard sounds in the vestibule, then a key turning in the lock, and the quick slam of the front door.

"There's your father."

It was—but no Booth. What must she do now? What must she do? She heard his voice.

"Well, well, I'm late. Hope I haven't——"

He paused in the doorway, his affability dying out.

"Where is he?"

Her mother looked at her quickly, "Not here yet."

"I thought you said seven o'clock."

"She did, but he isn't here."

Irma spoke with a great effort. "Sit down, Papa; he'll—he'll be along in a minute."

He pulled out his watch. "It's twenty minutes past."

"I know, but I may have said seven-thirty—I think I did—I——"

"Well, I'm not going to wait a minute after that. I'm hungry."

He seated himself on a stiff-backed chair beside the piano and frowned up at the chandelier. "What's all the light for?"

"We'll turn it off as soon as we go into the dining-room, Papa."

Her mother regarded him critically. "You might have time to change your shirt."

"What for?"

"It don't look very nice—the cuffs——"

"If it's good enough for me it's good enough for him. Don't he know enough to be on time?"

"I told you I think I said seven-thirty!"

"You told Bella seven, Irma; she's had everything ready since——"

"Oh, I don't, did, Mama; she's so slow I thought I'd better get her started ahead of——"

She stopped. Silence. Her mother standing before the what-not, touching its ornaments lightly; her father sitting rigid, frowning, his hands on his knees, like a wax figure.

Bella appeared in the doorway.

"Dinner am—" she stopped, staring about. "I thought I heard——"

"No, not yet," said Irma through stiff lips. Her father rose.

"Well, I'm ready. I'll have mine anyhow. You can sit here all night if you want to——"

"Oh, please, Papa! Just a little longer!"

"It's half past seven. I said——"

"I know he can't be later than——"

"He can't be coming at all, you mean."

No, she didn't mean that. It would be terrible. Too unspeakably terrible. She couldn't face it. Simply because he was a little late——

"Just five minutes, Papa, dear. It would look so queer for you to be eating before he——"

"Hasn't he got sense enough to tell you if he isn't——"

"Everything will be spoiled, Irma——"

"Oh, Mama, five minutes more won't make any difference!"

"If he isn't here then——"

"Yes—yes. We'll begin."

Five minutes. Five. Of course he would come before that. Why, he had said he would count on it. He had repeated the time himself. In a minute now, or two, at the most, they would hear his sharp ring at the bell, his cheery voice. People were often late. You forgot about it when you did not have them frequently. You forgot all about the million and one things that could happen to delay them. Minutes flashing by. Oh, well, start dinner then and make laughing excuses when he got there. "Gave him up—thought he had found a better place to go." Anything, anything but her father stamping around, her mother fidgeting. Irma got up.

"All right. Let's eat," she said.

THEY went into the dining-room, the three of them, just those three. She heard her father's exclamation.

"What in the name of—say, are you crazy? What is this, anyhow?"

Irma sat down. She must smile at her father. She must keep him good-humored until Booth got there. Let him get started now and he would forget all his reasons for him.

"Just this once, Papa. I think it looks pretty."

"Pretty, with all that green stuff on the table—and candles? Looks like a funeral."

She almost laughed aloud at his words. A funeral. She didn't count! But he would.

"What's in this grapefruit?"

"Maraschino and citron, Papa."

"Take it away!" He stared at her mother. "What did you let her do this for?"

"I didn't know anything——"

"Well, why didn't you? Grapefruit and flowers, and all that stuff on the table! And for who? For mama and me. Fine!"

There was a little black clock on the mantelpiece. Its hands pointed to a quarter of eight.

Her mother sighed. "I don't understand it."

Irma watched them eat the dinner she had planned for him. And he had not come. Would not come. Not now.

"Maybe he's sick."

Sick? Booth? Irma shook her head.

"Well, he could phone, couldn't he?" from her father.

Silence. He had forgotten—forgotten—forgotten.

I guess next time I say I won't have any young fools to dinner you'll know what I mean!"

"Yes, Papa." Somebody else. He was probably dining with somebody else. Somebody——

"Waste of everything. More than six people could eat. And for what?

"Well, she'd find out. She'd find out *something*. He lived —? She caught her breath sharply. She could not remember. He had told her, but she could not remember, and he had moved since then and had not mentioned the place.

"Invited to dinner and don't even come."

Her mother said, "I'm sure I never heard of any one doing such a thing."

"No, but you wanted her to have him here."

"I only said I thought it would be nice if——"

"I guess after this you'll let me run things in my own way!"

Irma rose. "I'm going up-stairs. I don't want any more——"

SHE reached the doorway. All at once she felt faint. She groped her way along the hall. Air! She wanted air. She fumbled at the front door with clumsy fingers and as she flung it open some one advanced toward her. She leaped forward with a cry.

"Oh, you've come! you've come—you've——"

"Why, Irma!"

She stopped short and stared at the man before her. Then she laughed, her head flung back, her hands clutched across her breast, laughter that sent her reeling weakly against the wall.

"What's the joke, Irma? Why don't you——"

She shook her head. She could not stop. Mr. Gwynne, standing before her, his round face puckered as tho he were going to cry. Mr. Gwynne there where Booth should have been! Funny—funny—so very funny!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

LOOK FOR THE RED WHEEL
VERY SLOW
250°
SLOW
300°
MODERATE
350°
LORAIN
HOT
400°
QUICK
One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.
Tomatoes 1 hour at 250°
Angel Food Cake 1 hour at 400°
Roast Ham, rapid cooking 9 minutes to the pound at 325°; slow or Whole Meal cooking 5 hours at 200°
Pumpkin Pie 1 hr. at 370°.
Parker House Rolls 10 minutes at 400°

To Cook without Ever a Failure!

TO Cook without Ever a Failure—that's what every woman would like to be able to do. No more burnt foods to throw away. No more underdone foods to spoil the appetite. No more waste of fuel, time, labor.

To Cook without Ever a Failure—to be able to roast meats, boil vegetables, bake pies, cakes, biscuits, all in the oven of a gas range—and without *ever* "peeking in to see if *it's* done," without *ever* fussing with the burners, without *ever* a worry about the final results—*remarkable!*

To Cook without Ever a Failure—to be able to place a Whole Meal in the oven at one time—a roast of meat, several kinds of vegetables (some to be baked, others boiled), a pudding or a cake—then to go miles away for the entire afternoon, and when you return find everything deliciously done and ready to serve—*wonderful!*

To Cook without Ever a Failure—to be able to pack glass jars with delicious fresh fruits and vegetables, place them in the oven, light the burners, turn a Red Wheel to a certain temperature, and in an hour return, tighten the lids and have your canning done, better, quicker and easier than you ever did it before—*glorious!*

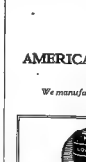
Now, if you'd really like to be able to do *all* these things "without ever a failure," you must know the *exact* Time and Temperature* required to cook each article and BE ABLE TO REGULATE AND CONTROL THE TEMPERATURE OF THE OVEN AT THE CORRECT HEAT—and that's just what the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator enables you to do.

Wherever gas is used, you'll find dealers who sell gas ranges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. Ask the nearest dealer to prove to you by demonstration that the above things can be done by any housewife who owns one of these wonderful gas stoves.

**The leading Cookery authorities now give exact Time and Temperature in all their recipes. For information of this kind see women's national publications and Direction Book which accompanies each Lorain-equipped Gas Range.*

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 65 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture cool stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these



"Look for the RED WHEEL

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 65 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free booklet, "An Easier Day's Work."
I have checked my favorite stove.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Regulator:

- [ ] NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
- [ ] DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
- [ ] QUICK MEAL—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
- [ ] RELIABLE—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
- [ ] CLARK JEWEL—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
- [ ] —George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

1923

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

LORAIN HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

700,000 Homes

Now Cleaned with Eureka Vacuum Cleaners

Seven hundred thousand women now do their housework with Eureka Vacuum Cleaners. They no longer beat rugs and carpets. They no longer pull down portieres or tear up stair runners. They are spared the drudgery of taking down beds and pounding mattresses. They don't have to upset the whole house for days at a time, to make it fresh and clean.

For with the wonderful Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner, they do all these tasks far more quickly, far better, and with much less effort.

You try the Eureka—see what a difference it makes. Clean your rugs and carpets thoroughly, right where they are. Renovate your mattresses without even removing them from the beds. Brighten up your upholstery. Go over your stair carpets and hall runners. Renew the freshness of your portieres, drapes, and tapestries. Learn how quickly and easily it can all be done. You'll be amazed!

Modern housekeeping with an Eureka is easy. You don't need to undermine your health and youth trying to keep your house clean by old-fashioned methods. Get an Eureka—now—when you need it most. Test its worth in the hardest work you have to do. Find out for yourself, in your own home, how your house-cleaning worries can be ended.

Simply telephone the Eureka dealer. If you do not happen to know his name, write us. He will bring a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner right to your door. You will not be obligated or inconvenienced in any way. But you *will* find out what a surprising help an Eureka Vacuum Cleaner would be to you.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO.
DETROIT, U. S. A.
Makers of Eureka Vacuum Cleaners since 1909
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario; Foreign Branch, 8 Fisher Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 1, England
(79)

EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
"IT GETS THE DIRT"

SHAFT OF LIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

"I guess I startled you. You better come in. Then you can tell me the joke. It must be a good one. I'll tell you one I heard the other day—only come on in——"

She could not laugh any more. What she was doing was crying—in front of Mr. Gwynne—letting the tears roll down her cheeks, because she was too weak to wipe them away.

"Why, Irma—you ain't well—let me call your father——"

She caught his arm. Her voice was a husky little whisper.

"I'm all right. I just—I just——"

She let him draw her inside and shut the front door. She tried to smile at him, her teeth clenched over her lower lip.

"I'm all right." She jerked her head in the direction of the dining-room. "They're in there."

But he did not move. He took out his handkerchief and dabbed at his forehead and the palms of his hands.

"Was you expecting somebody, Irma?"

Expecting! She felt she would laugh again. Expecting!

"No. Nobody, Mr. Gwynne. Nobody. You'll find papa in the dining-room. I've got to—I've got to go up-stairs."

She turned and ran. She heard his voice. "Wait a minute, Irma; I want to tell you——"

She clapped her hands over her ears. She did not stop until she had reached the third floor. She locked the door behind her and dropped onto her bed. It was dark there, dark and quiet. She seized her pillow in her arms and clasped it tightly. She lay there for years——

SOME one was rapping at her door. Rapping insistently. Calling her, too, in a hoarse whisper.

"Irma! Irma! Why don't you answer?"

It was her father. She huddled closer. The door-knob rattled.

"Irma, do you hear me? Open the door! Open the door!"

She dragged herself to her feet and unfastened the lock. He stood for an instant silhouetted in the doorway.

"What's the matter with you? Are you deaf? Where's the light?"

She fumbled for the matches on her bureau, found them, and lighted the gas. The light hurt her eyes. She blinked stupidly at him. What did he want of her? She wished he would go. He sat down on the bed's edge.

"Want to talk to you."

She stood waiting.

"Gwynne's still here. Says you let him in. Funny thing. Never heard him go on so about anything. Been telling your mother and me how well you looked."

SHE did not speak, and he moved uneasily.

"Come down-stairs. I want you to talk to him. He wants to see you." He rose "Gwynne's not a boy, but he's smart—awfully smart—not like these young fools that keep a girl guessing. He's in the library. You come on down, Irma."

She drew away from him. "Oh, Papa, I couldn't—I——"

He took a step toward her. "Do you hear me? You come on down."

His eyes held hers for a fraction of a second, then she nodded nervously.

"All right, Papa; all right! Only—only—you go first—I'll—I'll have to fix up."

"Fix up? What for?"

"I couldn't go this way—not all mussed." She crossed and stood before her bureau. She looked at herself in the glass. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't make it long," he said as he left the room

She stood still for several minutes staring at herself, then she whirled and ran to the head of the stairs. She could hear their voices in the library—Gwynne's, her father's, her mother's. She placed her hands on the banisters and leaned well over

"Papa," she called. He answered her from the library. She heard the hush in the conversation. She raised her voice,

"Papa, you tell Mr. Gwynne I'm not coming down to-night or any other night as long as I live—never! You tell him I'd rather die—tell him I'm twenty-eight, but I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid of anything, any more!"

Then she walked deliberately back to her room, slammed the door, and locked it.

SWAMP-WISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"You can't be stamping around in a swamp, you know. The least sound makes a turkey nervous." He was explaining. Vincent was desolated; but she saw him angry and unjust, a new man, really a stranger to her. As they went out of the Cypress head, it came to her that something possessed him. It was unnatural and cruel of him to leave her alone while he and the men scattered to beat up the wildcat beyond the head. He had discarded her like duffel. What would become of her!

THEY left her in a little meadow of leathery grass, where the water had receded, a solemn place to watch the sad dawn coming. It was with surprise she saw Vincent returning for her. This time she did not fly to him, but there was excitement in her eyes.

"What, Adèle, frightened again that I was lost?"

"No, truly——" she stood abashed. "It's not that."

"What then?" There was something.

"Oh, Vincent, let's go away from here!" she burst out; "let's go back to the fresh air, the dry sand, and the open water!"

He stared.

"Please, won't you go back just to the boat—won't you leave this place, Vincent, just for a little while? It's our honeymoon!"

"Go back! Why, what's the matter with it for a honeymoon?"

"It is no honeymoon at all." He was different here. He had not even thought of her since he saw the Big Cypress, the evil spirit through the swamp. "It is strange and lonely. There is something in the swamp—something about these terrible trees, and the silence, which is alive, and the night, which is full of sounds, which can not be explained—which——"

"Adèle!" he exclaimed, "are you sick?" She was flushed. He seized her by the shoulders and was horrified at the low cry which escaped her. "You're in pain! Why didn't you tell me something hurt you?"

"My shoulders! It is the sunburn—oh!"

He could see it, like a new flame running up her delicate skin, from under the sheer blouse to her small cheek-bones, where it glowed like a fever.

"I don't mind," she said patiently; "only the terrible swamp I feel will kill us."

"Kill us!" There was something fantastic about this, absurd.

She was beside herself. "Yes, yes! Oh, Vincent, if you love me, you will go back!"

"That's nonsense, Adèle, just nonsense!" His love for her had no bearing on it. "There is nothing in the swamp whatever to be afraid of."

"There are snakes."

"Snakes!" He caught fire again on that. "And you believe those ignorant men? I tell you there's not one in a million will hurt you—you might as well worry about lightning-bolts. Look here, Adèle, you'll have to get over this nonsense! This is my life and I warned you about it. Once and for all I tell you!"

"Then you will not go back to the boat?"

"Certainly not." Would he break a contract with an editor for a whim, a woman's whim? "The birds are as I want them here." If she were sick or there were any real reason, that would be different.

So he would not go back. He didn't love her.

"I am very well," she said with formality.

"Then," he said, "there is no sensible reason for going back. You'll have to get over these tantrums, Adèle, if you're going to be my wife."

Well, she had gotten over this one!

A day, two days, and yet no tantrums from his wife. Her clothes, silly and unsuitable—he had done what he could about them. He had given one of his gray flannel shirts to protect her shoulders, but she must not wear her bright hat, danger-signal for bird and beast. Her hair was always catching in the bushes and her feet were hampered in shoes which shrank and stiffened the first day.

She had an irritating trick, a way of walking. As she went along she was constantly glancing from right to left. The slightest movement in the grass, a piece of wet, curved wood, would set her shying like a nervous colt. All day long she went like this, and once, when they traveled late, she startled them all by screaming loudly because she believed she had stepped on a snake.

He had to be severe with her then; he could not be subject to such a thing again. He took her by the shoulders and shook her like a child. Did she think still to make him relent and go back?

Since that scream she went quietly enough and was learning how to handle herself in the swamp. As a helper with his pictures she was better than Roscoe, quicker, would anticipate when he wanted a film, could even handle a reflector when he needed it—alert and silent as the very swamp. She was invaluable to him in this: he had grown accustomed to her.

HE REACHED the strip of pineland he had watched for early that afternoon. The conditions here were perfect; it had been burned over the year before; in the palmetto-clumps were new shoots thickly coming, and there was fresh and tender grass. The turkeys should be here feeding, and the light was good. He rushed back

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

20 MULE TEAM BORAX SOAP CHIPS

Are Best for All Materials. They *Clean* and *Protect*

The great combination, 20 Mule Team Borax—the greatest cleansing agent known—and fine soap in flake form. They wash all fabrics, from the heaviest to the finest, perfectly clean and at the same time they *protect* even the most delicate colors from fading and *prevent* all woolens from shrinking.

20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips will wash everything on wash day safely and economically.

At Your Grocers

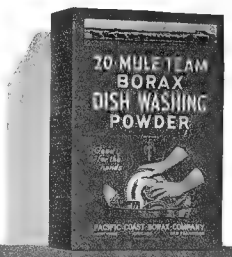
20 MULE TEAM BORAX DISH WASHING POWDER

Will Not Injure or Roughen the Tenderest Skin

A dish washing powder that washes dishes perfectly, quickly and economically—and leaves the hands white and smooth. It contains a large percentage of *20 Mule Team Borax* which is famous as a mild antiseptic and nature's greatest cleanser.

20 Mule Team Borax Dish Washing Powder is less expensive and more efficient. It comes in a large package and lasts a long time. It will not redden or injure the skin.

Your Grocer Has It—Ask Him



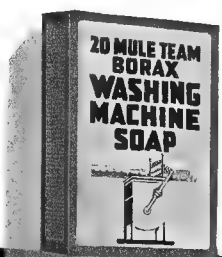
20 MULE TEAM BORAX WASHING MACHINE SOAP

Is What *You* Need in *Your* Washing Machine

It dissolves quickly and thoroughly without leaving lumps or sediment. Being a combination of 20 Mule Team Borax and fine soap it cleans *all* fabrics perfectly—it prevents colors from fading and woolens from shrinking.

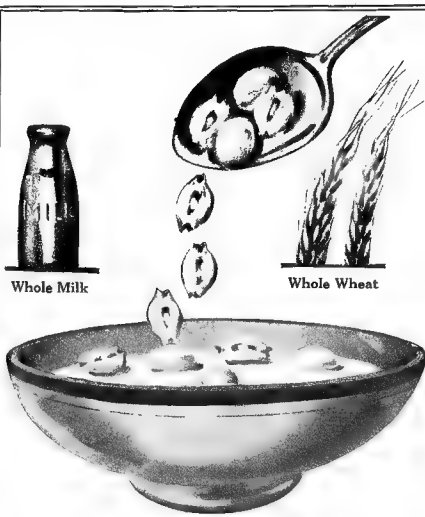
20 Mule Team Borax Washing Machine Soap is made particularly for use in washing machines and it is getting perfect results in thousands of homes. There is nothing to compare with it.

Get It From Your Grocer



THREE of the 20 MULE TEAM BORAX PRODUCTS

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Exploded Wheat

With every food cell blasted
Puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat shaped as it grew, but puffed to airy globules, flimsy, flavory, thin.

Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus the food cells are all blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.

This is Prof. Anderson's process. The object is to make whole grains wholly digestible—to fit all the 16 vital elements to feed.

Like toasted nut meats, puffed

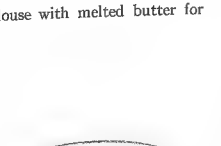
Another object is to make whole grains enticing. Children need them. In this form they eat an abundance—morning, noon and night.

Puffed Grains are food confections. Children use them like nut meats—in candy making, as garnish on ice cream.

They crisp them and douse with melted butter for after-school delights.

In the morning they form the finest cereal dainties breakfast ever brings.

For supper or at bedtime, there is nothing so delightful as Puffed Wheat or Rice in milk.



If you want your children to eat more whole grains, here is the ideal form. These whole grains are tidbits, and they yield their entire nutriment.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Digitized by Google

SWAMP-WISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

so full of anticipation, for his machine, that he did not have time to worry about Adèle.

"We're getting near the Seminole country," he told the men. "They've fired the pineland to bring up the new growth, and there's been no hunting yet on the burn."

"Just beyond a river-bed, ain't it?" asked Roscoe.

"A river-bed—no current, no flow there."

"Yes. There's a settlement a half dozen miles beyond—I went there once."

"A town!" came sharply. Mrs. Newton had spoken for the first time.

"It ain't nothin' but an Indian place——"

But Vincent was impatient to be off. He instructed Roscoe how he was to follow and break camp half a mile from the river. Then he set off at a stiff pace.

"We must hurry," he said, "while the light is good."

He had to remember that Adèle was not a fast walker. After a while nothing he said could hurry her at all.

They skirted the pineland until they reached a good cache, a natural blind at the swamp's edge, where a large pine had fallen in a thick clump of palmetto. There was nothing on the pine-trunk; nothing there whatever to hurt them, at first. Of that she was proof, for she was always on guard. The sun struck the pine, making it bright and hot. With his back to it, Vincent set up the camera, and directed her to crouch on its other side within convenient reach.

He was lucky. They had not been hidden ten minutes when two birds appeared at a distance, feeding on the burn. Vincent took a bamboo turkey-call from his pocket and gave it to them discreetly. He was very skilful, absorbed, and intensely happy. The birds immediately began moving toward the blind, feeding from side to side. They advanced fussily, scratching the loam, stalking ponderously, yet always moving with every mark of indifference toward the call. Just before they reached the open brighter space where Vincent focused, a gobbler joined them on the right, and the picture was complete.

SOFTLY the muffled turning of the crank. It was an innocent sound, while not a thread of a palmetto frond moved. For one heedless moment Adèle watched the turkeys, heard the turning of the crank, turning, turning. There was no other sound or movement which made her shift her gaze; it was merely that she was always on her guard.

Ah! but she was not surprised. This was just what she had pictured many times. Sliding down the level pine, it moved to the hot brightness of the sun. The snake was level with her head as she crouched there, not two feet from the tree, over which she had watched Vincent and the picture. She had expected it so long. And nothing ever should wring from her a scream again. She merely raised herself, lest it strike her across the eyes.

Yet in the sudden motion her skirt, a flimsy fabric, caught in a jagged stub of pine-branch and tore like rotten paper. Tearing, it screamed for her in the silence. It screamed and all were warned.

The oiled thing on the log whirled and coiled. Out beyond there were wings rushing and terrible as she had heard before. The turning of the crank had ceased; Vincent faced his empty picture. And suddenly a round oath rang out, another and another, his big voice like peals of thunder, swearing at her, his wife.

Or so it seemed to her, and so terrible it was that it took her eyes from the snake, which swayed its head behind Vincent, unseen by him.

For a second she stood there, taking the flood of oaths as a storm raging over her, and at the end of them her voice came out, strange but clear: "I have dropped the film in the water. Come quickly—I can not reach it."

"Where?"

"Here—quickly! Lean back over the log—it is sinking in the mud."

Lean over the log!

He must have remembered later that she had said that. He might have noticed she looked white herself. He must have remembered that she stood perfectly still, not trying to reach the film, his precious film, herself.

One blurred second of silence and shining surfaces, dark and leaf and sudden animated thing. The snake struck before his shoulder was fairly over the tree—struck like a snapped cable, powerful yet unwieldy, very swift yet somehow bungling, snapped against the hard muscle of his upper arm with a contact heavy as thick—and was gone, an awkward, slimy, flying thing, into its cover.

Vincent Newton fell backward into the palmetto. Every reflex muscle of the woodsman's body threw him backward from the danger. Falling, he struck the palm-stump and lay, half stunned.

"Adèle!" Just his cry for help. Then, struggling in the bushes, "Good God, Adèle! I'm struck!"

No reply. He clutched at his arm. A tourniquet was the thing. "Adèle!" It must be burned out. He had acid in his kit. "Grief!" He had left his kit with Roscoe. But Adèle would keep her head; he knew she would keep her head. "Get me a stick, a strong stick!" He snatched a handkerchief from his pocket. This and the stick—a tourniquet—"*Hurry!*"

But no one obeyed his order, nor spoke.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

"I Watch My Weight With a
HEALTH-O-METER
"The Pilot of Health"

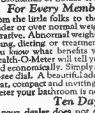
Your weight indicates your health—ask any doctor or life insurance authority. Guessing your weight is dangerous—*know! And know every day!* Good health, good looks and a good figure are your birthright; check your progress to those desirable qualities through a daily weigh—in your home without clothes with a Health-O-Meter—the personal weighing machine that is now a fixture in thousands of homes. It is a

For Every Member of the Family

from the little folks to the grown-ups. If you are under or over normal weight, daily weighing is imperative. Abnormal weight is a danger signal. Exercising, dieting or treatments mean nothing unless you know what benefits you are securing. And a Health-O-Meter will tell you instantly, accurately and economically. Simply step on and read the easy-to-see dial. A beautiful addition to any bathroom—neat, compact and inviting. Without the Health-O-Meter your bathroom is not modernly equipped.

Ten Day Trial

If your dealer does not sell the Health-O-Meter, you can see, examine and try one in your home without obligation. Simply write for our special 10 Day Trial Offer. Do this now. You and your family will all benefit by it. Address



Continental Scale Works
Dept. 4E, 2124 W. Hutchins
Chicago

Weighs Up to 350 Lbs. "We Weigh the World on Quality Scales"

The touch of unusual flavor—

Do you know that a STEERO bouillon cube added to hash, stew, soup, or gravy gives a delightful tastiness—the last touch of an unusual flavor? Any warmed-over dish will be more appetizing if flavored with a STEERO bouillon cube.

STEERO
BOUILLON CUBES

Try this—Macaroni Sauce

Melt in frying pan 2 tablespoonfuls butter, adding equal quantity of flour and 1½ cupfuls of milk, stirring till thick. Then add 2 STEERO bouillon cubes dissolved in ½ cup of boiling water.

Send 10 cents for STEERO bouillon cube samples and sixty-four-page cook book

Schieffelin & Co., 272 William St., N.Y.C.
Distributors for
American Kitchen Products Co.
New York

Illustrating for Advertising
A BIG FIELD for WOMEN
Nearly Everything Sold is Advertised
Nearly Everything Advertised
Is Illustrated
Women artists are highly paid.
Work at Home in Your Own Studio.
A Master Course is offered.
Class Room or Home Study.
A Beautifully Illustrated Book of Valuable Information for 6 cts. in stamps. Address Dept. 16.
NATIONAL ACADEMY of COMMERCIAL ART
230 East Ohio St. CHICAGO Ill.

Send 50 cents in stamps for fifty large photographs of homes of all sizes by well-known architects

CREO-DIPT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Stained Shingles
Best Quality in Both Shingles and Stains
For Roofs-For Sidewalls
CREO-DIPT COMPANY, INC.
1102 Oliver St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

SWAMP-WISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

When he struggled to his feet he saw a small, bent figure hurrying off through the pine. "Addie!" It was the wrong direction. But tho his voice was hoarse, commanding, she did not stop.

At first he did not grasp it, and when he did he lost his head. He rose over the pine like a crazy animal and started to follow. Then he remembered that this would kill him. To run half a mile would kill him — to exert himself, to get excited and circulate the poison with triple beating of the heart. It must have been strange to see a man stop himself in full flight, lie down on the ground, and hold himself motionless. After a time he began calling Roscoe in a hoarse and broken voice.

And, as it happened, Roscoe was within earshot. He had hurried curiously up to see the picture and was alarmed when Vincent had called the first time. Running, he had passed the fallen tree and seen the snake slide across his path. With Vincent's gun he shot at it, not stopping to see if the shot had told.

An hour later young Ben, breathless and terrified with the day's strange happenings, overtook the missus traveling along the bed of the dead river they had mentioned at noon. She was half-way to the Seminole settlement.

He was almost afraid to speak, to tell her the frightful news. "Missus, oh, *Missus*, come quick!" He did not understand what had happened, why she was wandering alone, how she came to be lost. "This is the way back," he said.

But she kept him going along with her.

"He's asking for yer—it's awful—he may be dead now!"

She said nothing. "Do yer hear—he's bit by a snake, Gord help him, and you wasn't nowhere!" He seized her arm. "He jest keeps yellin' fer yer. 'Go get Addie!' like that. It's awful!"

She stopped then and brushed her hand across her eyes. "All right," she said, "I'll come."

She found him on the cot where he had spent his sweet and dreamless nights. He was furiously now like a crazy man, so that the cot threatened to crash under his heavy weight. Roscoe had despaired of him and, indeed, in the dim lantern light he was a formidable sight—a haggard, violent face with black hair wringing wet and hanging in lank strands over his forehead, a bare gleaming shoulder and powerful forearm, bound tight with a tourniquet and obviously giving pain. The wound had been burned out and he was full enough of antidote to make him half delirious.

He did not see Addie approach, nor know that she climbed the fence, calmly taking charge without fuss and without emotion. The first sign he made was when she put a wet cloth across his eyes and forced him with light pressure to lie down. Then he raised his hand and touched her wrist as tho to identify it. Clutching it, he went off to sleep.

IN THE hours that followed she scarcely moved. She, too, seemed half conscious. It was only when Roscoe at dawn returned from a brief trip down to the swamp that she changed from her cramped position. He had whispered something to her which brought her directly to her feet.

"Addie!" Instantly, too, Vincent was awake. "You won't leave me before I die, Addie?"

In the gray light she stood a small and crumpled figure, worn with the night's vigil. But some fresh vigor was in her. She straightened like the swamp-grass after rain.

"Die! You are not going to die!"

Her thrilling note found answer too in him. "I'm not afraid—if you stay. I'm not afraid. I'll all right, you understand," with sharp emphasis. "Everything's all right—only don't leave me. Afterward you can go back to the boat."

"No, not back to the boat. There's no going back, Vincent. You are not going to die, I say. You will only be sick from the medicine. It was not a poisonous snake!"

But how could he believe it, even tho she stood there, the personification of truth. When a man has accepted—has prepared to die, would he believe?

"Bring in the snake, Roscoe! Mr. Newton does not believe us. Bring it in for him to see!" And so Roscoe brought in the snake which he had shot the night before and gone down at dawn to find.

Vincent raised himself to stare at the limp brown thing with his swamp-wise sight. "A coachwhip!" he pronounced slowly, and again nodded his head. "A coachwhip!" There was no poison in it. He seemed to consider as he saw there his death-sentence retracted, struck off before his own eyes. He considered and slowly raised his head. Life again. More Life! It came rushing back into his eyes. "Addie!"

She still stood firmly. She could not fail to feel his eyes upon her. In fact her hands reached out a little to him. She would go to him with all the rush of turning tides—if startled birds for open sky at dawn. But *now* every particle of color leaves her face and what she says evenly he will remember.

"And so it is a coachwhip!—and I had thought it was a rattlesnake!"

How to Curl Your Hair Once or Twice a Year Instead of Daily, and Yet Have It Wavy All the Time

The New Nestle Lanoil Home Outfit Brings Joy to Thousands of Women and Girls

JUST imagine stepping out of bed in the morning, wetting your comb at the basin, running it through your hair, and seeing each strand fall of its own accord into beautiful curls and waves.

"Just like naturally curly hair," you say. Yes, naturally curly hair is exactly what a single application of the Nestle Lanoil Home Outfit will give you, no matter how straight, thin, dull, or unruly your hair is today.

Gone are curling tongs, gone are curling kids, from every home where this most wonderful invention of modern times enters. Never again will women and girls who have had a Nestle Lanoil Wave be slaves to those old-fashioned methods. Never again need they fear that a whim of the weather will rob them of their lovely waves and curls.

Gives You Natural Curls in Your Own Home

FOR the famous Nestle Lanoil Process has done something really beneficial, really scientific to their hair. It has made it look and behave just like naturally curly hair. You see these happy people working in hot offices, or kitchens, walking at the shore, in the surf, at the dance, yet moisture and perspiration are only making their curls and waves look prettier.

Is this invention too wonderful to understand? So was the phonograph on which you hear Caruso's golden voice reproduced today. So also is the radio, broadcasting a whispered word thousands of miles over land and sea. Curling pins were discovered recently in the tombs of Pharaoh's daughters, departed from this life four thousand years ago. Crimping irons have been in use for centuries. Yet neither method of curling ever gave permanent relief to women afflicted with straight hair. The surprising thing is therefore that so many years should have passed before a really scientific method was discovered.

The New Nestle Lanoil Process Is Safe

BUT the new Nestle Lanoil Wave is here at last. It is taking the world by storm. Its *safety*, its *comfort*, its *quickness*, —the wonderful free trial guarantee under which the Home Outfit is sent to all, is making this the most popular invention of the age. Less than nine months after its discovery, Mr. C. Nestle, its noted inventor, had to open a second Nestle Establishment in New York to take care of the daily demand from all classes of women. At the famous 12 East 49th Street Nestle Building, and in the 1650 Broadway salons, over 400 waves are now being given every day.

But Mr. Nestle does not want you deprived of this blessing just because you cannot come to his establishments, nor because you may be inconvenienced by professional fees. He believes every woman and girl is entitled to the joy of owning naturally curly hair, no matter what her circumstances, or where she lives. He believes that if you cannot come to him for a Nestle Lanoil Wave, the Nestle Lanoil Wave should go to you.

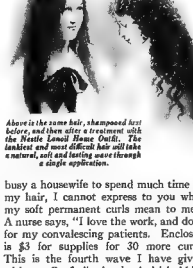
52,341 Home Outfits in Successful Use

SINCE August, 1922, therefore, over 53,000 Home Outfits for doing this work have been sent out on 30 days free trial. Of these 98 out of every 100 were gladly kept by their purchasers. From the orders for additional waving supplies, it is evident at least 175,000 waves have been given with these Outfits. Many users are even making substantial incomes by waving the hair of friends and relatives, while several hundred, after enjoying success in the trial on their own hair, are selling Home Outfits as our agents.

Every User Is Grateful to Mr. Nestle

EACH mail brings a treasury of gratitude to Mr. Nestle. A mother writes, "I have just curled my two little girls' hair with great success. Two weeks ago, a neighbor waved mine. As I was always too busy a housewife to spend much time on my hair, I cannot express to you what my soft permanent curls mean to me." A nurse says, "I love the work, and do it for my convalescing patients. Enclosed is $3 for supplies for 30 more curls. This is the fourth wave I have given with my Outfit." A school-girl bubbles over with, "My bobbed hair is simply a mass of wonderful curls. My chum found the work very easy to do."

A pleasant afternoon, spent with the Home Outfit, on free trial, results in soft, bright, permanent curls and waves.



Above is the same hair, shampooed just before, and then after a treatment with the Nestle Lanoil Home Outfit. The lankiest and most difficult hair will take a natural, soft and lasting wave through a single application.

Waving Is Easy, Pleasant Work

"EASY" expresses the working of this dainty little apparatus. Mystery *seems* to surround the transformation of straight lanky hair into natural soft and permanent curliness, but actually the process is the simplest in the world. Have you noticed that naturally curly hair waves even more when wet than dry? Yet, your hair, no matter how painstakingly curled with irons or crimpers, under the influence of water, perspiration or dampness, immediately goes straighter than before. The Lanoil Process simply restores to your hair, gently and safely, the receptivity it should naturally have to the moisture which is always in the air and surrounding the human body. But judge for yourself how easy and safe the process is. You wind up a strand on a Nestle curler, wet it with the sympathetic Lanoil lotion, slip over it the dainty Lanoil heater (worked from your nearest light socket), and switch on the heat. After several minutes, you turn off the heat. The hair waved is now naturally curly and so it will remain forever. No amount of wetting, shampooing, or rubbing can deprive it of its soft curl and wave. Nor would another waving ever again be necessary except for the new growth which comes in at the rate of ½ inch a month.

Send No Money

WE do not ask you to accept this wonderful invention on our word, nor on the word of its 52,341 happy users. We want you simply to try and see for yourself, without risking a single penny of your money. Send no money—just a postcard, letter, or the coupon at the bottom of this page. When the little box containing the Nestle apparatus for making naturally curly hair arrives, deposit $15 with your postman. Then try the apparatus. Wave a few strands of your hair, with the package of supplies sent for this purpose, and wait to see whether what we say is true. See whether your hair does not get curly, and remain so no matter how wet you get it.

Mr. Nestle Gives You 30 Days Free Trial

WE give you thirty days free trial to test the results, and if during that time you find any misrepresentation, or have any other reason for returning the Outfit, do so, and we will immediately refund the money you have deposited with us. Instead of depositing the money with the postman, you may of course send us a check, money order or bank draft. But whatever you do, your money will be refunded the day we receive the return of the Outfit. In refunding, we make no reduction for postage, or for the use of the Outfit or the free supplies. Over 52,000 people have bought and tried the Outfit with this guarantee during the last eight months, and have gladly kept it. If you follow the simple directions we give with this Outfit, you too will be forever thankful to the inventor who gave you naturally curly hair.

If you want Mr. Nestle's free illustrated booklet about the Nestle Lanoil Home Outfit, write today for your copy. It will be sent promptly without obligation to you.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., Ltd., Dept. P,
Established 1905
12 and 14 East 49th Street
Just off Fifth Avenue
New York City

Nestle Lanoil Co., Ltd.,
Dept. P, 12 and 14 East 49th St.,
New York City

Under the above guarantee, please send me a Nestle Lanoil Home Outfit for Permanent Waving, complete with free materials for 30 days free trial.

☐ I am sending no money, but will deposit its low cost of $15 with my postman on its arrival.

☐ I prefer to enclose $15 (money order, check or bank draft) as deposit returnable to me, if dissatisfied with 30 days free trial.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

OR check here....., if you desire *only* free booklet of further particulars.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE COFFEE WORLD

Important News for the Housewife in the Eighth Article of Our Series on Marketing

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

Drawing by Harold Sichel

DO YOU know that the cup of coffee you had this morning has a history? For about six hundred years coffee has been served as the beverage which is now a daily drink in so many homes. There are many stories about its discovery. First it was known to civilization as a medicine and was served also as a food. At one time it was used as a kind of wine. The berries were even considered a confection.

They say coffee was first brewed by a monk. He noticed that his flock of goats performed queer antics after eating the berries from the coffee-tree; and as he had been very much annoyed because some of his order went to sleep in church he decided to make an infusion from the berries and offer it to the offenders. It worked like a charm, in fact too well, for the effect on the monks was so stimulating that the beverage fell under the ban of the church.

The coffee-houses of Paris and London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries furnish the most interesting chapters in the history of coffee. Before 1715 there were two thousand registered in London alone. It was D'Israeli who said, "The history of coffee-houses are the invention of clubs was that of the manners, the morals, and the politics of a people." The coffee-house took the place of the club of to-day. Scandal, play, criticism, and politics went hand in hand in the old coffee-houses. Every one had its own clientele; politicians, clergy, soldiers, and the merchants—all had their favorites. Such names as Addison and Steele, Sheridan, Pope, Goldsmith, and Garrick—all contributed to the romance and history of these famous gathering-places. White's, Button's, Rose and Crown, the Alfred and Guard, Don Saltero's, and the White Horse —all these were favorite coffee-houses. Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was a frequent patron when he had enough money. It was at Peele's in Fleet Street, London, that the famous portrait of Doctor Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds hung.

THE OLD AUCTION MART COFFEE-ROOM, LONDON. BELOW IS A VERSE FROM ONE OF THE OLD BROADSIDES OF 1667

Coffee's Civic Influence

IN THE colonies, trials were sometimes held in the coffee-houses. These were actually centers of business, political, and social life and proved a real civic forum. Committees of citizens met in The Merchants' Coffee-House in New York before the Revolution. It was presided over for years by Widow Ferrari, a shrewd business woman. There George Washington, when newly elected President of the United States, was greeted by the Governor of New York State and the Mayor of the city.

The coffee-house is again becoming an institution. It is increasingly popular, as proved by the number which have been opened recently in this country. The menus are very simple—only an excellent cup of coffee, a choice of two or three kinds of sandwiches, and a simple sweet are served. But there is an attraction somewhat like that of the old coffee-houses, from which the modern ones are copied—there is atmosphere. We know of one which is rather an art center where aspiring young artists are permitted to hang their pictures.

Coffee, as a beverage, is becoming more and more popular. Yearly sales in the United States have increased between sixty and seventy million dollars in the last four years. Since we use more than one billion pounds a year, don't you agree we should know how to market for it? Brazil sends us more than half, and all but about three per cent. of the remainder comes from Central America, Mexico, the West Indies, Venezuela, Colombia, Arabia, and the Dutch East Indies. The amount of real Mocha and Java produced at present is too small to supply a fraction of the demand.

It is against the law to label as "Java" coffee that does not come from Java or Sumatra. Real Mocha is grown in Arabia, and after the coffee became well known and very popular some unscrupulous dealers applied this name to coffee from other countries. Now, however, the pure food law protects us against such substitution and false labeling.

Coffees frequently take their names from the ports from which they are shipped. The most widely used variety in this country is called "Santos," after a port of São Paulo, the great coffee-producing state of Brazil.

There may have been a time when you could purchase coffee according to the name of the bean, but now practically all coffees on the market are blends. The best way for most of us to purchase it is to go to a reliable dealer and test out a coffee that he recommends. If you are not satisfied, as to both quality and price, try another. You may even find certain differences in a brand from time to time, for blending and roasting are very delicate processes and the slightest variation is noticeable. The coffee-roaster is the most important cook who has anything to do with your morning cup. Most coffees are given what is called "cinnamon roast," so called because the coffee-bean, which is a greenish-brown color when raw, after roasting is the color of cinnamon. This roast makes a full-flavored, rich cup of coffee such as is desired by the average family. A much darker roast is used by the French and Italians and by nearly all tropical and subtropical peoples, who think that longer roasting makes a better-flavored beverage.

Once accustomed to a particular brand of coffee, the average person prefers it to a new one; and if asked why she likes a special coffee the housewife usually says "It smells so good." Aroma is the most important quality, and yet coffee is frequently handled so carelessly in the home that the delicate aroma we have paid for is lost. If possible, coffee should be purchased in the bean, for it deteriorates very quickly after grinding, and it should always be stored in air-tight, moisture-proof containers. Never keep coffee near other strong-smelling foods, for it absorbs odors. Never accept coffee that has been ground and put in the ordinary paper bags and placed on the shelf to await a customer. It will cost you no more to have it freshly ground. When a paper bag is used to hold coffee for any length of time, it should be lined with especially prepared foil or moisture-proof paper. One dealer told us that roasted coffee, when unprotected, deteriorates, after it is ground, about ten per cent. per week. This deterioration is much less when the coffee is kept in the bean.

In the course of preparing this article for you we were privileged to become coffee-tasters ourselves, and we are sure that we now know what the sign "Fresh-Roasted Coffee" really means. Right in the heart of New York's wholesale coffee district we tested the same blends and roasts that had been prepared at different times. Coffee that had been roasted and ground for four months and kept in an ordinary paper bag gave us a rather tasteless brew, with no aroma. Then we were given a taste of coffee that had been roasted and ground for an equal length of time, but kept in a can. This coffee had a rancid taste. The freshly ground roasted coffee of the same blend was so delicious that we never would have suspected that it was related to the other coffee. The coffee-taster measures out a rounded tablespoonful of freshly roasted, medium-fine-ground coffee, or weighs a given amount for each cup and pours over it boiling water. After standing for a few minutes the brew is tested for color, flavor, and aroma.

Manufacturers claim that a vacuum-packed coffee will keep a year or even longer. Vacuum-packed coffee is better known and more popular in the Western than in the Eastern part of this country, because in the East it is much easier to buy freshly roasted coffee. Vacuum coffee is more expensive than that packed in the ordinary way because of the cost of the container.

The coffee epicure, however, grinds his own coffee at home because he knows that the instant the berry is broken the volatile oils are released and the coffee begins to deteriorate. If you grind your coffee at home, buy a mill that will give you an even grind of the desired fineness and uniformity.

The blend, the roast, the grind, and the way of making coffee are all important. For filtered coffee ask for a fine grind like fine corn-meal, for percolating have your coffee like granulated sugar, and for boiling use a medium or coarse grind. It is only after you decide upon your method of making coffee that you know what grind you need. If coffee is too coarsely ground it is difficult to get the flavor out of it. When coffee is ground to a powder and water poured over it a paste is very apt to form and you do not get the proper extraction.

Another question to decide when buying coffee is, Shall I buy in bulk or package? The arguments in favor of package coffee have been summed up as follows: "That it is clean, that blends are prepared by experts, and that they are uniform; that the coffee is always properly roasted and, in the case of package ground coffee, properly ground." On the other hand, the arguments in favor of buying coffee are: "That it costs more than the same grade in bulk; that when the market advances some packers may change their blends to maintain the advertised price, and that when packed ground there is a rapid loss of flavor, aroma, and strength."

Purity and Freshness

THERE is a tendency among grocers to overstock coffee because they have been urged by salesmen to buy in large quantities; so if you do not like the coffee you are getting ask if it is fresh. The oil in the coffee cannot stand it for a time, so that freshness is an essential to good coffee. Roasted coffee in the bean does not deteriorate as rapidly as when ground. Hotels and restaurants which make a specialty of their coffee grind it fresh every day. If coffee does not smell delicious when the can is first opened or when it is first ground, it is stale. Unless at a great distance from the market, the housewife should not order more than a week's supply of coffee at a time.

Aroma and flavor usually tell whether the coffee is pure, but if there is any question of cereal or chicory having been added, there is a simple household test to find out. Put a teaspoonful of ground coffee in half a glass of cold water. If nearly all the coffee floats and the water is only slightly colored the coffee is pure. If most of it sinks to the bottom and the liquid is discolored, the coffee has been adulterated. Many

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

CUP-TESTING IN THE HEART OF A COFFEE-ROASTER'S PLANT. EACH SAMPLE IS TESTED BY BOTH SMELL AND TASTE

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

YOUR FRIEND AND OURS —THE GROCER

Your grocer knows us. He has known us very well for a very long time—ever since he has been in the grocery business.

And we know your grocer. Our force of salesmen is sufficiently large to enable us to visit him very frequently—every few weeks.

In fact, the grocer who distributes the 57 Varieties in your neighborhood is our local representative there. He knows your wants and tastes—and he helps us serve you.

By dealing directly with your grocer, and by having such frequent contact with him, we are able to keep him supplied with a good assortment of the 57 in limited quantities. In this way we help him make sure that every one of the 57 Varieties on his shelves is of the very freshest quality when he offers it to you.

Your grocer's cooperation in always keeping the 57 Varieties available in your neighborhood makes him an important factor in our business—and an important member of your community.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 *Varieties*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

WHEATENA—ALL WHEAT, NUT-BROWN AND SWEET

Out of the wheat field cometh strength

The nation's "Good Morning" from the golden wheat fields!

Wheatena greets you with a smile and awakes the drowsiest appetite. Delicious. Sustaining. Wheatena, with its delightful nut-brown flavor, is the food cereal that millions relish every day.

From the sunny wheat fields comes whole-wheat—for centuries Nature's perfect food. And for nearly half a century whole wheat in its most enticing dish has been Wheatena.

All the great body-building, health-giving elements of the wheat are there. The plump golden grains of choicest winter wheat, with the heart left in, are roasted by the exclusive Wheatena process. This gives Wheatena that delicious nut-brown flavor.

Everybody likes it. Children eat Wheatena and never tire of it. Its distinctive flavor has made Wheatena the great American cereal found regularly on the breakfast tables of thousands upon thousands of families the whole nation over.

Serve it for tomorrow's breakfast. Nothing easier to prepare—just stir into slightly salted boiling water, and boil three minutes or more. Use Wheatena also for muffins, cookies and desserts, for breading chops and cutlets. You will discover many other delightful ways of serving Wheatena to please the palate, and spare the family purse.

Wheatena is served in leading hotels, restaurants and dining-cars everywhere you go.

All good grocers have Wheatena or will gladly get it for you.

SAMPLE PACKAGE FREE

Write for free sample package—enough for a family breakfast. We will send book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SINCE 1879

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Photos by J. C. Allen

THE AMERICAN GIRL CANS HER WAY OVER

An Unusual Trip That Skill and Hard Work Have Won for Four Canning Club Members

BY GRACE VIALL GRAY

SOME day soon a ship will sail out of New York harbor carrying four very happy American girls to France. Of course, that is not unusual for American girls to go to France, but these girls are unusual and the trip is unusual too.

It will be the first of its kind, and the girls are doing something that no other American girls have ever done before. They are not being sent abroad by wealthy fathers or relatives, they are not being sent to a finishing-school, but they are going because they have won their way across the Atlantic. They go to France to represent the Girls' Canning Clubs of the United States and to demonstrate home canning to the French people. These country girls are typical American products. They have studied and worked hard to win this trip and are all examples of what America can produce in the way of splendid, healthy, intelligent young womanhood.

This happy opportunity is the result of hard work and conscientious effort which reached their climax last December at the International Live Stock Show in Chicago, in a national contest for canning club members. Nine canning teams of two girls each competed, representing 55,000 club workers of the United States. The eighteen girls who came to the final test at the Live Stock Show had been picked after many previous local and sectional contests.

They were winners from five districts into which the country had been divided. Oregon and Idaho came from the Northwest; from the Southwest came Colorado; from the North Central came Iowa and Minnesota; from the South came Georgia and Mississippi, and from the Northeast came Massachusetts and Connecticut. So the whole United States was represented, and each team that came to Chicago was the champion or near champion in its respective district.

"The primary purpose of a contest such as that carried out at the Live Stock Show," according to Mr. G. L. Noble, secretary of the National Committee on Boys' and Girls' Club Work, "is to encourage thrift in the conservation of all available products during the season of abundance; to emphasize, through canning, the importance of a well-rounded diet that will make for farm and rural home efficiency; to stimulate an increased interest in club canning and home-making clubs in the United States as conducted by the agricultural colleges, the United States Department of Agriculture co-operating.

"The secondary object was to determine prize-winners who are worthy of a trip to Europe and capable of demonstrating canning to the French people, especially in the devastated regions, where such home practises are greatly needed."

This Way to France

SO THESE girls all came to Chicago to compete for this glorious unusual prize—a trip to Europe with all expenses paid! Each team was so well trained, so well organized, so well informed, and so very efficient that it took six days of constant attention and days of thought and figuring on the judges' part to make the final awards. Each team was nearer perfection than teams have ever been before. And one of the teams who demonstrated their ability at the Live Stock Show in Chicago would be a credit to the United States overseas. It was only by careful scoring that the winners were at last announced

The two girls who won first place and were therefore proclaimed "the champion canners of the United States" hailed from Iowa. The next two, who followed upon their heels and became the near champions, were from Colorado. The Connecticut team, winner of third place, was made alternate for the European trip.

Iowa's Winning Team

THE winning Iowa team is from Eddyville, in the southeastern part of that State, and is composed of Katherine Bolibaugh and Beulah Rodgers. Chaperoning these girls to Europe will be two very important people: their coach, Esther Bollbaugh, a sister of Katherine, and the assistant State leader of girls' club work in Iowa, Josephine Arnquist. It is very fitting that these two leaders, who have worked constantly for years to make this team the champion of the United States, should share in this trip.

Colorado's representatives are Bertha Boger and Elaine Hendricks, both of Burlington, and Maude Sheridan, their State leader, will accompany them.

So as these four club girls and their three leaders set forth for France the good wishes of the United States will follow them through their entire trip. They will form part of the next Good Will Delegation who go across, under the auspices of the American Committee for Devastated France.

The Good Will Delegation movement, started by the American Committee last year, is proving a constructive measure in the field of international relations. It is helping to interpret France to America and America to France. The wide type of American womanhood is being introduced to the men and women who are the backbone of France. The women who go on these delegations have semiofficial status. They are received by civil, military, and religious officia s wherever they go and are honored guests everywhere, from humble peasant homes to the palace of the President.

These canning experts will demonstrate to the French people American methods of canning fruits vegetables, and meats, and will in turn learn from our friends across the Atlantic the methods used by them. A portion of the time will be devoted to a short course at the National School of Home Economics at Grignon, under the direction of Madame Babet Charton and Madame Devouge.

The trip will last from two to three months. The girls will work entirely under the direction of the American Committee for Devastated France, the French Ministry of Agriculture co-operating.

It is interesting to note that the four who won the trip are all farm girls. In fact out of the eighteen girls who entered the contest sixteen live on farms, while the other two come from small towns. The average age of all the girls who entered the contest is seventeen.

It will be necessary for us to glance back over these girls' lives to see just what has happened to bring this victory to them.

This is what Beulah Rodgers of Iowa has to say for herself: "The Sumner I was twelve years old I was still romping around and playing house with my younger sisters. One morning my mother sent me on an errand to one of the neighbors. The two girls in that family were just getting ready to go to a meeting of the Eddyville Canning Club. They were very enthusiastic about it and wanted me to join.

"It was easy to gain my mother's consent, so I took a jar, lid, and some rubbers and went with the neighbor girls to the meeting three miles away. The leader had some pineapple for me to can. I'll never forget how bewildered I felt when she told me to blanch the pineapple. I had never heard the word 'blanch' before. I learned how to can pineapple and test rubbers that day. Altho I didn't realize it then, that day was the beginning of new things for me, for it was my first beginning in club work and the first time I ever knew Katherine Bollbaugh, who is now my partner. This was also the beginning of our first canning at home. This year I canned 575 pints of fruits, vegetables, meats, and jellies. During the five years I have been a club member I have canned 9,000 pints. I have learned that prizes aren't the greatest things, after all, in club work, but the satisfaction of knowing that a thing has been well done and to regard each achievement as one step forward in the things worth while. I know that club work has helped to keep the community spirit alive in our community along with our local group and Farm Bureau."

"Brought Up" on Club Work

KATHERINE BOLIBAUGH says: "Last Summer a boy who had lived all his life in the city stayed with us. My mother asked him if he liked the movies. He said, 'Why, Aunt Tibbie, I was brought up on 'em.' It is the same way with club work and myself. I was practically brought up on it. I joined the canning club when I was only ten years of age.

Elaine Hendricks and Bertha Boger, from Colorado, know more about canning rabbit and its many delectable qualities than any other two people in the United States. Their exhibit of jars showing rabbits fried, fricasseed, broiled, boiled, stewed, and what-not, created a great deal of interest and brought forth numerous questions at the International. There is no doubt that the two Colorado girls will have great fun exchanging rabbit recipes, rabbit theories, and rabbit possibilities with the French-women, as the French too are adept in rabbit cookery.

Elaine Hendricks says: "Four years ago I plunged earnestly and eagerly into canning work. Our demonstration team was eager to reach the home canning to the country women. In order to reach the people we gave public demonstrat ons of the canning of fruits and vegetables in the stores on Saturday afternoons when the women would come in to rest after their shopping. Then our County Club agent fitted her car with a cupboard which was fully equipped for canning demonstrations. With this contrivance we were able to give demonstrations almost anywhere. We have canned rabbit in twenty-six different ways. As our prairies abound in edible mushrooms from June to August I gather them in great quantities and can them.

"When the farmers do their Winter butchering some of us take our pressure-cookers and other equipment and go into homes and teach the women to can. Before the days of home canning many farmers had fresh meat for only a few weeks a year; now it can be had the year around. I have canned several beeves and hogs and dozens of chickens. I do this when the price is lowest. I have canned almost every vegetable grown in our community, which has meant a saving of hundreds of dollars in the family budget.

"Both my mother and father are working, which leaves the bulk of the housework in my care. My mother is County Superintendent of Schools and is necessarily kept very busy. Father is a farmer, being engaged in managing a farm of his own, besides carrying on a veterinary medicine practise."

Bertha Boger says: "Any sacrifice of playtime is well repaid now by this wonderful trip. Another phase of club work that interests me is millinery work. My hats now never cost me more than two dollars apiece and could never be bought for less than six dollars. Last Summer and Fall I saved the members of my family over eighty-four dollars by making their hats. My mother is clerk of the District Court, which keeps her away from the house the greater part of the day, and as I have several brothers and sisters younger than myself most of the housework and care of the younger children has fallen on me, but I always find time for my club work. My father is a busy farmer."

Typical Country Girls

FROM these side-lights on these four typical country club girls' lives we can readily see that they haven't just "fallen into" this trip abroad. They have earned it by using their hands, their hearts, and their brains.

In fact every girl who came to Chicago hoping that she might be one of the chosen ones to go abroad has done something worth while in life, something of which her community is proud, and the medal she carried home with her from Chicago testifies to that. But all could not win. All could not go to Europe. It was only after each team had given a demonstration on the canning of a fruit, a vegetable, and a meat, and after the final products were scored, could a decision be rendered. The judges spent hours in this task, and adding scores. It is interesting to look at the scores, for the different teams excelled in different lines. For instance, the Iowa team scored highest in the actual demonstration work, whereas Georgia excelled in judging of the finished products, coming out one hundred per cent. The final score told the story of all-around ability and efficiency.

There was the charming girl from a farm near Jackson, Miss.—Wellie Stribling is her name. Any mother of us would love to call her "daughter." Wellie has a birthright we might all envy, for in the health competition, which every contestant entered, Wellie's teeth at seventeen years of age received a one hundred per cent. score. There is not a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

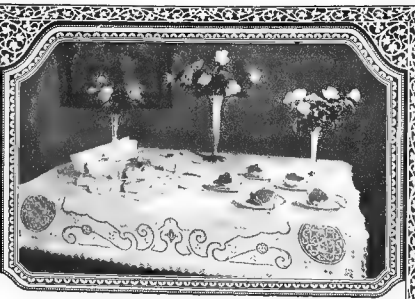
KATHERINE BOLIBAUGH AND BEULAH RODGERS, THE WINNING TEAM FROM IOWA

BERTHA BOGER AND ELAINE HENDRICKS, WHO CAME FROM COLORADO TO WIN

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"PUTTING CANNING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC"

AN ARTICLE under this title, which appeared three years ago in Pictorial Review, described the beginning of the work in food-preservation done by representatives of the United States Department of Agriculture in France. This idea has been developed with the co-operation of the French Ministry of Agriculture and the American Committee for Devastated France until a plan has now been worked out to begin organized home-demonstration work there similar to that in the United States. Two young Frenchwomen, who have been chosen to be the first home-demonstration agents in France, have been in this country studying in the State Colleges of Agriculture of Georgia and Iowa. On their return clubs called "French Beehives" will be organized. The trip of the American girls described on this page will give added interest to this year's food-preservation work in France.



HERE IS a delicious salad that will delight the girlhood friends of the bride-to-be, when they gather for her shower.

Frozen Fruit Salad Dissolve one teaspoon gelatine (softened in cold water) over boiling water. Add ½ cup Premier Salad Dressing, ½ pint whipped cream, ½ cup strawberries (fresh or preserved), ½ cup bananas, ½ cup diced marshmallows, ½ cup whole blanched almonds. Pour into individual heart-shaped molds, allow for swelling, cover tightly and pack in equal parts ice and salt for two hours. Serve on lettuce.

Surprise the guests

at the June bride's shower

THEY THINK they know in advance what the refreshments are going to be.

But with a bottle of Premier Salad Dressing and the Premier booklet offered below, you can give them a shock of delight.

Nature has given us just so many foods, and we tend to grow tired of even the best. But this is the magic of Premier—that when you add it to common, even tiresome foods, they cease to be common and tiresome.

"Salads, Suppers, Picnics" is the name of the Premier book, which is full of suggestions for delightful refreshments. Send for it. It's free.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY, Dept. 19D, NEW YORK

Premier
Salad Dressing

SEND FOR TRIAL CAN

If your grocer does not yet keep the new Premier Coffee, send us his name and ten cents to cover shipping for a generous sample can. Blended for men by one of America's greatest coffee experts, Premier Coffee will satisfy men who have never been fully satisfied with their morning cup of coffee before.

"Premier" on any article of food is a guarantee of excellence—and has been for 35 years.

"CHARGE IT, PLEASE"

The Second of a Series of Articles for the Woman Who Buys

BY RUTH LEIGH

NOW you're sure it doesn't make me look too fat?" inquired the short, plump customer, surveying over her shoulder, for the tenth time, the back effect of the military-blue tweed suit she was trying on.

"No, Madam, it really doesn't. You see, it's so well tailored, and the coat has long lines. It's very becoming, I think." The saleswoman knew her business.

"Well—" again the coat was opened and the gray-satin lining inspected. "It's all right. I like it, and I know my husband will."

The saleswoman stood attentively, pencil poised over her sales-book. "You want to take it with you, you say?"

"Yes. Charge it, please. Mrs. H. T. Lawler, 2150 Central Avenue. Oh, yes, I'll sign. I'm Mrs Lawler."

And that ended the sale—for the time being. The saleswoman departed, suit over her arm, and Mrs. Lawler sat down, carelessly surveying the busy suit department as she awaited her package. Once, while she waited, the saleswoman appeared.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Mrs. Lawler, but it's a charge purchase, you see. Has to go up to the office first."

"Oh, that's all right." Sweetly. "I'm in no hurry."

FIVE minutes later a rather apologetic saleswoman approached her customer.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Lawler, but there's some trouble about the charge account. I'll have to hold the suit until you go up to the office to see our credit manager, Mr. Hutchinson. It's only on the fifth floor, just two above this."

Mrs. Lawler stood up, frowning. "What? The charge account? Why, do you mean to say I haven't an account in this store? The idea! There must be some mistake."

"Oh, yes, we have your account, Madam, but I think they want to see you before we deliver the suit."

"Oh, very well. I'll go up. This is awfully annoying, tho. I'll be back shortly to get the suit."

Mrs. Lawler flounced out of the department in the direction of the elevator.

"You see, Mrs. Lawler," began the credit manager politely, "your account is so long overdue and we've already extended credit to the limit. We'd be very glad to oblige you and deliver the suit, well, perhaps later in the day, if Mr. Lawler could send down a check on account, just to pay part of it, if not all."

Mrs. Lawler's short, plump form fairly bristled with indignation.

"Do you mean to insinuate that we don't pay our bills? Why, my husband is H. T. Lawler, sales manager of the Mirango Cereal Corporation. I'm sure——"

"I'm afraid you misunderstand me, Mrs. Lawler." The credit manager smiled agreeably. "We're not questioning your standing. I merely refer you to our records," consulting some papers before him, "that your account is four months overdue, and we have already extended as much credit as we feel——"

"Four months? That's impossible. Why, I told my husband to send——"

"Yes, you see, the account is still unpaid covering that dining-room suite you bought in September. This is January, and we——"

"But this suit is very inexpensive. It's only $59.50. Nevertheless, Mr. Hutchinson, to imagine that we're not good for that amount! Call up my husband. He'll tell you it's all right for me to take the suit."

"I have no doubt, Mrs. Lawler. I assure you the Carson store is extremely pleased to serve you. You're a valuable customer and we want your patronage. I'm sure it's just an oversight on Mr. Lawler's part——"

"But I want that suit, Mr. Hutchinson. I'm leaving town to-morrow morning. I *must* have it. I'll see Mr. Carson personally. I know him."

"Just as you say, Mrs. Lawler. But as this store's credit matters are in my charge, I believe Mr. Carson will refer the decision again to me." The credit manager was extremely polite, tho firm.

Mrs. Lawler rose and walked to the door. "Very well, Mr. Hutchinson. If that's all this store thinks of our account, you can consider it closed. You'll get your check, then you can cross our name off permanently from your books. This is my last visit to the Carson store. I'm finished. Good day."

"But, Mrs. Lawler——" The credit manager hurried after his store's customer. "It's not that we don't value your account. It's just that your bills are so long overdue that we do not feel justified——"

"Never mind. I don't feel justified in dealing with a store that thinks I'm a thief." And Mrs. Lawler stepped haughtily into the elevator.

The credit manager scratched his head. He was used to these scenes. They occur in the best-regulated department stores.

And so you have two sides of the story—the customer's and the store's. The average customer's view-point is Mrs. Lawler's. Let us consider the store's for a moment.

Why, to begin with, do stores grant their customers credit, so they can say "Charge it, please" as easily as Mrs. Lawler? Certainly, it would be more convenient for them to have customers pay cash with everything.

The retail merchant, when he opens a charge account with you, has two things in mind, first, the convenience to you, and, second, the convenience to his store. It is intended to be a mutual arrangement, one of convenience and service. A retail store knows that by extending credit to customers, and allowing them to pay for purchases at the end of the month, it will make many immediate sales that might otherwise be lost if customers were obliged to pay cash. Therefore a store allows you to charge goods as a matter of convenience to itself and of service to you.

Many charge customers, Mrs. Lawler, for example, do not realize that. They seem to think that a retail merchant extends credit to his customers to help them through financial difficulties, by enabling them to buy goods for which they are unable to pay at the time of purchase. This is a much-mistaken notion!

"Credit," says Mr. S. L. Gilfillan, the secretary of the Minneapolis Retail Credit Association, "is a convenience and not a crutch."

When a store allows you to charge goods *it expects that you have available the money with which to pay for what you are buying.* The credit privilege simply enables you to pay for your goods at the time when it is most convenient for you to pay all of your bills, the first of the month.

Isn't that simple? By simply recognizing that credit is offered to you as a convenience, that a merchant is not a money-lender nor a merchandise-lender, you have the whole theory of retail credit in a nutshell.

"But the trouble is," the credit manager of a New York store told me, "the public simply refuses to realize the importance of keeping its credit good. It's all right for people to understand why we give them charge accounts. If we could only make them understand the importance of paying their bills promptly, as they promise when they open the account."

Do you appreciate that point—the importance of paying your bills promptly? When you buy a pair of shoes, let us say, and charge it, the shoe merchant assumes that you have the money with which to pay, but that you don't choose to pay at that time. He gives you the convenience of charging your shoes. There's only one way for you to return this convenience to the merchant, by paying promptly. That's a moral obligation.

ALMOST every merchant knows that his average customer is honest. He knows that it is through neglect rather than intent that you do not pay your bills promptly. That was the case of Mrs. Lawler. The credit manager did not question her honesty, as she claimed. He knew that it was probably neglect that caused that four months' overdue bill. It's just a form of carelessness. It's a comparatively simple matter, you will agree, to keep square with the world and be free from worry over unpaid bills if you systematize your household affairs and lay aside a sufficient sum of money each pay-day to meet the bills that will be due on the first of the month.

One Indiana merchant points out to his customers that their standing in the community as citizens and their standing with their circle of friends are affected by the growing knowledge that they are not paying the bills due the grocer, the butcher, and down-town merchants.

"My husband was telling me last night," murmured Mrs. Baker to Mrs. Martin as they sat knitting in the Baker front parlor, "that Mrs. Carpenter still owes her last June shoe bill. Imagine owing money that long!"

You know how gossip like this gets around. Moreover, the visits of collectors at your door do not go unnoticed by your neighbors.

Let's consider another aspect—the relation of your unpaid bills to the price of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

"CHARGE IT, PLEASE"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

eggs—and other things. You never realised, probably, that this charge-account business is a veritable boomerang; you charge something and then if you don't pay your bills promptly it comes right back and attacks you by high prices.

When you open a charge account your part of the agreement implies prompt payment of your account when you get the bill. The merchant carries out his part of the agreement, but if you don't pay your bill promptly you fail in yours. By doing this you impose an extra burden upon the merchant. You make him wait for his money, which is tied up in credit. He can't use your money which you owe him for the goods bought, because you haven't paid him. He needs money, however, to buy more goods for his store. If he sells goods, you know, he must buy more to keep his stocks complete.

By granting you a charge account that merchant allows you the use of his capital for at least thirty days. If you do not pay back this capital promptly, he misses the money with which to buy more goods. As a result he is obliged to make other financial arrangements to meet his own bills. He is forced to go into the money market (the banks) and borrow sufficient to meet his own needs, paying a good rate of interest therefor. Meantime, remember, you have enjoyed the use of his money without interest.

Who pays in the long run? You do. This interest increases the retailer's expenses just that much, and justifies him in increasing his prices proportionately. By not paying bills promptly, you tie up money, and eventually you pay more for goods. That's the commercial boomerang at work.

Even in cases of merchants who do not find it necessary to borrow, if you force them to carry your unpaid account on their books longer than thirty days, the condition is reflected in the prices of goods on sale in their stores. This is because capital is tied up in charge accounts, and merchants are not in a position to take advantage of market chances to buy goods at bargains, which savings might be handed on to you.

Do you see how, when you put off paying your bills promptly, you harm the merchant, your neighbors, and, most of all, yourself?

IF YOU do not pay the retailer promptly, he can not pay the wholesaler from whom he has bought goods. If the wholesaler does not get *his* money promptly, he can not pay the banks that have lent him money to finance him.

What is the result? Your husband talks with Mr. Jones about "business being rotten." You have to put off that long-wanted fur coat for another year. It is plain that you, a customer, play a tremendously important part in the commercial fabric of this nation. The way you pay your bills strongly reflects the financial condition of the country.

And here's a little secret that store credit-men recognize. Suppose you've been in the habit of paying your bills promptly, so that your credit with a store is what they call A-1. Then, some day, for some reason, after charging a large amount, you find your household finances, due to your husband's business, in a temporarily unsettled condition, so that you are "up against it" and can not pay your bills for the time being. Do you know the result? *You* won't be considered as Mrs. Lawler was; you may be granted extra time-paying privileges; you may even be allowed to charge more for the time being—all because your credit in the past has been excellent.

A merchant gets to know what customers are in the habit of paying promptly, and it is these customers who, when an emergency arises, are given a deferred-payment privilege to tide them over difficult situations. Here again the boomerang operates; you pay promptly and then, in an emergency, when you can not pay promptly, the merchant returns your courtesy by "carrying your account" for a little while until your affairs straighten out.

Every charge-account bill should be paid by the tenth of the month. Isn't that fair? You have received a whole month's credit; you have used goods for a whole month without paying for them. Then you get a bill for them on the first of the next month. To keep your credit good with stores you should pay this bill not later than the tenth, and that ends the transaction. If you will only remember that by not paying promptly on the tenth you increase the cost of goods and indirectly affect the business condition of the whole nation, you will see how this charge-and-credit business directly affects you.

"Oh, I'm just one person," sverage Mrs. Brown says. "How can any one little charge account make such a difference?"

It does, Mrs. Brown. Because you are probably not the only woman who thinks that way. If one, ten, a hundred, a thousand, or a hundred thousand women all think that they are "just one person," all their combined non-payment of bills unquestionably affects the affairs of the nation. The mere fact that you accept a store's charge-account privileges implies your solemn promise to pay by the tenth of the month following the date of purchase. Keep your promise.

And remember that in almost every city

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

Newest and smartest of wash dresses

A Wonderful booklet for you

A Fashion Booklet presents Twelve Resort Frocks irresistibly original, fashionably smart, in delightful detail. Send for a free copy and select your special dresses for fine occasions from it. Write today for booklet F.-M. to House of Queen-Make, 103 Madison Avenue, New York City

Resort Frocks are praised by Fashion Critics

EVERYONE has heard how the marvelous costumes of the incomparable Bernhardt and Sorel of the French stage are finally perfected. Before a small, smart audience of designers and artists, each gown is tried on. Every detail is changed or retained following the advice of these fastidious critics.

We use the same methods of criticising Resort Frocks at our Fashion Salons. In the gorgeous State Apartments of the Hotel Waldorf, exclusive models in sheer voiles, clinging crepes, crisp linens and ginghams are shown. The critics are fashion editors of women's magazines, artists and designers. These men and women, in close touch with the latest style tendencies, convey them to you in the pages of your favorite magazines.

At the Fashion Salon just held almost every Resort Frock was greeted with a murmur of appreciation. The stage beauties displaying the dresses were stopped again and again, as the materials, exotic embroideries and fashion silhouettes underwent the closest inspection. Not a detail escaped the keen eyes of these style authorities.

So we achieve at last something unusual for American women of discriminating taste. These Resort Frocks are sold in good shops for women who want smartness and individuality of design. They are eminently suitable for a stroll on the boardwalk, an afternoon on the sparkling lake, or an evening dance in the gayly festooned pavilion. Dresses for pleasure, business, or sport—exclusive in design, inexpensive in price.

THE four Resort Frocks shown on this page for the first time are the "prize" models that recently appeared in our latest Fashion Salon. Praised by the foremost style critics of America these dresses set a new standard in designing frocks of cotton materials.

Making wash dresses so attractive that they can be worn for all social or business occasions has long been our dream. Our twenty-five years' experience in making attractive wash dresses and bungalow aprons has taught us what you women want. And we offer it to you in our new Resort Frocks. smart, fashionable styles in wonderful, new colors and new materials that *wash perfectly.*

The beauty of these frocks is not just for a few wearings. Every Queen-Make Resort Frock will wash perfectly and we give you conclusive proof, for to each is attached a liberal washed sample of the material of each dress on which is stamped our color guarantee. So you can see when you buy the dress just how it will look after its dip in the tub.

As we cannot produce these exclusive dresses in large quantities, many of them being entirely hand-made, we must urge you to buy now, if you wish to be one of those fortunate women who will be the envy of others. Should your favorite shop be out of them, we will do our best to fill your order immediately. Send us today your size, color preference and money order.

Miss Felicia Narragansett, No. 7018 (at the left), a hand made dress of fine quality gingham which has an elaborate design of cross stitch embroidery. This model with its long lines and vestee of white poplin is especially becoming to medium and well-developed figures. Colors: lavender, blue and green. Sizes: 36 to 46 Price $10.50

Miss Winsome Southampton, No. 7001 (in the center). An entirely hand-made collar-less model of fine linen depends upon the youthfulness of straight lines for its charm. hand-drawn work on the blouse and skirt weves an air of smart simplicity. Colors: blue, green, lavender and brown. Sizes: 16, 18, 20 and 36 to 46. Price $10.50.

Miss Souci Atlantic City, No. 1024 (at the right). Gay Hungarian embroidered skirt and solid colored linene blouse makes a jaunty sport dress. The unusual embroidery is repeated on the collar and cuffs while the moire tie accents the color scheme. Colors: brown, blue, lavender, green. Sizes 16, 18, 30 and 36 to 46. Price $7.95.

Miss Luxuria Newport, No. 6055 (by herself), has a skirt of heavy cotton basket weave appliqued in an elaborate pattern to a sheer white voile blouse. The applique also trims the sleeves and a charming ribbon tie repeats the color note. Colors: blues, green, lavender and coral. Sizes: 16, 18, 20 and 36 to 46. Price $14.95.

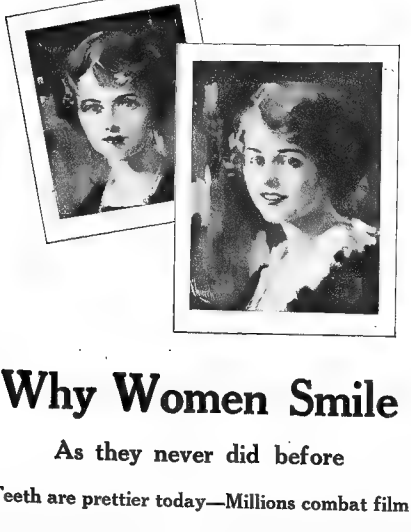
When ordering

—direct from us (providing your favorite shop cannot fill your wants), give number, size, color desired, and send money order to House of Queen-Make, 103 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Queen Make TRADE MARK

Wash Dresses Including the RESORT FROCKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Why Women Smile

As they never did before

Teeth are prettier today—Millions combat film

Most pictures are now taken with a smile, showing pretty teeth.

Look about you. Note how many smiles now show glistening teeth. That was not always so.

Millions of people are now using a new teeth-cleaning method. Every day they are combating the dingy film on teeth. You will also do so when you make this test and see the quick results.

Film is unsightly

It is film that makes teeth dingy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. If not frequently removed, it may form cloudy coats. It is also the basis of tartar.

That film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escape

Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing. Very few people escaped. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film, so brushing left much of it intact.

Dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Together they act to curdle the film and then remove it.

Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists the world over are advising their daily use.

A new-type paste

A new-type tooth paste has been created, to comply with all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent.

These two film combatants are embodied in it. Millions of people have adopted it, largely by dental advice. To the homes of fifty nations it is bringing a new dental era.

Pepsodent brings two other very important effects. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Thus every use of Pepsodent gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting forces in the mouth.

Results are quick

Results are quick and convincing. You can see and feel them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In a week you will realize that you and yours should use this new-day method. And you always will. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free 1025

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 839, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

"CHARGE IT, PLEASE"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

there's a Retail Credit Association that is watching you. It is composed of the credit-men and departments of the leading stores, and it usually keeps a central record, a credit-book, of all the charge customers in the city. Each customer is rated—just as *Dun's* or *Bradstreet's* rates business concerns.

Suppose your name is Jones, and you are in the habit of paying bills slowly. In the J section your name will appear with a big letter "S" following it. Now, when you want to open a charge account, let us say with the Carson Department Store, what happens? The credit manager sends off a printed form to the Retail Credit Association and asks for a report on you. It looks up the book and finds an "S" next to your name. Word then goes back to the Carson store that you are "slow pay." Of course, other references, banks, friends, and stores that you give, are looked up. If "trade references" (other stores with which you do business) also indicate that you are "slow pay," your account is either refused or credit is extended to you for a limited amount, and your account is closely watched and never allowed to go long unpaid.

The credit associations know all about you as a charge customer. Your name in this book bears one of these three letters, "P—M—S." "P" is for Prompt, "M" for Medium, and "S" for Slow. They mean nothing to you perhaps, but they mean everything to the concerns with whom you are carrying on credit business. If you pay your bills within thirty days, or according to agreement, you are given a "P" rating by the store. If you allow your bills to go unpaid for *sixty* days, the store will give you an "M" rating. If you allow your bills to remain unpaid for ninety days or longer, the store will give you an "S" rating.

Practically all retail stores in the average city forward their credit records to a central credit association or exchange, where they are compiled in credit records. That's the way merchants know all about you, whether or not your credit is good.

You see, no matter what way you turn, if you don't pay your bills the credit exchange has its watchful eye on you.

And whichever way you look at it—as a moral obligation, as a matter of preserving your standing or reputation in your city, as a personal debt, or as a good, sound business proposition—it pays to pay.

Just say to yourself: "My charge account is a convenience, not a crutch"—and you'll get the idea.

THE AMERICAN GIRL CANS HER WAY OVER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

filling, not a cavity, but just two rows of perfect teeth. She comes of a family of nine children and is capable of doing anything about a house or a farm. She is the girl champion butter-maker of the State, while her mother is the woman champion butter-maker. Wellie has won many prizes, among them a cream-separator, for her gift or art in butter-making. Wellie is paying her way through school by selling her canned products to the school.

Our smiles went out to the lovable Massachusetts team as they stood before us and said: "We're glad we have learned how to can, for now we can can even Boston baked beans."

Lois Calloway is a "freshie" at the University of Georgia and has made a remarkable record in raising and canning pimientoes from Spanish seed. If any one wants any sound information on pimientoes he need only apply to Lois, for she is an expert along this line. Lois has sold enough plants and canned enough products to pay her expenses at school. She had seven acres in peppers this year, a record, some one said, "to make Peter Piper draw in his horns." Lois and her team-mate, Allene Shepherd, have each a flock of chickens worth one hundred dollars.

The Oregon demonstrators stressed blanching apples as a sweet saver as well as to make them more flexible, and packed fruit absolutely perfect-y. They had a marvelous hundred brush which was excellent for washing jars, as every part could be reached. The Idaho girls taught us to core apples close in order to save the most valuable part of the fruit—the skin. "The cores, parings, and seeds," they said, "make excellent jelly. This saves economy." The Minnesota girls stressed the use of every-day equipment—water-pail and other home-made things for home canning. The Connecticut girls were so efficient that only a few points stood between them and the near champions.

Each demonstration was a joy to hear; each sentence was full of meaning. There wasn't a fa'se move there wasn't a wasted sentence. They were the best-trained demonstrators that most of us have ever had the privilege of seeing. Those of us who are older in the field and have learned a little of the art of demonstration had to take off our hats to these industrious young creatures so full of the knowledge of their subjects that not one question asked them by a hit-and-miss audience remained unanswered. America should be proud of herself in sending these typical American products abroad to scatter this needed food information in fertile ground.

Orig nal from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Quickly Removes All Stains and Marks

For one purpose only—Sani-Flush. It cleans the toilet. Swiftly, easily it removes all stains, discolorations, incrustations. No scrubbing. No scouring. No hard work.

The bowl shines!

The trap—hidden, unhealthful—is reached and cleaned only by Sani-Flush. All foul odors are destroyed. There is no other preparation made that does this work.

The ease of using it—just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush! It will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot get it at your regular store, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full-sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Foreign Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada
33 Farringdon Road, London, E. C. 1, England
China House, Sydney, Australia

Sani-Flush
Reg U S Pat Off
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

For the Whole Family

Shampoos two children's heads with one package of Amami. It lathers abundantly; cleanses thoroughly, quickly, and the hair can be dried within a few minutes making it possible to wash the hair before retiring. A time saver for the busy man or woman.

15c *at first class toilet goods counters throughout the World.*

PRICHARD & CONSTANCE, Inc.
48 Warren St. Dept. 501 New York

AMAMI Shampoo

YOU CAN END
Your garter worries with the Cord Slide

Wilson Garter

And you will give your child greater ease, greater security—health. The Wilson outwears 3 or 4 ordinary pair, does not tear nor rust or wabble. Saves darning, saves worry, saves money

Shoulder Style for beyond girls, 1 to 16 years, white or black web, 30c. Give age. Women's misses and girls' for home, athletics, or mannish wear, 50c. Best ever.

Money Back if not the best ever. At dealer's or wanted pair paid at price given.

A. M. Wilson Co.
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Dept. 13 Cherokee, Iowa

Wedding *Invitations & Announcements Engraved in the very latest styles. Write for samples*
VIRGINIA STATIONERY CO. RICHMOND, VA.

The
PORTRAIT
of a
GENTLEWOMAN

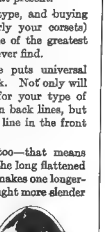
Another book on becoming dress, even better than Jane Hill's other successes, "The Gift of Eve" and "You". A copy is yours for the asking

YOU will like Jane Hill's new book, "The Portrait of a Gentlewoman." Her advice is always practical and she shows you how to make the very most of yourself without spending a cent more for clothes than you do at present.

Understanding your type, and buying your clothes (particularly your corsets) to suit your type, is one of the greatest aids to beauty you will ever find.

Remember, the mode puts universal emphasis on the flat back. Not only will the Gossards designed for your type of figure give flat, unbroken back lines, but just the natural kind of line in the front that one needs today.

Ease of movement, too—that means youth and grace. And the long flattened curve over the hips that makes one longer-waisted, taller and a thought more slender —all an illusion— without dropping a single pound.



Being slim may be a matter of pounds; but looking slim is a matter of where those pounds are placed. Shifting them an inch, raising or flattening a curve, may make all the difference between success and failure —not only for one frock but for your whole wardrobe.

You will find Gossard Corsets and the famous Gossard Longerlyne Brassieres moderately priced at the best store near you. There you will be correctly fitted by a corsetiere who understands figure types as well as corsets and who will be guided by the accurate Gossard Scientific Fitting Chart.

Anyway, send now for your copy of "The Portrait of a Gentlewoman." It costs you nothing but the moment's time to fill out the coupon below.

USE THIS COUPON

MISS JANE HILL, The H. W. Gossard Co.
1012B S Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me your free book, "The Portrait of a Gentlewoman," and tell me what style of corset to buy. I am. . . . . in height, weigh ..... pounds, waist..... inches, bust. . . . inches, hips. ..... inches.

Name.....

Address..... City..... State.....

MAKING READY FOR THE BABY

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

Author of "Getting Ready to Be a Mother" and "Obstetrical Nursing," Former Assistant Superintendent and Instructor in Johns Hopkins Hospital Training School for Nurses

IT IS a fine boy, and he and his mother are doing splendidly," the nurse whispers delightedly as she leans over the banister. Some one rushes to the phone and spreads the news as fast as possible. Hearts, far and near, suddenly throb with a new joy, imaginations set to work, and ravishing castles in Spain begin building. He'll have to be educated, this fine boy, prepared for a profession or set up in business. He will be manly, of course, and handsome, a credit to the name and, who knows, perhaps even President some day — and up and up go the castles!

All of this about a tiny red baby about a minute old, screaming and squirming as the nurse tries to push him into an absurd little yoke of a shirt—considering he is being thought of as President.

But there is good reason for these high hopes about this tiny, new-born baby, who in reality is nine months old. There is little doubt that the most critical period in one's life is the first ten months—the nine months before birth and the first month afterward —and that the care given during these months influences one's physical state for good or ill throughout the rest of life. This wiggly red baby, for whom every one is planning so rosily, not only has had ideal care during the nine months just past, but he is practically assured also of the most important single safeguard against frailty and disease in the months to come: that is, nourishment at his mother's breast.

THE most hazardous part of his life is being made safe, and a foundation for his future health is being laid, and this is how. His mother realized that he actually was a baby and needed her care nine months before the nurse gave his soft little body into her eager, reaching arms. She had to care for him indirectly, by caring for herself, which was not the enchanting experience she has in store now. But his future well-being so largely depended upon this indirect care that she gave it lovingly and unceasingly.

She had no mother, but she had a legion of friends, all burning to advise when they learned that a baby was coming. Many were older women who had had the good old-fashioned dozen or so of children, appalling many of whom had died in early infancy. Much of their counsel was a mass of superstitious, ignorant chatter; harmful or, at best, useless remedies, and the death-dealing assurance that it was time enough to call the doctor when the baby started to come—on their belief babies always had been and always would be born, willy-nilly. It was natural. If things went right, well and good. If they didn't, it was the Divine will. The perils of childbirth were to be accepted with passive resignation—"hope for the best, prepare for the worst, and take what God sends" kind of attitude.

But since this baby's mother learned some astonishing and heartening truths. She learned that the natural course was for women to be happy, well, and buoyant during the period of expectancy, not sick and frightened; that women and babies did not usually suffer and die when properly cared for, but that they did perish in distressing numbers when not adequately safeguarded. It seemed to her only honest to lay these dark tragedies to neglect than to the will of God.

Being a mother of a baby looked to her something like dangerous business. Why was it? she wondered. Her plants fulfilled their destiny by bearing perfect blossoms and continuing to thrive. Why this uncertainty when women bore children?

But she tended her flowers, she remembered, constantly and watchfully. She supplied their need for earth, air, water, and sunshine; watched closely for the first signs of harmful insects or blight. For these, she knew, would play havoc if they gained headway.

She saw it now. It was exactly the same with babies as with plants. Both were a part of Nature's unfolding, and the perfection of both depended upon protecting care. But this care must be based upon knowledge. It could not be left to instinct.

It was in this spirit that she set about tending her little human garden. Her husband grumbled a little. What was coming over her, and why made this fuss about having babies? His mother never began bothering till the baby came. But she explained that doctors to-day know more about making childbirth safe than they did in his mother's time, and she promptly put herself in her doctor's hands.

He told her from the first that having a baby was an undertaking—joyful, enviable, and increasingly satisfying—but an undertaking none the less. He could not write a prescription to be filled at the druggist's once for all. The watching and care must be sustained throughout the entire nine months. He could plan a routine for her daily life, but she, and she alone, would have to live it. This routine amounted to little more than a normal, regular life as to food, fresh air, exercise, rest, sleep, and play; the kind of life every one should live as a matter of fact, plus periodic consultations with him. He explained that many of the serious complications of childbirth actually had their beginnings during pregnancy and sometimes very early. So he wanted to see her every once in a while, or get a report from her, in order to detect these little evidences of possible trouble and correct them at once.

Why, that was the way she looked after her plants—supplied their unusual needs and kept ahead of trouble. That was the gist of it with her. sane living, intelligent watching, and prompt treatment of unfavorable symptoms; adequate care and supervision during pregnancy, childbirth, and the lying-in period.

She gasped to learn that for lack of these, more women in this country die from conditions associated with childbirth than in any other civilized country in the world; that with us maternity destroys more women between the ages of fifteen and forty-five than any one except tuberculosis. And it is so utterly, wickedly unnecessary!

Then she went straight to the heart of the matter. The women themselves were largely to blame. They accepted motherhood passively; did not prepare for it; did not move heaven and earth to make it the safe and joyful adventure it was meant to be. They learned the needs of their flowers and supplied them, but babies came along as best they could. None of that stupidity for her! She and her baby were going to have the best health that her efforts could secure, both before and after he came.

All unexpectedly she found it of absorbing interest, this care of her baby before he was born. In her mind she followed the development of his little body just as she watched the unfolding of her budding plants. And the comfort of not being frightened by mystery and suspense; of knowing the superstitions were rubbish about mothers' thoughts "marking" babies, and that it was impossible to slip the cord about the baby's neck by "reaching up" or sleeping with her arms over her head! .

But above all was the tender, ecstatic awareness that this real, living, breathing baby was utterly and wholly dependent upon her and that she was keeping faith with him. No matter how many might serve him later, she was the only one who could serve him now, during these crucial months at the beginning of his existence. So she sang little lullabies to that baby as she went about her housework. And when he was nine months old and left the protection of her body to begin life in this world, there was good reason for all those castles builded in Spain. He had every prospect of becoming a sturdy, useful, vigorous citizen.

I SEEM to hear you, a young woman looking forward to motherhood, who lives in a small town or on a farm or off in the mountains, asking how you can give such cherishing care to your expected baby, and I can make a thoroughly reassuring reply.

Uncle Sam has taken a hand in stopping the needless sacrifice of mothers and babies. He has set aside money to provide supervision, care, and instruction for those women who are unable to employ or see a doctor regularly. In the cities there is little difficulty. Women may go to out-patient departments of hospitals, visiting nurse associations, health centers, prenatal clinics, and departments of health. In the isolated communities it is not quite so easy, but the public health agencies, mothers' and babies' welfare associations, and visiting nurse societies are spreading like a net over the entire country. So wherever you are, there is almost sure to be an available doctor, nurse, or both, to help you make ready for the baby, and often to provide skilful care when he comes. If you do not know how to find them, write to the Child Hygiene Department of your State Department of Health and ask for guidance. If everything else fails, write me and I'll try to link you up with the people you need.

No matter what effort it costs, begin at once to safeguard your baby and yourself by securing medical care. You will then be able, when the nurse lays him in your arms, to look him, the eye with the assurance that you have done all in your power to give him the best possible start in life.

Another article for the mother-to-be, by Miss Van Blarcom, will appear in an early issue.

MENNEN

The Danger of Baby's Bath

You are careful to bathe your baby frequently. You realize the infectious nature of urine and excretion on baby's ultra-sensitive skin.

But the *after*-effects of bathing are dangerous. No matter how carefully you towel the pink body, some water is left in the skin folds. And the opened pores secrete perspiration.

Water and perspiration are both highly irritating to baby's skin, if allowed to remain. For half a century the Mennen laboratories have studied this danger, and two other skin enemies. Constant experiment and betterment have developed a *three-fold defense.*

Mennen Borated Talcum draws poisonous MOISTURES away from the skin by a unique absorbing process like the action of millions of tiny white sponges. This remarkable baby powder then minimizes the effects of skin FRICTION by protecting the delicate cuticle. A smooth, friction-resisting film is formed.

Mennen Borated Talcum is so pure and sanative that it aids the infant skin in defeating its third great enemy—INFECTION.

Give your baby this inimitable triple protection. You will note the wonderful effect of Mennen Borated Talcum in less frequent crying spells, more restful sleep, and greater cheerfulness.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N. J. U. S. A.
The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec

Ready to Send

We want you to have Aunt Belle's fascinating Baby Book. You will welcome its sane, practical advice and you will love the quaint illustrations. Only 25c (Canada, 35c), until the edition is exhausted.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
137 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

I enclose 25c (Canada 35c). Please send me Aunt Belle's Baby Book postpaid in plain wrapper.

Name.....

Address.....

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Holstein Milk

For Infant Feeding

Among the outstanding qualifications which make milk from purebred Holstein herds especially valuable for infant, children and invalid feeding are

Moderate fat content, ranging from 3.25 to 3.75 per cent.

This moderate fat content, being present in minute globules, is nearest to the fat emulsion and the fat content found in Mother's milk.

In his book, "Autointoxication," Dr. J. H. Kellog, Medical Director of the Battle Creek, Mich., Sanitarium, says:

"It seems to be pretty well settled among those who have had considerable experience in milk feeding that an excess of fat is decidedly injurious, lessens digestibility and encourages intestinal putrefaction. Holstein milk contains a liberal supply of sugar, and the smaller amount of fat is a decided advantage."

If you are experiencing any difficulty in feeding cow's milk, consult your physician and try pure-bred Holstein milk.

Write us if your milkman cannot supply you with purebred Holstein milk and we will assist you in securing it.

Write for our booklet on "The Milk Road to Child Health," sent prepaid upon request.

EXTENSION SERVICE
The Holstein-Friesian Ass'n of America
229 East Ohio Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Why Doctors Recommend

Rubens Infant Shirt

Your physician will recommend Rubens Infant Shirt for three reasons. Its softness and fineness—suitable for tender skins. No tapes or buttons to worry baby's temper. And, its double thickness across chest and stomach. He knows this is the danger zone where baby's ills originate and rightly emphasizes the vital importance of its protection.

There are *comfort* and *health* for your baby, and convenience for you in Rubens, mother. The adjustable belt always fits the growing little body. It fastens with a single safety pin. There are no buttons to worry about and Rubens slips on and off just like a coat.

Made in 12 soft materials, all sizes from birth to four years. All sizes in each material sold at one price.

NO BUTTONS NO TROUBLE
Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Rubens
Slips on and off like a coat

There is only one Rubens. For your protection, look for the name on the shirt itself. If any store cannot supply you, write us direct.

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
18 N. Market Street Chicago, Illinois

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN BABYCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

IF THE CHILDREN HAVE "SPRING FEVER"

EVERY Spring my little family of school children begin to complain of either headache, leg-ache, or tired feelings, and are generally cross and much more irritable than at other seasons of the year. Are these aches and pains just "growing-pains," or is something really wrong that should be set right? I shall be grateful for anything you can do to help me through the next few weeks.—Mrs. J. M. B."

From what you say I should think your children have a touch of old-fashioned "Spring fever." Our grandmothers' remedy for this was sulfur and molasses, but nowadays we treat through correct diet rather than by giving noxious doses to young children.

Let us take the first symptom you mention—headache—and see what the possible causes and remedies for this trouble may be. In growing school children headache is often caused by constipation, especially after a long Winter, when fruits and green vegetables have been more difficult to obtain than at other seasons of the year. Many school children do not take time to attend to the bowel-function. They eat a hurried breakfast and rush off to school before attending to this most important duty. Consequently they have a dull headache, coated tongue, and foul breath very frequently, and when the Spring weather comes with its first warm days they are tired and headachy the greater part of the time.

Every mother should insist on each child taking time enough to have a movement from the bowels after breakfast—every morning. The feet of the child should rest on a box or stool and not be allowed to dangle in the air, until they are old enough to reach the floor when using the toilet. They should not be allowed to take toys or books with them. If this habit has been established early, the mother will have no trouble; if not it may take a little time to get the child started on the right track, but it is well worth perseverance.

When the child wakes in the morning a glass of water, either hot or cold, should be taken by him. The juice of one orange may be used either in the water or alone This will often do much to help establish the regular movement of the bowels after breakfast. Corn-meal bread or muffins (twenty-four hours old), bran gems, whole-wheat bread and butter, oatmeal, and other dark cereals for breakfast will all help to overcome a constipated tendency. Fresh, green, leafy vegetables not only supply vitamins but add bulk to the food which helps to prevent or cure constipation in older children. Fruit, either raw or cooked, should be used for dessert, and a raw apple may be taken between breakfast and dinner if the child will chew it well; otherwise it should be scraped Stewed rhubarb in season is excellent for the growing child.

For sweets give the child molasses gingerbread or cookies with his supper of milk toast and stewed prunes or apple sauce. I have a list of laxative foods for older children which I shall be glad to mail to any mother who will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelop with her request.

When a child with headaches is not constipated, then the next thing we usually look for is some sort of eye-strain. Bad light in the schoolroom, or at home when studying, often results in severe eye-strain. Frequent visits to motion-picture shows, especially in the evening, when the tired little eyes should be at rest in bed; reading in bed at night, or reading too long at one time in the daytime—all may be the cause of eye-strain and consequent headaches. Many children are too near-sighted or too far-sighted, without showing any very marked symptoms, until their general health is a little below par and an examination reveals some abnormal condition of the eyes.

Another factor in causing headaches in children may be some kidney trouble. A specimen of urine should be given to the family doctor or sent to a good laboratory for analysis if the headaches can not be accounted for in other ways.

"Leg-ache," the next symptom you mention, is usually spoken of by mothers as "growing-pains." In many children this shows a tendency to rheumatism. Perhaps not enough water is being taken, or maybe too many sweets, too much starchy food, and not enough fresh, green vegetables and fruits are given. In such cases it is wise to have the urine tested and also to add a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to each glass of water or milk that is taken. Fresh buttermilk is a fine thing to use in the Springtime, or at any other time, for such children. A doctor should be asked to give the child a thorough examination, as the "growing-pains" may lead to something more serious if allowed to continue

The "tired feelings" and general irritability that you mention may simply mean that the child is studying too hard, has not enough healthful out-of-door play, not enough sleep with open windows. Perhaps he has adenoids or large tonsils that harbor poisons and infect his whole system. Have you taken him to a good dentist lately to have his teeth cleaned and examined for possible cavities or infection? All these points should be considered when a little child is cross and fretful without apparent cause.

High-strung children who have studied very hard all Winter often grow very tired by Spring and are worried about examination time. If this is allowed to run on, chorea or St. Vitus's dance may develop. This disease has some relation to rheumatism, and is found more often in the Spring of the year than at other seasons. Mothers should be careful not to be too ambitious for their children in their school work. It is far better to take a run-down, nervous, irritable child out of school for a few weeks in the country than it is to insist on long hours of home study in order that he may be promoted or skip a class. Now that so much health work is being done in our public schools we see fewer cases of overwork and St. Vitus's dance than we used to; but still this is a factor to be considered when a child is "jumpy," drops things, stumbles, cries at nothing, and is generally nervous and anemic in the Spring of the year.

Right food, plenty of water, enough sleep, and play in the fresh air will all help children to overcome "Spring fever," but when all of these things have been given a fair trial and the child is still not acting normally, the mother should take him to a good doctor or a children's clinic and have a thorough examination of him made.

We have diet-lists and advice on caring for the nervous and anemic child which we shall be glad to send any mother who will join our Good Health Extension Class. Send us a self-addressed, stamped envelop and ask for a Question Form for Older Children if you would like prompt help.

EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join our special Correspondence Course in Babycraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. If you want help for older children up to the age of twelve, send for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class, and you will be assisted in their care, feeding, and general hygiene.

No letters will be answered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Summer Footwear

cool—dainty—inexpensive

MANNING "Meadow-Brook" Shoes! Canvas gleaming white, and soles with the finest of workmanship! Happy are the feet that wear them, and wise the girl who has at least two pairs to complete her summer outfit.

"Romance" is a single strap sport oxford, leather-soled, rubber-heeled and patent-leather trimmed.

See the slender full Louis heel of the model called "Ravette". Wouldn't you like to slip your foot into it and fasten in place the two pearl buttons that hold its dainty cross straps?

"Robin" is a pump with military heel and one strap that fastens with two pearl buttons.

"Roseleaf" is another single strap shoe like "Robin", but it has a Junior Louis heel.

You can get Manning "Meadow-Brook" Shoes and Manning "Unico" Felt Slippers at shoe stores and departments. *Write for illustrated booklet of Manning "Meadow-Brook" Shoes.*

OUTING SHOE CO., Boston, Mass.

Manning
Meadow-Brook
Shoes

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE COFFEE WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

Southerners in this country think their morning drink improved by adding chicory. The French, Italians, and Dutch feel the same way about it. Chicory helps to give coffee color and a heavier body, and is less expensive than coffee. When you add chicory yourself you are economizing, and, in the opinion of many people, improving the coffee. About an ounce of chicory to a pound of coffee is the right amount to use.

The coffee-blender is a real scientist. He blends coffee to obtain a smooth, mellow, aromatic beverage and to add strength to the coffee if it is too mild and to modify it if it is too heavy. Coffees are usually blended before they are roasted. There are many blends on the market, but most of them contain a large proportion of acid coffee, to which some mild has been added to improve the flavor.

Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford, in his essay "Of the Excellent Qualities of Coffee and the Art of Making It in the Highest Perfection," says: "There is no culinary process that is liable to so much uncertainty in its results as the making of coffee; and there is certainly none in which any small variation in the mode of operation produces more sensible effects.

"With the same materials, and even when used in the same proportions, this liquor is one day good and one day bad; and nobody perhaps can even guess the cause of this difference; and what renders these variations of greater importance is this remarkable circumstance: that when coffee is bad, when it has lost its peculiar aromatic flavor, which renders it so very agreeable to the organs of taste and smell, it has lost its exhilarating qualities and with them all that was valuable in it."

The ideal coffee is described as "having body without bitterness and being strong and oily in flavor." Coffee contains woody fiber, flavored oils, and a small amount of caffein—the stimulating element. It takes only a short contact of boiling water and ground coffee to draw out the flavor and stimulating quality. When the cooking is continued longer, as in boiled coffee, some of the bitter and woody parts of the coffee actually go into the beverage.

Since both the boiled and percolated methods have already been fully discussed in these pages we will give here only the latest facts regarding the drip or filter method, which has of late received the commendation of coffee experts and of epicures. The latest experiments with the drip method of coffee-making are those of the Department of Biology and Public Health of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where some work has been done on coffee-brewing which should help every one of us in the making of our coffee at home. We are told that "coffee should be brewed with water at a temperature between 185 and 200 degrees F. Above this temperature bitter flavors develop and mask the delicate flavor of the coffee. This means, however, that water should be at boiling-point when it is poured over the grounds, and this contact almost immediately lowers the temperature to the proper degree.

"The time of contact of the ground coffee and the water should be very short. The best results are not over two to two and a half minutes. These experimenters urge that the coffee-infusion be kept in porcelain, glass, or agate containers. Use a fairly fine grind. Freshly roasted and freshly ground coffee give a beverage which is far superior to that made from ground coffee which has been exposed to the air."

Directions for the Drip or Filter Method

"USE a drip-pot, or make your own filter by lining a sieve or strainer with a piece of unbleached muslin.

"Avoid using too coarse a grind.

"Use at least a tablespoonful of ground coffee to each cup of water. Always measure carefully both coffee and water.

"Bring fresh water to a boil in a separate vessel. When it boils hard lift off the fire and pour the water slowly through the coffee in the drip-pot or filter.

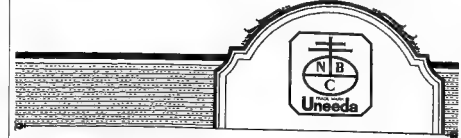
"As container or serving-pot for the brewed coffee, use, if possible, glazed earthenware, china, glass, or agateware.

"Serve at once. If serving is delayed, keep the brew hot, but do not let it boil."

Coffee should always be measured accurately, and scrupulously clean utensils used. A dirty coffee-pot spoils the flavor of the best cup of coffee in the world.

It is not necessary to boil coffee even when you use the old-fashioned coffee-pot. Put the right amount of fresh, clear water into the pot and bring to a boil. Immediately take the pot off the fire and put in at least a tablespoonful of ground coffee for each cup of water. Let the infusion stand covered between two and three minutes. Keep it hot, but do not let the coffee boil. Then pour the brewed coffee off the grounds through a muslin cloth or paper filter into a warmed serving-pot. A drip-bag or filter may be used over the coffee-pot and the water poured through.

In the June issue of Pictorial Review Mrs. Short and Mrs. Jones will tell the housewife what she should know when buying tea. This will be the ninth article in our marketing series.



Do you know?

that

TRITON Sandwich

Made with two layers of wholesome cake and a creamy filling; an exceptional treat for social functions and children's parties.

OREO Sandwich

Made with chocolate flavored cake enclosing a creamy center. They blend perfectly with beverages, frozen desserts or fresh fruit.

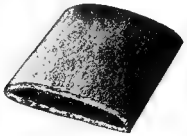


FIG NEWTONS

Made with golden cake enclosing a center of nutritious figs; a fitting choice for the hostess who seeks an unusual delicacy.

These are only a few of the many delicious products made by "Uneeda Bakers" Ask your grocer.

are all made by the bakers of

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Do you really know how to use Mustard?

IF YOU take pride in cooking, here is a secret worth while. FRENCH'S MUSTARD will win you added approval if you use it *in preparing* foods as well as when serving them.

Rich, creamy and pure as it can be made, FRENCH'S MUSTARD imparts new delicious flavor to sauces, salads and savories. Sandwich-fillings, deviled eggs, cold cuts and rarebits, are far more appetizing when flavored with FRENCH'S MUSTARD. That is because this famous Mustard is made of finest ingredients, blended with the skill of 87 years' experience.

Hundreds of women who love to cook, and famous chefs, too, have sent us recipes that require piquant FRENCH'S MUSTARD. Collected in a convenient book, these are yours for the asking—but FRENCH'S MUSTARD itself is the deciding test of its remarkable goodness. Will *you* be the judge? Ask for FRENCH'S Cream Salad MUSTARD when you talk to your grocer today.

May We Send You This Cook Book?

IN return for your kindness in trying FRENCH'S MUSTARD, we would like to send you the complete FRENCH'S MUSTARD COOK BOOK—*"Made Dishes, Salads and Savories."* Write us, enclosing only four cents in stamps (to cover mailing cost) and this handy, beautifully illustrated guide to culinary artistry will come to you prepaid. The edition is limited, so send for your copy now.

French's
Cream Salad
Mustard

EVERY sanitary carton in which FRENCH'S MUSTARD is packed contains a wooden paddle and a novel recipe leaflet.

Be sure it's French's

Made only by
The R. T. French Company
Rochester, N. Y.

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

BY EDITH M. BARBER

THE crowning touch of a successful salad is its dressing. When the salad is part of a course meal, French dressing or one of its variations is generally preferred for it. If, on the other hand, a salad is to be used as a main luncheon- or supper-dish, it is usually served with mayonnaise or one of the other heavier dressings.

SALAD DRESSINGS

LETTUCE, endive, romaine, and the other salad vegetables may be dressed in so many different ways that they may appear daily on the menu in a new garb. With French dressing or mayonnaise as a base, savory combinations of condiments and "flavory" vegetables will give us a novel salad at a moment's notice.

Cooked Salad Dressing

1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Mustard
2 Teaspoonfuls Sugar
Paprika
Pepper
1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Egg or 2 Yolks
¾ Cupful Scalded Milk
¼ Cupful Hot Vinegar

MIX the dry ingredients and add to the egg. Add the milk gradually and cook over hot water, stirring constantly. As it thickens add the vinegar. When thick, cool quickly and serve with cabbage or potato salad.

Sour-Cream Dressing

½ Cupful Sour Cream
1 Tablespoonful Tarragon Vinegar
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Chives or Onions
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Paprika

BEAT the ingredients together with an egg-beater and serve with cucumbers or cabbage.

Fruit-Salad Dressing

3 Egg Yolks
½ Cupful Sugar
¼ Cupful Vinegar
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Whipped Cream

MIX the yolks, sugar, vinegar, and salt. Cook over hot water until thick. Cool and fold in the whipped cream. The egg whites, beaten stiff, may be used in place of the cream.

Mayonnaise

¾ Teaspoonful Mustard
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Cayenne
½ Teaspoonful Sugar
1 Egg Yolk
Lemon-juice
Vinegar
1 Cupful Salad-oil

MIX the dry ingredients and add the yolk of egg. Mix well and add one-half teaspoonful of vinegar. Add the oil gradually, drop by drop at first, then more quickly, beating with an egg-beater. As the mixture thickens, thin with lemon-juice or vinegar and continue adding oil. When finished the mixture should be very stiff. Keep covered in the ice-box. If the dressing separates start with another yolk of egg and use the separated mixture instead of oil. In hot weather the bowl in which the dressing is mixed should be placed in a large bowl of cracked ice. Mix with the materials for salad just before serving.

Russian Dressing

½ Cupful Mayonnaise
¼ Cupful Whipped Cream
Paprika
¼ Cupful Chilli Sauce
2 Tablespoonfuls Catchup

MIX the ingredients thoroughly and serve with hearts of lettuce or with other salad vegetables. The whipped cream may be omitted.

French Dressing

½ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Mustard
Paprika
½ Teaspoonful Sugar
6 Tablespoonfuls Salad-oil
½ Teaspoonful Onion-juice
2 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar

MIX the dry ingredients and add to the oil. Add the onion-juice and vinegar and stir until it thickens. A small piece of ice added before stirring hastens the process.

Thousand-Island Dressing

½ Cupful Mayonnaise
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Green Pepper
1 Tablespoonful Tarragon Vinegar
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Cooked Beet
½ Cupful Whipped Cream
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Onion
1 Chopped Hard-cooked Egg
½ Teaspoonful Minced Parsley
2 Tablespoonfuls Chilli Sauce

MIX, the ingredients in the order given and serve with lettuce or other salad vegetables.

Roquefort Dressing

TO THE mixed French dressing add two or three ounces of Roquefort cheese. Beat with a fork until the cheese is broken into small particles. Serve with lettuce or other salad vegetables.

SALAD ACCOMPANIMENTS

THE salad course may be varied not only by the dressing but also by means of the accompanying cracker, bread, or savory. When crackers are used they should be served hot and crisp. If sandwiches are served they should be very thin and dainty. Those in many forms and combinations adds that piquancy which is the special mission of the salad course.

Nut-Bread Sandwiches

Nut-bread Cream Cheese Chopped Watercress

SOFTEN the cheese by rubbing with a spoon, and add the watercress, finely chopped, using about one tablespoonful to one cake of cheese. Spread on the loaf and slice very thin. Place two pieces together and cut in lengthwise strips, removing the crusts if desired. Garnish with sprigs of watercress.

Anchovy-Butter Rounds

White Bread Butter Anchovy-paste

CREAM the butter and add anchovy-paste in an equal portion. Spread thinly on the loaf and cut in thin slices. Cut into rounds with a biscuit-cutter and serve in single pieces.

Horseradish Diamonds

Whole-wheat Bread Butter Horseradish Salt Stuffed Olives

CREAM the butter and add about the same amount of horseradish. Add salt to taste and spread upon the loaf. Cut very thin slices and press two together. Cut into diamond shapes, place on a sandwich-plate, and garnish each with one slice of stuffed olive.

Chutney Sandwiches

Toast Butter Chutney

THE toast should be made of bread that has been cut into slices about one-fourth inch thick, cut into squares, with the crusts removed, and toasted on one side. Butter the untoasted side and spread half the slices with chutney. Cover with another slice of toast and serve at once. Chilli sauce may be used in place of the chutney.

Toasted Cheese Dreams

White Bread
American Cheese
Butter
Salt
Paprika

CUT slices of bread about one-fourth inch thick, remove the crusts, and cut into lengthwise strips. Cut the cheese into thin slices the shape of the strips of bread, sprinkle each with salt and paprika, and place between two slices of bread. Melt butter in a frying-pan and fry the sandwiches on each side until light brown. Serve at once.

Cheese Biscuits

2 Cupful. Flour
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Tablespoonfuls Fat
¾ to 1 Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Grated Cheese
Paprika

MIX and sift the dry ingredients, cut or rub in the fat, and add sufficient milk to make a dough thick enough to roll. Roll thin in an oblong shape, sprinkle with grated cheese and paprika, and roll like a jelly-cake. Cut in slices about one inch thick and bake on a sheet in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) about ten minutes.

Cheese Wafers

2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour
⅓ Cupful Grated Cheese
½ Teaspoonful Paprika
White 2 of 3 Eggs

RUB the fat and the flour together and mix with the cheese and seasoning. Beat the eggs and fold into the other mixtures. Drop by the teaspoonful on a greased sheet two inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven (300 degrees F) about ten minutes until crisp and brown.

Cheese Balls

Cream Cheese
Salt
Paprika
Ground Nut-meats

SEASON the cheese with salt and paprika and form into balls with the butter-paddles or with the hands. Roll each ball in the ground nuts and serve around the salad-platter.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Serve This Classic of Soft Drinks

Lemonade is the classic of soft drinks, most appreciated because most refreshing.

And it always indicates thoughtfulness and good taste on the part of hostesses.

Lemon juice is healthful, containing appetizing salts and acids and the life-giving vitamines.

So lemonade is a desirable beverage for everyone.

Serve it often. Make lemonade a beneficial habit in your home.

SEND FOR

"New-Day Drinks"

Send a post card to address below for "New-Day Drinks" by Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. It suggests a variety of fizzes, cocktails, punches, cups and lemonades of different flavors.

It's a very handy book. Send for your copy now.

CALIFORNIA
Sunkist
Uniformly Good Lemons

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers
Sec. 405, Los Angeles, California

—buy them by the dozen.

Garnish Ideas

By MISS ALICE BRADLEY
Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

THESE garnishing suggestions by Miss Bradley make foods more attractive and tempting — stimulate the appetite.

But she especially advocates lemons for garnishing because

—their organic salts and acids are natural appetizers and digestants.

—and because of their vitamines, which all authorities acclaim.

Served with fish and meat, lemon juice also tends to offset acidity often caused by these good foods. For, although known as "acid fruit," it has an *alkaline reaction* in the blood.

Miss Bradley uses lemon juice in salad dressings and urges women to do so, because she knows the value of this fruit.

Garnish with lemons to make your foods *look* better, taste better, and—to make them *better foods*.

Mail This Send 10c with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist recipe cards. Each dish pictured in colors. Shows right size for recipe-card box. How to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just

For 10c we will send the set of Sunkist recipe cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 25 index cards, all prepaid.

This set would cost $1.25 in retail stores.

Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with stamps or coins. Offer is good at these prices in both United States and Canada.

☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards—10c ☐ Complete list and File—75c (including above 24 cards)

Address: California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 405, Los Angeles, California

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Google

Most Satisfactory to Use — O-Cedar WAX — Most Economical to Buy

O-Cedar Cloth Duster
A new, specially prepared dust cloth that lightens work by quickly and easily absorbing every particle of dust. Far superior to the use of odds and ends of rags generally used. Try it.

O-Cedar Wall Duster
A new, efficient and convenient duster for cleaning the "out of reach places" on walls and ceilings.

O-Cedar Polish Mop
This new, improved mop cuts housework in half. The O-Cedar Mop combines three operations in one as it cleans, dusts and polishes at the same time.
Quickly, easily and economically restores the original beauty of your floors. Always ask for O-Cedar

Makes Old Cars Look Like New
—and keeps new cars from looking old

Fourteen years ago O-Cedar Polish was first introduced and today it is acknowledged to be the world's leading furniture and floor polish.

The *new* O-Cedar Wax now being introduced will through the same merits maintain this prestige of excellence now recognized as the O-Cedar standard. Use this new wax on all waxed surfaces.

Use it on your automobile. It produces a brilliant, high lustre, and creates a protective coating which grease and road stains will not penetrate. The action of water in washing cars treated with O-Cedar Wax does not "deaden" the finish. The dirt easily slides off leaving the car with a bright, shining appearance.

O-Cedar Wax is quickly and easily applied producing an enduring lustre. Dust and grit will wipe from the glassy surface without scratching the finish.

For floors, furniture, linoleum, and all wood finishes use O-Cedar Polish. It restores the original beauty, and gives a sparkling, new appearance, saving half the time and labor usually required.

Buy O-Cedar Products. They are always sold on a guarantee of your absolute satisfaction.
You can buy them at all dealers.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.
Chicago - Toronto - London - Paris - Cape Town

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

You can now make perfect

Jam or Jelly in 10 Minutes

Housewives who formerly could not make a glass of jam or jelly are today putting up shelves of it with no trouble, using any available fresh fruit, canned fruit or bottled juices, always getting perfect results with

CERTO
(Surejell)

CERTO is the "jell" property extracted from fruit, concentrated and bottled—contains no gelatine or preservative. The CERTO process is simple, quick, never-failing, economical. It insures perfect consistency and retains all the color and flavor of ripe fruit in all jams, jellies and marmalades—"The World's New Standard of Quality." Only one minute's boiling required.

Everybody Likes Strawberry Jam

Make a lot of it this year. It is healthy, deliciously palatable and appetizing. Be sure to try the CERTO process Strawberry Jam—the best you have ever tasted.

Start in today. Order CERTO from your grocer with free *Recipe Book* or send 35c and we will promptly forward you a bottle.

Pectin Sales Co., *Inc.*
416 East Avenue Rochester, N. Y.

In Canada send 40c for Trial Bottle to Douglas Packing Co., Ltd., Cobourg, Ont., Canada.

Clip these Recipes to paste in your files or to remind you to buy a bottle of CERTO

Crushed Strawberry Jam

For this jam it is necessary that each berry be broken up. Therefore, crush about 2 quarts ripe berries in separate portions, so that *each berry* is mashed. This allows fruit quickly to absorb the sugar during the short boil. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries into large kettle, add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. *Boil hard for one full minute.* Remove from fire and stir in ½ bottle (scant ½ cup) CERTO. From time jam is taken off fire allow to stand not over 5 minutes, *by the clock*, before pouring. In the meantime skim, and stir occasionally to cool slightly. Then pour quickly. If in open glasses paraffin at once. If in jars seal at once and invert for 10 minutes to sterilize tops.

Use *same recipe* for Raspberry, Blackberry or Loganberry Jam.

Pineapple Jam

Put fruit through food chopper, or chop very fine. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) chopped fruit into large kettle. Add 7½ level cups (3½ lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in 1 bottle (scant cup) CERTO. Skim and pour quickly.

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

ENTERTAINING ELECTRICALLY

BY EDNA SIBLEY TIPTON

MANY a woman with servants at her command might well envy the jollity and charm of the delightful parties made possible by enlisting the aid of her guests in the cooking and serving of their own meal *at the table*.

To-day a most successful party may be given without "help" except the *electric* kind. And the hostess who is wise enough to employ this "servant" (lacking the other type) can preside over her hospitable board without the necessity of constantly jumping up to bring something from the kitchen, and so be able to enjoy her own party. Such informal entertaining is most suitable to breakfasts and Sunday night suppers.

It may sound queer to talk of entertaining at breakfast, but, provided it be served late enough, it is a delightful and cozy occasion at which to gather one's friends about one. However, who but one hesitated to ask a guest to remain overnight or refrained from having week-end guests because of the uninviting task of preparing and serving breakfast?

With the aid of electric "domestics" the necessity of crawling out of bed at the "crack of dawn" in order to prepare the various dishes before one's guests shall appear, is eliminated. And another thing these "servants" do for one is that when set to a task they complete it in such record-breaking time that it is never necessary to cook anything beforehand. No need to nurse it along to keep it warm till served, meanwhile nervously watching for signs of its burning or drying out, particularly if it happen to be a daintily prepared dish!

The first course may be served from the fruit used as a centerpiece, after which the used plates, fruit-knives, and finger-bowls are passed to the hostess to place on a small table or tea-wagon at her side, upon which she may have other plates for the next course and the percolator or teapot and cups and saucers. The use of a tea-wagon is preferable because it has the lower tray upon which the used dishes may be placed, thus keeping them out of sight.

As the hostess will have her hands full seeing that every one is supplied with a hot beverage, she delegates the cooking of the meal to her guests, and this is when the real fun begins!

With waffle-iron and toaster as shown on this table, the bacon or eggs, if added to the menu, would have to be prepared in an extra utensil placed upon a side-table by the hostess.

There is a grill made which will toast bread at the same time that it broils meat (ham, bacon, chops, sausages, or steaks). Or, with pans and lids reversed in their positions, it will, at the same time, toast bread and scramble, poach, fry, or boil eggs! It is an ideal "servant" to have at table when allowing one's guests to assist with the cooking. Adding to this the waffle-iron, neither hostess nor guests need leave the table for any article of food during the entire meal. Of course, jams, syrup, marmalades, honey, or other sweets, butter, water, bread, doughnuts, or other accessories should be on the table from the time it is set.

BY THE way—you know that little fuse down in the cellar that has an annoying habit of blowing out apparently for no reason on earth except to annoy you at inopportune times? That's a regular little guardian of your home. It warns you that something is wrong somewhere.

And if you start in using a whole table-ful of electrical appliances at the same time without checking up on your wiring, that little fuse is going to work overtime giving you danger signals. Table appliances use quite a bit more electric current than mere light—and many homes are wired only for lighting. It's a condition that can be easily remedied, so consult your local electrician and make sure whether or not you can use more than one electric cooking device safely at one time.

The woman possessing the electric toaster, grill, waffle-iron, percolator, and chafing-dish can be as independent as a queen, and she can serve a meal fit for that royal personage, too, without a single apology!

What more delightful way of entertaining can you imagine? The novelty of the service, the participation in it by the guests, and the wonderful fragrance of the appetizing food cooking before your eyes make the affair far more enjoyable than a banquet presided over by a hostess worried as to whether each little detail of the service is above criticism.

THE MEN WILL JUST EAT THESE GOOD THINGS UP

What more could any one want for breakfast, for instance, than one of the following menus:

Menu No. 1
Fruit
Waffles Syrup Butter
Bacon Doughnuts
Coffee

Menu No. 2
Halves of Grapefruit
Toast Sausage Marmalade or Jam
Butter Coffee

Menu No. 3
Ice-Cold Stewed Prunes
Eggs (Poached, Scrambled, with Bacon, Fried, or Boiled)
Waffles Syrup Butter Coffee

Menu No. 4
Sections of Orange Served in Crushed Ice or
Ice-Cold Orange-Juice
Creamed Codfish Toast Butter
Marmalade Coffee

Menu No. 5
Ready-to-Serve Cereal with Sliced Bananas and Cream
Broiled Ham Waffles Syrup Butter
Coffee

Menu No. 6
Stewed Figs
Brown Bread Toast Fried Mush and Syrup
Coffee Cocoa

Menu No. 7
Cooked Cereal with Raisins (Cooked Overnight in Fireless Cooker)
Brown Bread Toast Jam Ham Omelet
Coffee Cocoa

Menu No. 8
Cooked Cereal with Dates (Cooked Overnight in Fireless Cooker)
Brown Sugar Thin Toast
Coffee Milk

Menu No. 9
Melon
Rice Waffles Honey or Syrup
Coffee Milk

Menu No. 10
Fresh Fruit or Berries
Creamed Dried Beef on Toast
Coffee Milk

THE TABLE SET FOR AN ELECTRICALLY-COOKED BREAKFAST

KNOX

Something Interesting About Prunes!

MOST people grow tired of the things that are good for them. Take prunes or canned fruit, for instance. Just serve them in either a delicious dessert or a salad, and the children, as well as the grown-ups, will look upon them as real treats.

PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water ½ cup scalded milk
½ cup sugar Whites of two eggs
½ pt. heavy cream or evaporated milk
½ cup cooked prunes or apricots, cut in pieces ½ cup milk
½ cup chopped figs, if desired Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water 10 minutes, dissolve in scalded milk; add sugar. Strain into a bowl, set in pan of ice water, stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; add egg whites, beaten stiff, heavy cream (diluted with milk and beaten until stiff), prunes and figs. Turn into wet mold, garnishing bottom and sides with halves of cooked prunes and chill.

KNOX

PEAR SALAD

1 envelope Knox Acidulated Gelatine
(or one envelope of Sparkling Gelatine and ½ cup Lemon Juice)
½ cup cold water 1 can pears
½ cup sugar 1 pimiento cheese
Few grains salt ½ cup nuts, chopped
½ envelope Lemon Flavoring

Soften gelatine in cold water 10 minutes. Drain pears and allow enough hot water in addition to pear syrup to make 3 cups in all. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add pear syrup, ½ the lemon flavoring found in separate envelope, or ½ cup lemon juice, sugar and salt. Make cheese balls of pimiento cheese and chopped nuts. Pour a little of the jelly into wet cups or individual molds and when it has started to congeal, place a cheese ball in center of pear halves. Fill molds with pears and jelly. When firm, turn out on crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with whole nut meats and mayonnaise. Other fruits may be used instead of pears.

KNOX

Sparkling Gelatine

Send for Mrs. Knox's free recipe book, "Dainty Desserts" enclosing 4c postage and mention your grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO.
135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Treasures You Never Can Replace

A cherished silver heirloom — would you scour it with grit?

Any treasure you can not replace deserves careful cleaning—and the precious thin enamel of your teeth is one of the greatest treasures you have. Once scratched or worn away by gritty dentifrices even Nature can never replace tooth enamel or restore its beauty. Choose a safe dental cream now—one that does not scratch or scour — and avoid years of regret later on.

Colgate's Cleans Teeth the Right Way "Washes" and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

Impartial investigation recently made shows Colgate's is recommended by more Dentists than any other dentifrice.

Its non-gritty precipitated chalk loosens clinging particles from the enamel. Pure and mild, its vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away. Children use it regularly and willingly because of its delicious flavor.

Colgate & Co.
Established 1806

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC ECONOMICAL
CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY
Washes and Polishes Doesn't Scratch or Scour
CANNOT ROLL OFF THE BRUSH

If your wisdom teeth could talk they'd say "USE COLGATE'S"

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

AN OFFER

1—Buy a tube of Ribbon Dental Cream in its cardboard box.

2—Attach this coupon to the cardboard box. Slip both into an envelope and mail to Colgate & Co., Dept. 10, Box 645, City Hall Station, New York City.

3—We will then send you a generous sample of Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

Your Name _____

Address _____

Dye Garments or Draperies Like New for 15c

Dresses	Waists	Curtains	Ginghams
Skirts	Kimonos	Coverings	Stockings
Coats	Sweaters	Draperies	Everything

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old, worn, faded things new, even if she has never dyed before. Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or any mixed goods. Ask to see "Diamond Dyes" Color Card.

Diamond Dyes

Never streak, fade or run.

Wedding 100 Invitations or Announcements, $3.50. Latest New York Styles sent free. 200 Calling Cards, $1.00. Superior Quality and workmanship. 50% Above Advertised. Write for free Samples, Measure Blanks, etc. COPPERPLATE PRESS, P. 200 E. 87th St., N. Y.

Clark's 20th Mediterranean Cruise Jan. 19th by specially chartered "Italia." 23,884 tons. 21 days, $650 and upwards, including shore excursions, fees, etc. EUROPEAN TOURS. FRANK C. CLARK, 11 B'WAY, NEW YORK

THE AVERAGE WOMAN AND THE UNIFORM DIVORCE BILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

no right whatsoever to decide upon theirs, or to judge it, or to condemn it.

"A divorced woman," in my immature judgment, represented a certain type of person who is exactly as objectionable to me now as she was then; but I have learned that a great many divorced women do not belong to that type at all! In fact, three of the women whom I most respect and admire, women who are nationally and internationally known as being prominent and influential in the best sense of those words in the world to-day, are women who divorced their first husbands for reasons which seemed to them good and sufficient, and who have been extremely happy with their second husbands and greatly beloved by them.

Examples like these can not fail to rouse the honest doubt if it is not much better to allow women like these the freedom to seek married happiness a second time, after having failed to find it once, than to bind them to certain misery forever, if their own consciences tell them that they have a right to do so.

I have also learned that the a woman can, and should, keep the promise which she makes at the altar to be faithful to her husband, if is often literally impossible for her to keep the promise which she makes at the same time to love him forever, and even to question whether any such promise should be required of her upon her marriage.

It seems a dreadful thing to make of an innocent young girl an unconscious perjurer. She may, of course, continue to love a man who abuses or deserts her, who outrages her every decent feeling, who beats her children and runs away with another woman; but usually she does not, and no sane person blames her when, that being the case, she seeks relief from such an intolerable situation in divorce. Even when conditions are not quite so bad, or apparently not quite so bad, she may be entirely justified still in seeking relief.

It is hard to define right and wrong as easily as we would define the black and white squares on a checker-board; there are all kinds of shades of gray to be dealt with.

A man may be physically faithful to a woman in the sense of turning to no other, and yet neglect her until her very heart cries out in loneliness. There are many cases of "desertion" where the married (?) couple still live in the same house; he may not come into her presence sodden with drink, and yet he may refuse to give her money with which to buy postage-stamps. This often happened in the case of the men who "supported their wives in the good old-fashioned way." He may not strike her, and yet he may stifle her hopes and thwart her ideals and starve her soul; and when he has done all these things he may righteously indignant and surprized if he is told that he has broken his marriage vows, and laugh away a reminder of those promises "to love and to cherish" and "with all my worldly goods I thee endow." But his wife may be hard to convince that she has not suffered cruel and abusive treatment, and I personally would not dare to try to convince her that she had not.

I have learned all these things; in short, I have learned something of human nature; and human nature, no matter what my own personal opinion or the opinion of my church may be, demands a more liberal divorce law than that of South Carolina, which, by way of subterfuge, recognizes concubinage, and that of New York, which, if it is rich, resorts to Paris, and, if it is poor, to perjury.

Human Nature's Inexorable Demand

IT IS the normal instinct of men and women to desire to be mated, to mate more than once if first union is unhappy. We may deplore this, we may even go so far as to seek to deny it, but the fact remains. The countries which do not recognize and legalize divorce recognize and legalize prostitution instead; and illicit sex relations, both before and after marriage, are prevalent to a degree scarcely dreamed of in the United States. Would the average woman care to see these conditions, which have existed for centuries in Europe, and which will continue to exist until it changes its view-point, rampant here?

It is to meet the demands of human nature—not depraved human nature, but human nature which is decent and reasonable and normal—that the divorce law, applicable alike to both men and women, has been framed. It provides for divorce for seven causes only: adultery, cruel and inhuman treatment, abandonment or failure to provide for a year, incurable insanity, and the commission by either party of an infamous crime. And, no matter for which of these causes a divorce is taken it provides that there can be no remarriage within a year. Divorces granted on such a basis as this would not threaten the sanctity of the home; they would strengthen it.

"I think that marriage is a sacrament, and therefore I do not believe in divorce," a lovely girl once said to me. Years later, when she had been happily married for some time, and had become the mother of four beautiful children, she amended her statement: "I know that marriage is a sacrament, and therefore I believe in divorce," she said from the fulness of her great experience.

Marriage is not a failure; but sometimes the men and women who enter in upon it are failures, and for them some solution must be found, lest they injure it for all the others—the others who are, pessimists to the contrary, still in the great majority. Divorce is the best solution that we have so far discovered to protect the happy marriages as well as to dissolve the unhappy ones.

A United Nation Must Have One Marriage and Divorce Law

"BUT," perhaps the average woman says about now, especially if she comes from the South, "I agree with you in the main about all that you have said, and I would like to help try pass a better marriage and divorce law through the Legislature of my State; but I do not see why we need a *national* law. I think a national law might interfere with State rights. Surely the individual States can be trusted to make their own best laws, each one for itself, since it is best acquainted with its own needs."

I was waiting for that, because, you see, I am a Southerner by birth myself, and I have heard about State rights, and usually have sympathized with them, all my life. But in this case I do not. We have tried the experiment of having different marriage and divorce laws in each of the different States for nearly a hundred and fifty years—long enough for it to work out well if it were ever going to—and we have found that it does not.

If all our States were islands, with "stern and rock-bound coasts," and with tempestuous and treacherous seas rolling between them, it might work out; but then we would not be the *United* States at all! One of the reasons of our Union is that it is so easy, and so necessary, for us to go from one State to another, not only to travel, but to live; but this jumble of "forty-nine varieties" in this geographical closeness has had disastrous results.

Living, as I did for many years, on the boundary-line between two States, I have seen examples of this all my life. In New Hampshire it is necessary to give five days' notice of intention to marry; in Vermont it is not. Hasty couples skip blithely across the Connecticut River, go to the parson's, and come back into their own State, in which they intend to live, married. In New Hampshire own consume can not marry; in Vermont they can—again that handy boundary-line! A tie legal in one State does not bind a man one short mile away; a woman who considers herself a wife has only to cross a river to find herself branded as an adulteress or arrested as a bigamist, a child may be stigmatized as illegitimate or deprived of an inheritance by being taken to live on the opposite side of the mountain in whose shadow he was born. All this, and the consequences of it you must have seen, over and over again. Do you feel that State rights ought to prevail against such tragedies as these?

I do not believe that you do. I do not believe, when you have thought this new law over carefully, that you will think of a single reason why you should not try to help pass it, and I believe that you will think of many reasons why you should.

There are many things which you can do to help. You can tell your State legislators and your State executives about it; you can write to your Senators and Representatives in Washington about it, you can talk it over in your club, or discuss it across the back fence with your next-door neighbor when she comes to borrow a cup of sugar. All this will help. But there is something that will help still more.

The average woman needs to develop her knowledge of the magnitude of the part that sex plays in our daily lives. By this I do not mean at all what is carelessly and vulgarly meant by that expression. I mean something quite different. "It is the foundation," as I heard one great speaker define it, "of manhood and womanhood, love, courtship, marriage, parenthood, and all that is most splendid in our civilization." Henry Adams says in his "Education" that it was time we stopped regarding it as a sentiment and recognized it as a force. He was right.

Love between men and women is, or ought to be, the most tremendous vital force in the entire scheme of the universe. The fulfilment of a divine plan; it ought also to be the most beautiful experience in their lives. Anything which defiles it is evil, anything which cleanses it is good, anything which strengthens and shields it will endure.

Ignorance or defiance of this basic rule means bondage—bondage to misery, and sin, and death. But of no other rule of life can it be more truly said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

When the average woman learns this, and teaches it to her children, her fight for better marriage and divorce laws will be almost over. They will be the inevitable outcome of her belief—and her example.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

MARY NASH, Star of *"Captain Applejack,"* says: *"Of all the aids to beauty Mineralava is the most satisfying."*

PRISCILLA DEAN, Star of *"The Flame of Life,"* writes: *"Mineralava is the enemy of all skin troubles."*

PEGGY WOOD, Star of *"The Clinging Vine,"* says: *"I recommend Mineralava Beauty Clay without qualification."*

IRENE BORDONI, Star of *"The French Doll,"* says: *"Mineralava is the one Beauty Clay that does all and more than is claimed for it."*

JULIA SANDERSON, Star of *"Tangerine,"* says: *"I use Mineralava regularly and would not be without it."*

MARION DAVIES, Star of *"When Knighthood Was in Flower,"* says: *"Mineralava surpasses other Beauty Clays so far that I use it and it only."*

STARS OF STAGE AND SCREEN ENDORSE

Mineralava

BEAUTY CLAY

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK *Distributor*

MARJORIE RAMBEAU, Star of *"The Goldfish,"* says. *"Mineralava has brought back my natural complexion"*

MAE MURRAY, Star of *"Broadway Rose,"* says: *"Nothing so refreshes the face and takes away the tired, strained look as Mineralava."*

IRENE FRANKLIN, Star of *"The Greenwich Village Follies,"* says: *"I have found Mineralava unequalled in its lift of skin health."*

KYRA, the Assyrian dancer, says *"Mineralava is the perfect product for retaining a beautiful contour and an unblemished skin"*

BETTY BLYTHE, Star of *"The Queen of Sheba,"* says: *"An absolute safeguard for the beauty of the complexion is Mineralava."*

Go gle

JOHNSON'S
Paste - Liquid - Powdered
POLISHING WAX

EVERY room needs the brightening touch of Johnson's Polishing Wax. It will rejuvenate your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum and give your home that fine air of immaculate cleanliness. Johnson's Polishing Wax imparts a velvety, artistic lustre of great beauty and durability. It cleans, polishes, preserves and protects—in one operation.

Preserves Linoleum

Your Linoleum will last longer and look better if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Wax. Johnson's Wax prevents cracking and blistering—brings out the pattern and color — protects linoleum from wear and makes cleaning easy.

Rejuvenates Woodwork

Building?

If you are building you should have our book on Wood Finishing. It tells how inexpensive soft woods may be treated so they are as beautiful and artistic as hardwood. We will gladly send, it free and postpaid. Use coupon below.

Ideal Polish for Furniture

Book on Home Beautifying FREE

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. P. R. 5, RACINE, WIS
(Canadian Factory—Brantford)

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please send me free and postpaid your book telling how to make my home artistic, cheery and inviting. I understand that it explains just what materials to use and how to apply them—includes color card—gives covering capacities, etc.

My Dealer is .....
My Name .....
My Address .....
City and State .....

WALL PAPER adds so much and costs so little

IMAGINATION must be present in the WALL PAPER placed upon the walls of the Music Room—imagination capable of creating a fitting setting for every sort of music, from modern jazz to a Beethoven sonata. Where the sign of the WALL PAPER Guildsman is displayed, you will find sound advice in the selection of WALL PAPER for the Music Room—and all other rooms in your home. Look for that sign. It assures good papers, fine workmanship, fair prices.

Published for WALL PAPER MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION *of the United States*
Headquarters: Suite 1815, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York

THE PICK-UP JOB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

coop near the sod house greeted him. He jerked his head up angrily, "Great Scott—let me get one thing done at a time, won't you?"

He set the baby down by the coop; promptly shifted him to a safer distance as small hands clutched at tempting, downy balls. With a grunt of thankfulness he discovered the chicken-feed ready to serve, ministered to two starving families and sought the location of another, a peace-keeping distance away. The coop was empty, and it was Jane's prize brood; McDuff, who always "laid on" when the other hens struck, and her dozen biddies.

Eric whirled toward the prairie at a warning "Kr—r—r!" clamoring with the insistence of a fire-engine. A Plymouth Rock hen, immobile as a statue of courage, stood alone on the plain, ill thrust up to the sky, wings and feathers flattened, body upright, shrunk into unbelievable smallness. Six feet above her head hovered a hawk, claws dangling with predatory greed, cannily hesitating above a quarry that offered no bold save that sharp beak.

Eric leaped for the shack, and remembered the rifle lying on the floor of the freighter as usual. He picked up the only weapon of defense on the place, but a whirling ax in his hand might as readily decapitate McDuff as the hovering hawk.

Desperately he seized a convenient broom, gripped it weapon-wise, and struck the black marauder hard, once, twice. With an abrupt change of impact the astonished wings spread, beat upward, and circled the sky in a wide, buccaneer sweep.

"Janet's got to have a gun—there're other things besides—hawks. Funny I never realized——"

He opened the door of the coop invitingly. "Bring in your chickens, my lady!" Swiftly he searched the prairie about the hen for tiny balls of fluff. Not a chicken in sight. "Gee—" he stooped and hunted through the short, curling buffalo-grass. "I did that hawk get them all—Jan's prize brood?"

Awkwardly he stroked the still upright rigid body, still crying a warning "Kr—r—r!" at regular intervals. "It's too bad, McDuff. I'd fed you sooner if I'd known. All Jan's prize stock for next year——"

Remorsefully he scattered a consoling offering of food before her. McDuff cocked a glittering eye toward each quarter of the cleared heavens, drew in her head, settled down into horizontal, fluffed out her feathers, and gave a motherly "Cluck! cluck!"

The man's eyes rounded with thankful wonder. Up out of the bare earth, over which he had just searched, popped twelve plump gray bodies with twinkling yellow legs dutifully answering a summoning mother. Respectfully he scattered a trail of food before the heroine and coaxed her within the safety of the coop.

With a remaining hint of self-complacency he turned. "Well, son, that job's fin—Eric—baby—where are you?"

THE man ran into the shack, circled it outside, and whirled toward the prairie. Half-way down the long sloping hill was the well, the uncovered well.

On an uneven top stone of the curbing wall, flush with the prairie, the baby balanced, rocking back and forth and gurgling to the mysterious dark hole below. How often had he peered down Jan to build a platform and put a pump, in, after the important things——

The whisper on Eric's lips was not an oath as he stripped off his shoes and ran silently and swiftly over cushioning buffalo-grass. Noiselessly he dropped to his knees and crept up behind the child, teetering back and forth, back and forth. Swiftly his hand shot out, caught the tail of the pink gingham toga, and pulled the protesting baby back into his arms.

The man lay for long minutes staring up at the cloudless sky while the baby patted a pallid face and trembling lips. None too steadily he walked up the hill with a vow registered on lips and heart.

"Sleepy, son? Hungry?" The father hugged the child close at the gurgled answer. Without protest he built a fire and washed the soiled breakfast dishes. He wheedled the baby through his ablutions with none of the severity he often prescribed, found the food Janet had ready, fed him with new tenderness and patience, and broke all rules by rocking him to sleep with an improvised lullaby.

Eric laid the child on the bed and smoothed back shining tousled curls. "I'll build a platform over that well the day Janet gets back—no matter what waits!" He looked up at the small tin clock. "Whew! She's been gone only three hours! Seems like a week!"

Slowly he surveyed the one-room eight-by-ten shack, picked up his soiled overalls, shirt, and jumper, and tossed them into a corner out of sight. Jan always had them clean for him by the next trip. Jan was gone. Grimly his mouth set as he picked up the clothes, re-filled tub, wash-board, and soap, emptied pails of water, and rolled up the sleeve of his able arm.

He rubbed endlessly. In disgust, and for the unnumbereth time, he spread out the spotted garments; viciously he smeared soap and rinsed across the corner and tin. "No tamation use in so much wagon-grease! A pocketful of waste. . . .

Wrathfully he squeezed out tangling legs and sleeves, dumped the gray water, shouldered the tub, and marched down the hill to the well. Janet couldn't do that; she must carry the water by the pailful up the hill. The small tin bucket was hard to sink; Janet couldn't haul up the big wooden one; it was too heavy. He hadn't known Jan's province; when he wasn't freighting he was breaking the tough sod, making a farm of their quarter-section of prairie, their home.

The baby's waking cry hurried him as he flung the dingy garments across the line. The man was hungry enough to get his own dinner now, but the starving families insisted upon theirs, and the intemperate Durhams were again bawling for water. This pick-up job was hydra-headed with the power of the ameba to increase a hundred-fold every time he turned around, hustling him inconsiderately from one task to the other with no thought of his personal desire occasionally to get his breath. With a sigh he thought of the restful ease of tooling across the prairie upon a high spring seat behind a team of willing mules. Compulsory exercise had limbered the bruised fingers; he might have managed the driving after all. Jan was—oh, confound it, he was glad to have her enjoying—the man job.

LATE in the afternoon he encountered a small packet of seed-peas some one had given him to experiment in Fall planting. Janet had said she would put them in that afternoon. If she could . . . He dropped the bag in his pocket, tied on the baby's sunbonnet, and found the hoe.

Down the long slope beyond the well the garden lay; a tiny oasis of effort in a desert of primeval sod. A cracker-box, cushioned with an old quilt at the end of the furrows, bespoke a possible system of efficiency of Janet's part. Small Eric settled down with an air of familiar content, and Eric the tall was free to begin his row. Rapidly he planted in the prescribed manner, covered the seed, and firmed down the soil.

A night-hawk swooped low with terrifying shriek, a reminder that the shadows were lengthening. Economizing time, Eric dropped peas the entire length of another trench, straightened up, and reached for the hoe

Out of the trench, emptied clean, scurried a pair of gophers, their pouched cheeks stuffed to bursting with the experimental seed-peas. Hot words of useless fury quieted with, "Janet never told me that."

Eric picked up his son and climbed the hill to the vociferous cries of hungry young in many languages, but one key. Slowly he punctuated ascending steps: "I'm beginning to think there may be a number of things Janet hasn't talked about. She didn't row about the tornado or the Indians or Bill Jones's foul trick."

Milking, watering, and picketing; feeding, washing dishes, and cooking, lullabies, tucking into bed, and bringing in clothes; twilight had given place to dark when the man settled down on the door-step. A pipe soothed his soul, and there was no voice lifted in hungry demand.

In the moonlight Eric Garr regarded with a look of pride three new-built stacks of hay, the cutting of a prairie swale that would carry the live stock through a snow-shrouded Winter. Beyond the shed and stacks lay the silvered acres of his dominion. Some day he would have the tough sod all broken and planted, and a golden sea of grain, wheat, oats, would ripple in the moonlight. The man frowned suddenly, got up and collected stray boards, and piled them over the yawning well in a temporary cover before he lay down by his son to sleep.

ONE day repeated the other with slight variation. The bread ran out and the man watched his son consume flapjacks with uneasy apprehension. The oatmeal he cooked tasted queer, and Eric son would have none of it. Eric the elder developed a restless habit of watching the clock, wondering audibly where Janet was, what was happening in Haney, whether Hart had finished his sod addition. Evening brought quiet and rest, a pipe on the door-step again, and a wide gray empty world in which he might talk to himself if he chose.

Long he stared at the far-away blur where sky dipped to endless plain. "Gee, but it's lonesome! Jan'll be back to-morrow—it's only a three-day haul. He kicked at a root of buffalo-grass, "It's most always—five." With a derisive, twisted grin, "Seems like a year!"

Eric Garr looked down the hill at dark mounds of hay and frowned judicially. "When I cut grass—there'll be stacks. When I freight, there's the money. Jan said I'd learn a few things while she was gone."

Slowly his eyes traveled from coops to dark forms lying out on the prairie. "To-morrow they'll be yapping for food all over again. There'll be the same chores to wash and food to cook three times over, and milking and watering and pickeeting—and the baby! And Jan cleans and sews and washes and irons and gardens and——"

Quietly he lifted his eyes to the glittering stars. "Not a blanked thing to show for it but some chickens growing up to be eaten, a calf to be butchered, and——" Eric's voice lowered, "the boy to be a man! That's my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Google

THE PICK-UP JOB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

job too—but I like to see the stacks and the money. When Jan comes home——"

He stirred with a note of curiosity. "Where's that Norse tale Jan told me to read?"

In the grey dimness he fumbled at the small shelf of books, lighted a lantern, found the volume, and sat down on the step again. In the flickering light he turned the leaves; "The Blue Belt," "The Giant Who Had No Heart," "The Man Who Was to Mind the House"—that must be it.

"Once upon a time there was a man so surly and cross he never thought his wife did anything right in the house." Eric laughed, frowning. "Not an exact statement of fact, but I never knew how much work——"

Distastefully he hurried over the man's scolding to the words, "'Dear love, do not be so angry,' said his Goody; 'to-morrow let us change our work. I will go out with the mowers and mow and you shall mind the house at home.'"

Eric skimmed the tale with grunting comment: "Umph, I didn't have to churn or tap the ale, or chase the pig; but is there no *calf* in Norseland?—'The speckled hen'—that's McDuff, and the 'cow forgotten in the byre' is old Durham,". Absorbedly he lapsed into silence.

As the plot thickened he chuckled at the man drawing the water, spilling the cream down the wall, boiling the porridge, and minding the baby, on through to the ridiculous finale. Eric put down book and lantern, stood up, and stretched long and peacefully.

"This—delusion seems to have run a long way back. I wonder cause——" again he chuckled. "I wonder if the Norseman called it a—pick-up job?"

Little Eric stirred in his sleep and the man tiptoed to bed.

THE vociferous crew wakened him early, but he had learned Jan's trick of picketing little Eric to the door-latch with a strist of fish-line. Jan would be home that afternoon. The man smiled sheepishly at his own sigh of welcome as he hurried through the morning's endless program.

Hours before he could really expect her he shoved the dinner dishes out of sight, shook his head at the baby, declaring in favor of rough dry garments for the morrow, and climbed the slope behind the shack, Jan's watch-tower.

Even there one could not see another shack; Gleason's, the nearest, was four miles away. The baby fretted; Eric tried to look at the swollen gums and remembered the flapjacks. If—if the baby was ever dangerously ill, what would Janet do, there alone? Or if Jan was sick, and Winter coming? Eric paced a beat across the prairie and frowned along the faintly marked road.

A puff of wind sent his head up; a queer acrid smell came with it. Along the hazy horizon crept a dun line, an irregular, jagged line, rising higher as it touched the long swale.

Stupidly Eric stared until a thin scarlet lash whipped upward through the smoke.

"Fire! Prairie's on fire!" With a gasp he whirled toward the road. "Got early—she'll be behind it——" His breath caught forcibly.

The man was running down the long slope to the shack, scanning the square of fire-break plowed around the sod house and shed and stacks. It had looked foolishly wide when he broke the tough sod, it looked foolishly narrow now, with a fire coming. Still carrying the baby, he ran on toward the animals tethered a long distance from the safety-zone; turned, ran back to the sod house, and set the child down.

Hastily he knotted the cord dangling from the door-latch behind the baby shoulders. "Stay here, son. Daddy'll be back in a minute." He caught up the ax and ran on again.

The animals had scented the fire and were in a frenzied panic; it was a stubborn fight to drive them toward that warning smoke into the square of safety. Eric hammered in the picket-pins just as the vanguard of fire reached the plowed line. Exultantly he watched it struggle against the dusty sod and die down into blackened smolder for want of fuel.

The fire peaked out in advance of the line up on the hill, carried forward by a rolling, blazing sphere of tumbleweed, bouncing in long leaps over the dry grass, igniting as it touched. Eric watched it apprehensively, ran for a pail of water left beside the path, picked up a gunny-sack, dipped it, and stood on guard by the plowed strip.

THE wind veered. Down the hill raced a fire-ball, angling across the break. The wet sack caught and smothered it just in time; caught a second one. Behind them raced another, a giant weed of curved and laced rattan, six feet across and blazing like a turpentine ball. It struck the edge of the overturned sod, bounced into the air; struck, bounded higher through a long arc, and clung like a bloody hand to the side of the center stack. The man's cry was lost in the rush of greedy flame.

Swiftly he ran toward the shack and the baby, jerking up the tethering-pins as he passed the cattle. He reached the door-step; like a stricken old man he slumped forward, fingering a useless, dragging line of cord. "Eric—son. . . ."

Only for an instant, then he was racing through a pall of smoke and blazing wind-driven wisps of hay to the well. The temporary cover was undisturbed.

"Eric—baby—son!"

The cry cut through the smothering smoke, but there was no wailing answer. He ran to the shack, self-protected by dusty walls of sod, and hunted it through and through. Madly he circled the house and the terrified families outside.

With wet cloth over his mouth he fought his way to the stable, searching with outstretched hands, calling at every step. Down the hill again and into the garden to the quilt-lined box that but yesterday had guarded the squealing, gurgling, most precious thing in the world. Like a madman Eric crisscrossed the rows, calling over and over, "Eric—baby—son——"

The half-burned stacks were smoldering lower under the blanket of ashes, and the wind-driven blaze had spread fan-shaped to the farther fire-break and died out. Eric dropped to hands and knees, creeping beneath the spread of smoke, and circled the stacks, near enough to be sure that what he feared to find was not there.

AND then, with nature's own mocking irony, the long Summer drought broke and sheets of rain stung and whipped the smoking earth and flooded the ruined stacks. Lightning cut the black sky and thunder rocked it; and the baby and Janet were out in the storm, helpless and unprotected.

With the last grimace was added the hail; tiny pellets that stung, and larger ones, as large as the drenched balls of feathers that were strtick and killed as they flooded out of their slat-made homes.

Back and forth through the storm the man staggered, cut with hurling pieces of ice, hunting, calling against the rattle of artillery flailing the unburned roofs. Somewhere little Eric was out in this storm, beaten, hurt—if he had escaped—the fire! Janet had warned him, had begged to take the baby with her. After his surly answer she had trusted the most precious thing in the world to an intolerant lord of a hundred and sixty acres of creation, to—his father. Eric Gair dropped his head with a groan.

The storm drowned even the rumble of the big freighter, and the man, down by the well again, saw only a lunging blur swaying along the slope. Like a drunken ship it yawed toward the shed, swung closer until a frenzied team of mules was reined into the protecting lee-ward of the hall.

Dumbly he went to meet Janet. She twisted a basket up from head and shoulders and reached toward him with a cry. "Eric, you're hurt! Your head is cut—it's bleeding!"

Dumbly he lifted his eyes. Gasping, she bent closer. "Eric—Eric! What is it? Not—not—oh, not—*my baby!*"

With the cry of a wounded animal she was over the wheel, on the ground beside him, clutching at him as she strangled for words. "Eric—tell me—tell me!"

Somehow he got the damning words out. Somehow the two stumbled together through the stinging hail toward the door-latch where a rain-soaked cord lay beaten into the earth. The girl was on her knees beside it, fingering the loop that had crossed the baby shoulders.

"The knot—slipped." Her voice was strange and far away. "How long—did you leave him—before you found him—gone!"

The hail-storm, too furious to last, had thrashed itself into harmless impotence. In the gray silence Eric rehearsed the bringing in of the cattle, getting a pail of water——

She lifted her arms with a cry. Eric stretched his hands out blindly. "Not there, Jan! I covered it—yesterday. The boards haven't been—moved."

The white lips twisted into sound. "And then——" Then he had fought the fire until the stacks caught; had pulled up two picket-pins in passing and run to the shack.

Again the pale lips moved. "Time enough for him to have crept a long distance. Have you——" She shuddered, swayed, turned wincing eyes toward the stacks. The man nodded.

AGAIN they hunted through shack and shed, over the unburned square, and came to a halt before the sodden, flattened mounds of hay. It was Janet who mentioned toward the rakes; who tried to help and dropped the handle with a scream of horror when it caught on a board; and who broke down in weak sobbing when at last they failed to find that which they searched for and feared to discover.

Eric caught the shaking girl in his arms and drew her toward the house. "Oh, Jan—rest, and let me hunt!"

She lifted a pale, drawn face, shook her head, and motioned across the break over the miles of fire-swept prairie. Bent as an old woman she dragged slow feet up the hill.

The gray sky was darkening into twilight as Eric crossed the strips of overturned sod down the slope and faced the blackened acres of his dominion. Of what use were quarter-sections or the whole earth with the man's head lowered heavily, with the cause for its petty cares gone?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Digitized by Google

That Flavor

That's the Quaker Oats distinction

That's why millions of women, when they order oats, specify Quaker Oats.

That's why the oat lovers all the world over give preference to Quaker Oats, and send overseas to get it.

Don't forget it, for the children's sake.

Only the rich, plump, flavory grains are flaked for Quaker Oats. We discard all the puny and insipid grains. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of these extra-flavory flakes. Yet these premier flakes cost but one-half cent per dish.

Oats form, probably, your most important food.

They supply 16 needed elements. They yield 1810 calories of nutriment per pound, while round steak yields 890.

As a body-builder and a vim-feod, the oat has for ages held a unique place.

Then make the oat dish delicious. Get only the flavory flakes. Remember Quaker quality.

Quaker Oats

Just the extra-flavory flakes

You'll like these macaroons

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Honey Dew Crossbar Voile

No. 274 2 to 3 yr. $1.25, U. S. A.

ROYAL SOCIETY

EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

The convenience, economy and other advantages of Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits will be best told through an actual test. A child's dress, undergarment or some article for the home.

Try just one package, which contains the article made of the finest quality material, beautifully sewn and stamped, ready to embroider also more than sufficient floss to complete the embroidery, full sized skeins, properly labeled and color marked.

There is also a stitch diagram in every package, and even though you have never embroidered before, you can easily follow the directions, they are so simple.

For style and design, value and quality, Royal Society Embroidery Packages are unequalled—yet cost no more than inferior brands.

SEND FOR COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR OF NEW DESIGNS

In addition to Package Outfits, you will find Royal Society Stamped Linens, Embroidery and Crochet Cottons, and Celesta, the washable artificial Silk, for sale by all first class dealers and their guaranteed superior quality will be reflected in the beauty and durability of your finished work.

Directions in Crochet Book No. 22

The New Crochet Book No. 22
Send for Copy
Price 10c in U. S. and 15c elsewhere

Stylish new French Model Sweaters. Handsome Gros Filet table runners, now so fashionable. Exquisitely dainty nightgown yokes, beautiful lamp shades and a variety of Tea, Luncheon, Breakfast and Buffet Sets.

The book is complete with directions and diagrams, that will greatly assist you and simplify the work.

For those who have never crocheted before, all the primary stitches are explained and illustrated.

Royal Society Products Are Sold by Dealers Everywhere

Prices Quoted Apply Only to U. S. A. and Not to Canada or Foreign Countries

H. E. VERRAN CO., Inc.
19 Union Square West New York

THE PICK-UP JOB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

Out on the scorched grass at the farther edge of the break lay a tiny gopher, caught too far from its home in the sweep of fire and hail; burned, beaten to its death. Eric turned with a groan and stumbled blindly back across the furrowed strip. It wasn't possible. No—baby could have crept over the rough fire-break and out into this—chance!

A clinging something caught his foot. With a stifled cry Eric stood motionless. At his feet lay a small pink sunbonnet, scorched with fire and sodden with rain. Wildly the man's haggard eyes swept the darkening prairie about him. Stooping low, he crept over the sod, inch by inch in a widening circle. There was no other clue; nothing but the blackened pink bonnet.

Eric Gair dropped to his knees and lay face downward on the sod. "I can't tell her—this! Oh, God—I've got to find him! Help me—let me—find him! I—I can't tell her—this!" He bit back rending sobs that might betray him. "I -I—can't—tell her——"

A FRESHENING breeze of the drenched plain, no longer tormented with thirst, stirred his soaked garments. The raucous cry of a night-hawk swooped startlingly near. With a jerk Eric Gair's head lifted, eyes blazing with incredible hope. Noiselessly he drew himself up on hands and knees. Then he heard it again; the little sobbing sigh a child gives who has cried itself to sleep.

Inch by inch he crept over the ground, turning every sod. Further down the slope around the bared roots of a tuft of bunch-grass clung the end of a flying curl. With breathless care the man lifted the strip of sod shelving half across a sloping badger-hole. He loosened the earth about a dusty tangle of gold, widened the hole until trembling fingers could clutch pink gingham shoulders and draw the baby clear of the sheltering burrow.

Swiftly he turned the child's face in the dusky light. A little catching sigh, drowsy lids lifting, and a waking cry of hunger. Eric Gair staggered to his feet.

"Jan ." The call was raucous as that of a night-hawk. Up the hill a bent form straightened into youth and came on winged feet. "Janet, I know that you——"

A familiar hungry cry shrilled in protest against delay for any reason and sent them hurrying through the gray light to the shack.

Eric picked a careful way among still, drenched balls of feathers, no longer demanding to be fed or answering the call of troubled mothers. "Janet, I've read the Norse legend. It's—true——"

"No, no, Eric ." She tugged at a rain-soaked skirt and thrust a packet into his hands as if it scorched her own. "It's the money,—for the freight, and more orders——"

The words were drowned in a remorseful storm of tears as she hugged the child close. "And I—I—left my—baby! I said I was lonesome—when I had him!"

"Jan, don't, dear—don't!" The frightened child whimpered and the man drew the jerking shoulders closer. "We're going to move into Haney for the Winter, Janet——" He lifted a hand, dangling with shreds of a sooty bandage, at her wordless protest. "Hay's all gone—no food for the stock; prairie's burned clean—no place to cut more." His voice lowered unevenly. "And I wouldn't leave you and the baby out here alone with this—pick-up job through the Winter——" the man squared his shoulders, "for all the quar—for all the land in Dakota!"

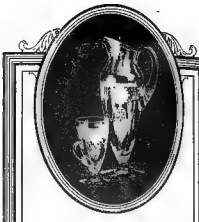
ERIC GAIR turned to the doorway and looked out over the blackened acres of his dominion; it would be green again in the Spring. His eye awakened the stilled, clamorous balls of gray on the ground; in the shack behind him a brown head bent over yellow flying curls with the ineffable music of a crooning lullaby.

A shrill whinny summoned him peremptorily. A team of mules stood unharnessed by the sod stable, protesting at this careless neglect of their hunger. The man stepped down into the gray twilight; in the distance before him a pair of Durhams wandered free, watered within and without; the mother cropping where she listed in the unburned leeway of the fire-break, while the calf, big enough to wean, finished the supply of milk to the last drop.

Your Club—$1,000?

TRY for Pictorial Review's prize of $1,000 to be awarded the women's club rendering its community the greatest service in the year ending September 15th, 1923. Write for details

Club Editor
PICTORIAL REVIEW
222 W. Thirty-ninth St., New York City



Standard

Adornment and charm combined with usefulness
Grace and beauty with no sacrifice of durability
these are a few of the qualities which have made Heisey & Glassware the standard of *all* glassware

A. H. HEISEY & CO.
Dept. P42 Newark, Ohio

On Every Piece

HEISEY'S GLASSWARE
FOR YOUR TABLE

Style
is a greater social asset than
Beauty

EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN
in 5 smart styles

Caroline Dr Lancy will answer all questions relating to correct social correspondence Address her in care of
EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
238 Fifth Avenue New York

AEROLUX
VENTILATING
PORCH SHADES

Live outdoors this summer—on your porch. Equip it with beautiful Aerolux Shades. Have fresh cool air and perfect privacy without heat and glare. Durable, economical, easily hung. Weatherproof finishes. Can't flap in wind. For open or glassenclosed porch.

Sold by leading department stores and furniture dealers.

FREE Book, "Better Porches" shows how to make your porch an attractive summer living room. Write for it.

The Aerolux Company
2342 Oakland Ave. Washington, Wis.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

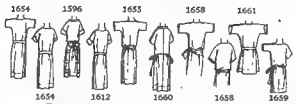
Especially Designed to Show the Use of Bordered Fabrics

1654—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 58-inch bordered crêpe—3⅛ yards ribbon for binding—3¾ yards ribbon for sash, for dress as shown in the illustration below. For the frock shown to the right of the group of three in the center below, size 36 requires 2 yards 58-inch bordered crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch plain crêpe for trimming. The dress is slashed at the center-front, the slashed edges bound and finished for closing. The new Egyptian and Byzantin crêpes in bordered and allover effects are especially recommended for this easily and quickly made dress.

1596—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch printed pussy willow silk—⅞ yard 40-inch plain satin to trim.

1612—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch figured crêpe to trim.

1655—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch dotted crêpe de Chine—8½ yards 2-inch ribbon for trimming-bands, for dress shown above to the right. The dress of bordered material shown at the extreme right hand side of the page in size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 58-inch bordered crêpe.



1658—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch printed crêpe for the blouse illustrated above in upper right-hand corner of the page. For the style shown on the opposite side of the page size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch bordered crêpe—⅞ yard plain crêpe for sash—2½ yards narrow ribbon.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Price 20c (10d).

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Here's the Famous "ONE HOUR DRESS"

Let us tell you—FREE *—just how to make it*

THE "One Hour Dress" has created a sensation! Newspapers throughout the country have published pages and pages about it, hailing it as evidence that this season dressmaking at home has come into its own again.

The "One Hour Dress" can be made in one hour and the only expense, of course, is for materials. In silk, it makes a charming afternoon or street dress at a total cost of $6 or $7—value at least $15. In gingham, it makes a dainty home dress at a cost of $1.50—value $3 or $4. And in print or lawn, it can be made for as little as 60 cents—a splendid $2 value.

The "One Hour Dress" was designed by the Woman's Institute as proof that with the proper instructions you really can make pretty, becoming dresses at wonderful savings, right in your own home. It is just one example of the amazingly simple methods in the

Woman's Institute *New Course* in Dressmaking and Designing

This New Course presents an entirely *new* way of learning to make your own clothes, based on the Institute's successful experience in teaching 170,000 women and girls. It is a *new* method by which you start at once to make actual garments. A *new* plan that covers every phase of dressmaking thoroughly, and yet makes it so fascinating that you will want to spend every spare moment in planning and fashioning and making the pretty clothes you have always wanted, but never felt you could afford to buy.

This New Course is yours to enjoy and profit by, wherever you may live, at a cost so small it will surprise you, and on a plan convenient for you, no matter what your circumstances.

Mail the Coupon To-day

PROVE to yourself, without obligation or expense, how easy it is to make your own clothes. Let us send you—*free*—the booklet containing complete, detailed, illustrated instructions for making the "One Hour Dress," and also the full story of the New Course in Dressmaking and Designing. Simply send this coupon or a letter or postal to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 2-S, Scranton, Penna., and both will come to you by return mail.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 2-S, Scranton, Penna.

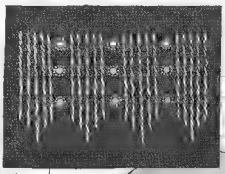
Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet, "*The One Hour Dress and How to Make It*," and the full story of the Woman's Institute New Course in Dressmaking and Designing. I am most interested in the subject which I have marked

- ☐ How to Plan and Make My Own Clothes
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Make My Own Hats
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Milliner

Name .....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

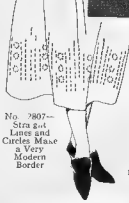
Address .....

For That Touch of Embroidery Demanded by Fashion

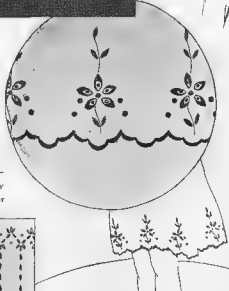


No. 12799—Little Girl's Slip Daintily Treated with Appliqué and Embroidery

No. 12807—Straight Lines and Circles Make a Very Modern Border

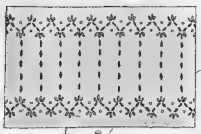


No. 12809—Sample Embroidery Design Suitable for Lingerie



No. 12790 above

No. 12810 left



No 12806—A Design that May be Carried Out Successfully on Sheer Fabrics

No. 12809 Scalloped Border and Flower Motifs for Fine Embroidery

No. 12810—This Combination of Embroidery and Appliqué Is Unusually Effective

No. 12806—Makes an Exquisite Decoration for the Front of a Georgette Crêpe Blouse

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12807, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes 6 yards of a ⅝-inch and 3 yards of a 9-inch border, to be carried out in beads, silk or a combination of the two. The lines could be worked in running stitches and the circles in French knots.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12809, blue, 30 cents—1/6, supplies 2 yards each of three scalloped borders, 2 each of 2 large motifs and 3 each of the smaller motifs with reverses suitable for lingerie or infants' clothes.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12790, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 4 each of 4 different motifs with appliqué patches. The circles may be worked in rambler rose or bouillon stitch and the leaves in lazy daisy stitch.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12810, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes 2 yards each of 1¾- and 5-inch borders, together with 6 motifs measuring 7 by 9 inches with cutting guides for appliqué.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12806, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, supplies 3 yards of a 5-inch and 6 yards of a ¾-inch border, to be worked in silk, cotton or beads.

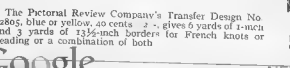
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12811, blue only, 30 cents—1/6, includes 3 and 3 reverses of 9 different motifs together with 3 yards of a pretty scallop. An effective way to carry out the grape motif would be to cover the leaf and grapes with net and embroider over with French stem stitch.

No. 12800—A Basket of Flowers in Conventional Style Is Always Popular

No. 12805—Shows the Diamond-shaped Border Applied to the Ornamentation of a Bag

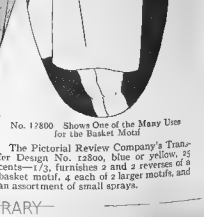
No. 12811—A Grape and Leaf Motif Is Something New

No. 12811—Illustrates How Effective by the Grape and Leaf Motif May Be Used on Lingerie



No. 12805 Border Made Up of Many Diamond-Shaped Motifs

No. 12805—Scarf with Design Carried Out in Rayon



No. 12800—Shows One of the Many Uses for the Basket Motif

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12805, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2-/-, gives 6 yards of 1-inch and 3 yards of 13/8-inch borders for French knots or beading or a combination of both

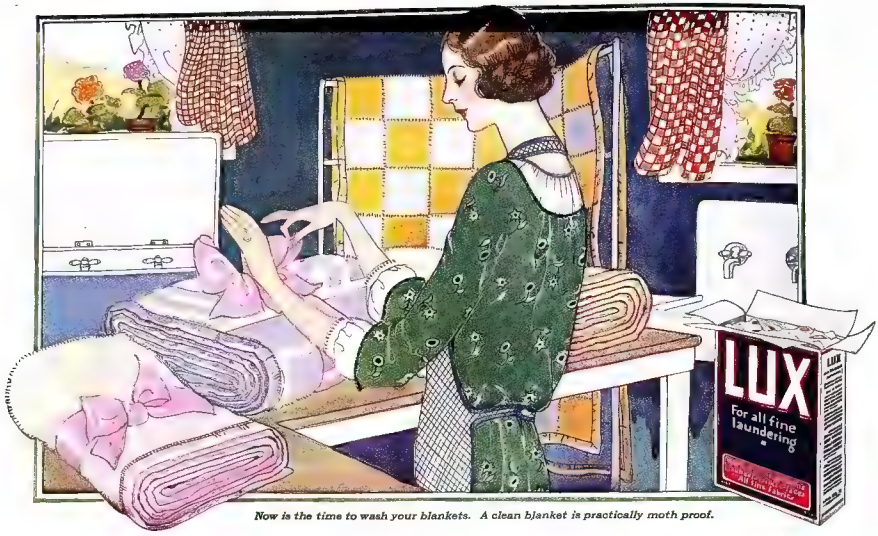
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12800, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 2 and 2 reverses of a basket motif, 4 each of 2 larger motifs, and an assortment of small sprays.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

"Standard" kitchen sinks, "yard stick high," provide comfort and prevent back-strain. How high is yours?

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh



Now is the time to wash your blankets. A clean blanket is practically moth proof.

To wash your blankets at home without shrinking or matting them—

Laundered this way they last for years

This very month, before putting them away, is the time to wash your blankets. They must be put away clean, of course, to protect them from moths.

It is the soiled places on wool and wool nap that moths attack. A clean blanket is almost moth-proof.

Try washing your blankets at home this year. Lux makes the laundering of even your big, handsome ones safe.

Blankets will last for years if washed according to the directions given below. A single careless washing ruins them, for wool is as sensitive as a baby's skin. Strong soap or rubbing will shrink and felt wool so that it becomes harsh and scratchy.

Lux won't shrink your blankets. It is absolutely pure—there is no free alkali or any other ingredient in it to hurt the delicate wool fibres.

Great blanket manufacturer tells why he recommends Lux

The manufacturer of the finest blankets in America, expert in the care of blankets, says "Extra care must be taken in the choice of soaps used to wash wool. Harsh soaps shrink and mat it, turn it yellow and weaken the fibre.

"The tests and experiments we have made have demonstrated that Lux is an ideal product for washing blankets. It will cleanse the finest woolens with entire safety."

This blanket manufacturer's experience has been repeated by each one of the makers of fine fabrics listed below. All had thorough washing tests made by a famous university.

Sheer fabrics and colorful garments were given the number of washings they would normally receive. There was no loss of color when Lux was used, no coarsening or shrinking of any fabric.

As a result all of these manufacturers are recommending Lux to their customers. They say that if a fabric is safe in pure water it is safe in Lux.

How to wash blankets

A rich, live suds throughout is essential. Use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water.

Dissolve Lux in very hot water; whisk to a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Souse blankets up and down and squeeze suds through. If suds die down, add more Lux. Never rub blankets. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters of same temperature as suds. Fold evenly and run through loose wringer or fold and hang dripping. Stretch and pull blanket into shape at intervals during the drying process.

The new way to wash dishes

Won't roughen hands

Lux for washing dishes! *At last* there is a way to wash dishes without coarsening and reddening your hands.

Even though your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won't irritate them—won't make them rough and scratchy. These pure, gentle flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! It sounds incredible—but try it! A single package of Lux does at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes for almost three weeks.

Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux.

MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF FINE FABRICS SAY "WASH THEM IN LUX"

North Star Blankets
Aschee's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger Woolens
The Fleisher Yarns
Belding Bros. & Co., Silks
Mallinson Silks
Roessel Silks
Skinner Satins
Forsythe Blouses
Vanity Fair Silk Underwear
Dove Under-garments
Model Brassieres
McCallum Hosiery
"Onyx" Hosiery
McCutcheon's Linens
D. & J. Anderson Ginghams
Betty Wales Dresses
Mildred Louise Dresses
Pacific Mills Printed Cottons
Orinoka guaranteed Sun and Tubfast Draperies
Puritan Mills Draperies

Send today for free booklet of expert laundering advice—"How to Launder Silks, Woolens, Fine Cottons and Linens." Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 26, Cambridge, Mass.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Attractive New Designs and Clever Ways to Use Them

No. 12808, Appliqué to be Stamped on Felt Used as Hat Decoration
No. 295, An Effective Smart Knitted Tuxedo Sweater

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12812, blue, 30 cents—1/6, gives 3 and 3 reverses of 9 motifs and scalloping.

No. 12811

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12808, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, gives border and motifs for appliqué, shown on hat No. 8445, 30 cents—1/6. Sizes 1 to 4 years

No. 12808

No. 12564

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 295, (sweater at left) and No. 296 (scarf at right) 15 cents—9d

No. 12752

No. 12810—A Design That Combines Both Embroidery and Appliqué

No. 12796—Knitted Scarf—No. 12796—Appliqué Motif to be Stamped on Felt for Scarf, Hat and Bag Trimming

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12796, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, gives motifs and reverses of appliqué designs.

No. 12812—Appliqué Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12812, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, supplies 3 and 3 reverses of 6 different motifs

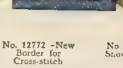
No. 12809, Three Effective Designs and Borders to Make Dainty Milady's Lingerie and Infants' Clothes

No. 12752—Shown on Bloomer Dress No. 1091

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12752, blue or yellow, 30 cents—2/-, gives 3 flower baskets in 3 different designs and 4 duplicates of each, shown on bloomer dress No. 1091, 30 cents—1/6. Sizes 2 to 6 years.

No. 12564 on Dress No. 1190
No. 12808 on Hat No. 8445

No. 12772—New Border for Cross-stitch



No. 12772—Border Shown on Sweater No. 297

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12564, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, contains 15 different motifs with 6 duplicates of each, shown on dress No. 1180, 30 cents—1/6. Sizes 2 to 6 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12809, blue, 30 cents—1/6, supplies borders, motifs, and reverses.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12810, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, provides two borders and 6 motifs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12772, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, contains 4 yards of a cross-stitch border, shown on sweater No. 297.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 297, 15 cents—9d, in size 4 requires 3 balls floss, 1 pair No. 5 needles.

No. 12685—Appliqué Design on Rompers No. 8306

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12685, blue or yellow, 15 cents—1/3, contains 2 each of several designs for appliqué, one shown on the front of rompers No. 8306, 25 cents—1/3. Sizes 1 to 4 years

Google

Simply Made Frocks with the Style of Parisian Creations

1030—Ladies' Long-waisted One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch Paisley—2¾ yards 40-inch cork (tan) Canton crêpe. Paisley is used for the waist section of this composé frock while Canton is selected for the skirt section, cuffs, and sash.

1646—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—4¾ yards mignon (lavender) ribbon for sash and binding. Applied bands cut on a bias fold give this cool little Summer frock a tiered effect. The closing is arranged at the left side-front by pearl or glass buttons.

1486—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch figured crêpe—2⅛ yards 40-inch black satin. Like many of the new afternoon and street frocks this season, this model also favors a figured combined with a plain fabric. In this case the skirt is attached to the waist in an irregular outline, extending above the waist.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Dress 1030

Dress 1646

Dress 1627

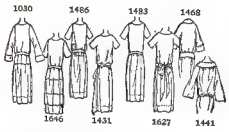
Dress 1486

Dress 1431
Applique 12672

Blouse 1468

Dress 1483
Applique 12797

Blouse 1441
Monogram 563



Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Inspired by Things Oriental Are These Smart Costumes

1637—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 40-inch white voile for collar and binding sleeves—2⅝ yards lavender ribbon. The frock has a deep U front which is filled in with the gingham cut on a bias fold. Below the inserted pockets, appliqued motifs are applied in design 12630. The design may be cut from colored chambray, linen or organdy and couched down in blanket, chain or buttonhole stitches.

1618—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch printed crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe for collar and sash. The material from which this simple dress is fashioned is so elaborate in itself that no trimming is necessary. A touch of contrast is supplied by the collar and by the sash of white crêpe.

1595—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch printed crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine. This makes a serviceable little Summer frock. The closing is arranged at the left side of the inserted vestee. The fulness at the waist-line is held in by the sash which ties at the center-back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Dress 1637
Appliqué 12630

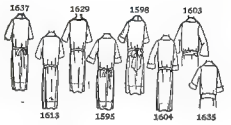
Dress 1613

Dress 1629

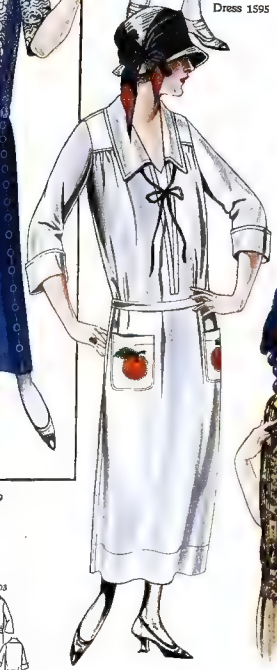
Dress 1595

Dress 1598
Appliqué 12671

Blouse 1603
Monogram 563



1637 1629 1598 1603
1613 1595 1604 1635



Dress 1604
Appliqué 12798

Jacquette Blouse
1635

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Printed Dress and Blouse Are Fashion's Favorites

1535—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 1609—Ladies' Three-tier Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. The costume in medium size requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—1⅛ yard 40-inch blue satin—1¼ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for foundation skirt. The long Georgette sleeves are attached at a lowered shoulder-line. The skirt introduces deep tiered flounces which are so much liked for the new Summer frocks. Bands of blue satin trim the flounces which are gathered to a two-piece foundation which closes at the left side seam. The blue satin is also used for binding the oval neck and slash, and for the bow. Picoting finishes the slashed sleeves.

1614—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 1608—Ladies' Side-plaited Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The costume in medium size requires 2½ yards 40-inch red and white printed crêpe—3¼ yards 40-inch white Canton crêpe—2⅝ yards 4-inch red satin ribbon—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining. The combination of printed and plain fabrics is a much favored style note of the season, and most of the costumes, as in this case, select the printed for the blouse and plain for the skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Daytime Costumes Remain Partial to the Slender Silhouette

1601—Ladies' One-piece Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch silk and wool crêpe. The smart simplicity of this frock makes it a suitable style for street or every-day wear. It is slashed at the center-front underfaced and rolled with the convertible collar. The only touch of decoration is monogram 537, worked in raised satin stitch in a contrasting color.

1600—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch printed silk poplin—1⅛ yard 36-inch plain silk poplin. This is a frock that is very easily made and especially adaptable to the use of two fabrics. It boasts an embroidered monogram, design 558, worked in raised satin stitch at the front of the waist.

1623—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1608—Ladies' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅔ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 36-inch tub satin for collar and cuffs—2¼ yards 36-inch satin for skirt—1¼ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

Dress 1601
Monogram 537

Overblouse 1623
Frock Skirt 1608

Dress 1600
Monogram 558

Dress 1604
Appliqué 12672

Dress 1629
Appliqué 12797

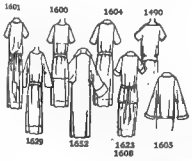
1629—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch linen—4¾ yards braid. Conventional fruit motifs such as are shown in design 12797 are proving extremely popular as dress trimming and are most effective when carried out in the natural colors. The pieces are secured with running stitch.

1652—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch brocaded satin—4 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. The very last word in Spring wraps is this one of brocaded satin which ties at the side with narrow tie-strings, and features voluminous Chinese sleeves with turn-back cuffs and a becoming convertible collar.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

Coat 1652

Jacquette Blouse 1605 Overblouse 1490



Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid. If you address the Department, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

These Concentrate Upon Front Fulness and the Egyptian Drape

1587—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1602—Ladies' Three-tier Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. The costume in medium size requires 4½ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—1 yard 36-inch silver lace—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining. The new tiered silhouette we have been hearing so much about in fashion circles is presented in this charming semi-formal frock by mounting the flounces on a two-piece foundation skirt. The waist introduces a becoming yoke effect of lace, which also forms the sleeves. The bateau neck and short kimono sleeves are finished with picot edging. The girdle of satin is centered in front with a cluster of vari-hued flowers from which fall many strips of narrow silver ribbon. This adds a decorative as well as a colorful trimming note to this charming frock.

Blouse 1587
Skirt 1602

Dress 1639
Beading 12758

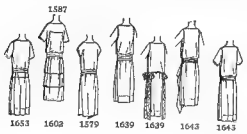
Dress 1643

Dress 1653
Monogram 563

Dress 1579

1639—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe —1¼ yard 36-inch brocade—1¼ yard 36-inch lining for the dress illustrated at the right. The style shown in the center of the group in the upper right-hand corner of the page in size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Canton satin—1¾ yard 36-inch lining. The decorative note is attractively carried out with design 12758 in crystal beads. The Egyptian hip girdle and its front drape are extremely new.

1653—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch satin charmeuse—1⅜ yard 36-inch figured foulard. This frock was designed with the composé idea in mind and therefore it is most effective when developed in contrasting fabrics as shown. The waist has a slash at each side of the front which creates the illusion of a yoke. The front is embellished with a monogram worked with design 563 and neatly embroidered in raised satin stitch in silk floss.



Dress 1639

Dress 1643

1579—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch brocaded satin—1¼ yard 36-inch lining. The hip girdle and center-front drapery of this frock show the influence of the Egyptian style upon our present modes.

1643—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch brocaded silk—1¼ yard 14-inch silver lace —¾ yard 36-inch lining for the dress as illustrated in the upper right hand corner of the page. The fronts are crossed in surplice effect and the side of the skirt is arranged to fall in graceful cascade drapery from the waist-line to the lower edge. For the dress illustrated at the left, size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch figured crêpe—1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard 36-inch lining. The surplice fronts are tied at the side with a sash of self material. An extension at the left side edge of the right front falls in cascade style and hangs in a point below the lower edge of the dress. This charming and stylish model is suitable for both formal and informal occasions as shown in the two views here illustrated.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, if your address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Straight-Line Types That Are Ideal for the Large Figure

Dress 1598
Appliqué 12797

Dress 1611

Dress 1629

1698—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 32-inch dotted swiss—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy—3 yards 5-inch ribbon for sash. The touch of appliqué at the belt is carried out with the aid of design 12797 in red and green sateen with black stitching. Hemstitching also adds a finish to the charm of this frock.

1611—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch ratiné—¼ yard 36-inch linen for vestee. This modish street frock introduces box-plaits in its skirt to preserve the fashionable straight-line effect. The front opens in a becoming V neck-line finished with a rolling collar and a vestee of linen. Darning stitch in silk floss finishes the collar and one-piece flowing sleeves.

Dress 1637
Appliqué 12630

Dress 1613

Dress 1595
Appliqué 12798

Dress 1607
Appliqué 12671

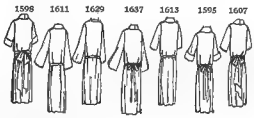
1029—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch printed Roshanara crêpe—2 yards 40-inch plain Roshanara crêpe for skirt and sleeve bands. A practical dress that can be worn for most any occasion is this one which exploits the composé effect.

1595 — Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch checked silk gingham—⅛ yard 36-inch washable silk—2 yards edging—3 yards ribbon for sash. The apples that grow in such a picturesque fashion all over this frock are made of bright red silk with green silk for the leaves and appliquéd with black silk floss in accordance with design 12798.

1607—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch English print —¼ yard 36-inch white linen for trimming—3⅜ yards ribbon for sash. The waist features a tuxedo collar and the skirt has a narrow panel at each side of the front. The appliqué at the belt is worked with design 12671 with bright bits of linen couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitch in silk floss.

1637—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting satin. Exactly the type of frock one will require for street wear for the first warm day when wraps are discarded, is this simple model of taffeta. The three-quarter length sleeves with their connecting straps and covered buttons prove an interesting detail. The appliqué that appears below each pocket is carried out in design 12630, couched down in running stitches in silk floss.

1613—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. This is a style that the home dressmaker will appreciate, for its straight one-piece feature makes it a very simple matter to make. The waist opens in front and is made with a V neck and roll collar. The fronts are slashed in at the armhole edges and bound to simulate a yoke effect. The set-in sleeves are quite short and untrimmed.



Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address: Dept. 4, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

DRESS MAKING MADE EASY.

$3 Will Bring This ACME Dress Form into Your Home

Makes Dressmaking a Pleasure and Satisfaction

YOU can easily and accurately reproduce the most stylish fitting dresses over an Acme Dress Form. It makes fitting and draping the easiest part of dressmaking. It's as necessary as a sewing machine.

DUPLICATES THE EXACT MEASUREMENTS OF "YOUR FIGURE"

ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE

The Neck, Shoulders, Bust, Waist, Hips, and Skirt are each *independently* adjustable to any required measurements. More than a hundred independent "combination adjustments" *so that it will exactly reproduce any desired size, style or figure.* When not in use it COLLAPSES *to half its size like illustration below.*

$3 WILL BRING THIS **Acme** ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE DRESS FORM INTO YOUR HOME

SPECIAL OFFER

In order to encourage **Home Dressmaking** and help you to economically reproduce the most stylish fashions shown in this magazine, we are manufacturing 10,000 improved Acme Forms to be sold on

Easy Payment Terms.

Remit $3 and we will send you our guaranteed $15 Acme Collapsible Dress Form. Pay the balance of $12 at only $3 per month.

Ten Days Trial

If unsatisfactory return form and we'll gladly refund your $3.

Indispensable for Home Dressmaking. 300,000 Satisfied Users.

An Acme Form will *last a lifetime.* It is adjustable to any size and style change. It will enable you to reproduce quickly and easily all the latest fashions. You can have good looking dresses and be the envy of your friends.

Take advantage of **Our Special Sale** offer and send your order today.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Acme Sales Co.
Dept. S A-380 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Send me at once full illustrated catalog with detailed information, or better still, I enclose $3 for immediate shipment of an Acme on "10 DAYS TRIAL" AND "EASY PAYMENT TERMS."

Name .....

Address .....

.....

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOG

Frock Skirts and Overblouses Make Charming Costumes

1609—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1 yard 40-inch printed silk—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. This makes an unusually attractive addition to a street suit if made of Georgette and the new Egyptian silk. The neck has the popular rounded outline. Picoting could finish the neck and edge of sleeves.

1623—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch printed crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch plain crêpe for collar and cuffs—2⅝ yards ribbon. This blouse is slashed and closed at the center-front.

1641—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch printed silk—⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe chiffon for draped collar—3½ yards ribbon for sash. This waist is made attractive by a "sash bow" and also by the "Deauville" scarf around the shoulders, two of Fashion's very latest fads.

1635—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch French voile—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs. This blouse has the smart surplice closing, the hip-band fastened with a trio of buttons.

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch krepe-knit—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar, cuffs, and sash. This jacquette fastens on the side with a bow-sash, and the collar flares slightly

1608—Ladies' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch satin—1¾ yard 36-inch silk for bodice. The skirt is attached to a long-waisted bodice which is dart-fitted in front.

1614—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch printed silk—1 yard 40-inch plain crêpe for vestee, collar, cuffs, and sash. The neck-band tying with ribbons is very French.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 40c.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Dresses Which Combine Daintiness with Serviceability

1542—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch dotted percale—⅝ yard 36-inch white lawn for collar, sash, and cuffs—3⅜ yards beading. The shawl collar and turn-back cuffs of crisp white lawn give this frock a trim appearance that is always the pride of every efficient housewife. The little touch of appliqué on the belt is achieved with design 12671, worked with tiny pieces of colored chambray, and adds an enlivening touch. Outline stitching is used to hold the appliqué pieces securely in position. Odd bits of material like linen, or gingham can be utilized.

1637—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch checked gingham—¾ yard 32-inch plain chambray—1⅛ yard beading—2⅝ yards ribbon for sash. The appliqué on the pockets is worked with the aid of design 12630. Colored pieces of chambray may be used couched down in outline stitch.

1557—Ladies' Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch chambray—1½ yard 36-inch figured percale—3⅛ yards ribbon for sash. That house frocks are just as quick to adopt the smart style notes of the season as street frocks, is proven by the dainty appliqué design 12672 and the effective use of plain and figured fabrics carrying out the two-tone idea, noticed in this neat style.

Dress 1542 Appliqué 12671

Dress 1637 Appliqué 12630

Dress 1557 Appliqué 12672

Dress 1554 Appliqué 12672

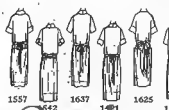
1421—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch checked gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy—2⅞ yards beading. This very practical tub frock suitable for porch wear has its front slashed in at the armhole edges and the edges gathered simulating a yoke effect. The deep V neck-line with its smartly rolling collar is cut deep enough to permit the dress to be slipped on over the head with ease. On each square pocket of white organdy on the skirt grows the reddest appliqué apple in design 12798 stitched to the background with black silk. The apple is made of plain red chambray and the little twig that supports it is made of green chambray. The sleeves are the comfortable elbow length finished with neat turn-back cuffs.

Dress 1421 Appliqué 12798

Dress 1625 Monogram 537

1625—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch chambray—2¾ yards 36-inch figured percale. The vogue for the monogram has even invaded the realm of the house frock as is demonstrated in this model. The monogram is design 537 and is worked in colors.

1554—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch tissue gingham—⅞ yard 36-inch white lawn. In a dainty and yet serviceable frock like this one, one will be prepared for the warm weather to come. The decorative touch that has been added to the belt in the way of an appliqué motif is adapted from design 12672 and is carried out with colors to match



1557 1542 1637 1421 1625 1554

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Tintex Tints AS YOU RINSE

Fashion may change her style—dictates from season to season—but her whim for colors—never. Color is always necessary—always fashionable. And that is why Tintex Tints are every woman's right-hand friend—15 glorious tints so easy to use that they simply "tint as you rinse"

15 Radiant Tints

Pink, Flesh, Light Blue, Orchid (Lavender), French Blue, Cerise, Old Rose, Orange, Maize (Yellow), Nile Green, Tan, Silver Gray, Jade Green, Peach (Coral), Ecru (Bisque)

Use Tintex Tints not only for imparting your favorite color to anything white—but for restoring to new beauty any garment that has faded or become soiled.

Use Tintex Tints for Dresses, Blouses, Silk Underthings and Stockings, Collars and Cuffs, Sweaters—and many other articles of your Spring and Summer wardrobe. Remember, Tintex Tints are in powder form—just sprinkle a little in a basin of water—(hot or cold) and "tint as you rinse"

Besides Tintex Tints, your druggist or department store has

Tintex Fast Dyes Black, Cardinal Red, Navy Blue, Brown, Dark Green and Dark Blue; also Whitex, a marvelous new bluing especially made for whitening silks or woolens that have become yellow through age or laundering.

See coupon below for special introductory offer to Pictorial Review readers.

A Park & Tilford Product

THIS COUPON AND 5c will bring you one regular-size 15c package of Tintex Tints☐, Tintex Fast Dyes ☐ Color or Whitex ☐. Enclose 5c (stamps or currency). The Tintex Co., Div. P., 529 West 42d Street, New York.

Name _____

Address _____

Suggestions for the Young Girl's Wardrobe

1639—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch printed pussy willow silk—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining.

1568—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch Egyptian printed crêpe—1½ yard 40-inch plain crêpe for girdle, panel, and sleeves.

1635—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. No. 1616—Ladies' and Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. The costume in size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch printed Canton crêpe—2⅛ yards 40-inch plain satin—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting satin for collar and cuffs—⅛ yard 36-inch silk for bodice of frock skirt.

Dress 1639 Dress 1568

Jacquette Blouse 1635
Frock Skirt 1616
Dress 1653
Monogram 573

1597—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch ratiné—⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting linen—2½ yards edging—2⅝ yards ribbon for sash. The appliqué is worked with design 12672 in colored linen couched down in buttonhole or blanket stitching in cotton floss.

Dress 1597 Appliqué 12672
Jacquette Blouse 1605
Frock Skirt 1610
Dress 1631

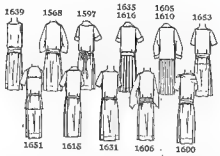
1658—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for waist section—1¾ yard 40-inch silk and wool crêpe for skirt section—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. The monogram embroidered on the waist is worked with design 573 in raised satin stitch.

Dress 1615 Appliqué 12630
Sports Suit and Knickerbockers 1651

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. No. 1610—Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The costume in size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch printed Roshanara crêpe—2⅛ yards 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining—4½ yards ribbon for sash and band on skirt.

1631—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch figured silk—1¾ yard 40-inch plain satin. Youthful simplicity is expressed in this composé frock suitable for street wear.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 103



Dress 1606
Dress 1600
Monogram 558

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Misses' Frocks That Exploit New Features

1606—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. This is a charming afternoon or dance dress for the young girl or matron and is adaptable to most of the crêpe and silk fabrics of the season including the Egyptian print that has captured the fancy of the style world. An appliqué design 12797 arranged as a corsage ornament is fetching, and may consist of contrasting material couched down in blanket stitching.

1600—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch small dotted organdy for the upper section —¾ yard 40-inch large dotted organdy for trimming—⅓ yard 40-inch plain organdy for skirt band. This is one of the very smart and popular composé ideas.

Dress 1606 Appliqué 12797 Dress 1600

Dress 1653 Monogram 563 Dress 1597 Appliqué 12720

1631—Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch figured voile—1¾ yard 36-inch plain voile for the skirt. A swagger little costume for the girl who does not take her sports too seriously or for all-around daytime wear is this charming frock. The closing is arranged on the left shoulder and the sleeves are of the flowing type.

Dress 1631 Blouse 1614 Frock Skirt 1616. Dress 1612

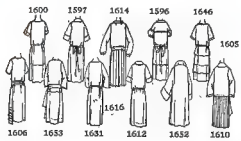
1658—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece, Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch tissue gingham—1⅝ yard 36-inch plain tissue gingham for the long-waisted bodice. The girl who wants to be right up to the minute will add a monogram, 563, worked in satin stitch in a color to match the plaid gingham, as an adornment to this charming little frock.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

Dress 1596 Dress 1646 Monogram 558

1597—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar, cuffs, vestee and sash—2½ yards pointed organdy edging for trimming. The "slipper" pockets are decorated with the latest appliqué motifs, 12720. These motifs are effective when cut from linen of harmonizing colors and attached with either couching or buttonhole stitch to the dress.

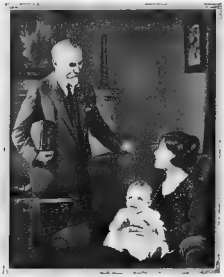
1614—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. No. 1616—Ladies' and Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The costume in size 16 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch printed crêpe—¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for vestee—3⅜ yards 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for skirt and lower band on waist—¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.



Coat 1652 Jacquette Blouse 1605 Frock Skirt 1610

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Pattern Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



The Nursing Mother

Advice of Doctors

THE nursing mother yearns to see her babe develop into sturdy, vigorous childhood. But to insure the infant a proper foundation of health, she must watch her own well-being. Constipation in the mother is particularly dangerous at this time because of its effect upon the quality and quantity of mother's milk. Poisons form in accumulated food waste and are absorbed by the blood which carries them through the body. They thus reach those cells in which milk for the baby is produced. If nursing mothers could only realize, as do physicians, how tainted milk becomes a source of danger to the tender infant, who must rely upon it alone for nourishment!

To try to rid the body of intestinal poisons by the use of laxatives is almost equally dangerous. Such drugs, says a noted medical authority, may also be carried to the babe and injure it.

No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way. After years of study there has been found in *lubrication* a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot gripe, and no particle of Nujol is absorbed into the system. Thus it cannot affect the milk or the infant. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, and like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals throughout the world and is widely recommended by baby specialists.

Test Nujol yourself. Sold by all druggists.

For Constipation

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Lubricant—Not a Laxative

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Nujol, Room 801-J, 44 Beaver St., New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "The Expectant and Nursing Mother." (For booklet only check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name .....

Address .....

Intimate Apparel and Several New Sports Costumes

Nightgown 1167

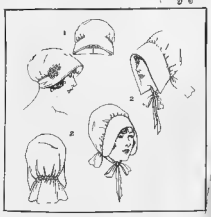
Corset Bandeau 1647

1167—Ladies' Slip-on Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards narrow insertion—1¼ yard wide insertion. The square neck and shoulder strap effect is a favorite style just now and with the addition of insertion makes this gown especially attractive and pleasing to the woman of fastidious taste.

1647—Ladies' Corset Bandeau. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 1 yard 27-inch coutil—⅞ yard 7-inch elastic—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps. An ideal type of bandeau is this one which takes the place of a brassière and a corset.

1495—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch radium silk—1⅜ yard edging—1⅛ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. This dainty combination consists of a camisole and straight step-in drawers. The floral sprays are embroidered in design 12175 with simple embroidery stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



Sun Bonnets 1640

Brassière 1237

Combination 1495 Embroidery 12175

Drawers 1489

Combination 1533 Embroidery 11339

1640—Ladies' and Misses' Sun Bonnets. Designed for 23, 24½ and 25½ inches head measure. Size 23 requires from ⅝ to 1 yard of material according to the style of bonnet selected.

Sun Bonnets 1642 Applique 12672

Pajamas 1618

Sports Suit and Knickerbockers 1651

Blouse and Knickerbockers 1649

Shirt 1645 Monogram 521

Pajamas 1496 Monogram 546

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Smart Bathing Suits—Needs for the Man and Boy

1103—Boys' Shirt. Designed for 11 to 13½ neck. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch striped percale. The shirt is gathered across the back to a yoke.

9005—Boys' Sports Blouse. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch silk broadcloth.

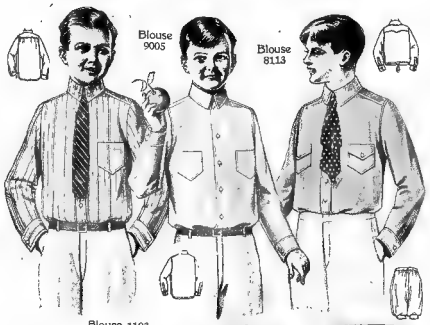
8113—Boys' Blouse. Designed for 4 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch poplin. This neat blouse is finished on either side of the front with a stitched pocket and is made with a yoke at the back.

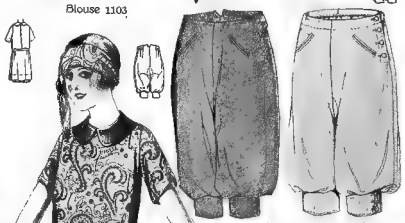
9883—Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch khaki. Ideal for sports wear are these practical and comfortable knickerbockers.

1621—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Paisley silk —2⅝ yards 40-inch satin. So popular has become the vogue for printed silks that even the smartest bathing suits introduce them in one way or another.

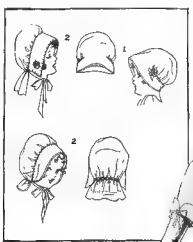
1048—Girls' Bathing Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 54-inch Jersey—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. The monogram 563 embroidered on the front is worked with raised satin stitch in colors.

1049—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining. An attractive monogram in design 546 is worked in raised satin stitch below the pocket.





Bathing Suit 1621



Sun Bonnets 1644
Appliqué 12672

1619—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch satin. This is the bloomer type of bathing suit that is predicted to have an extensive vogue. The blouse closes at the back. Blanket stitching is used as a finish at the neck and armholes.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Price 10 to 35c.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Two years from now little sister can wear this middy

"—that has already stood two years of Susan's husky scuffling — no other fabric than 'Duretta Cloth' would have worn so well."

"Duretta Cloth" is that fine cotton twill fabric which resembles twilled Jeans but is made with a lustre finish that gives it exceptional beauty. It has the cool freshness of linen without its cost.

Made from selected cotton, "Duretta Cloth" with its sturdy twill and beautiful finish faces the ordinary laundry and the commercial washing machine quite fearlessly. It also always retains its spotlessly pure white surface and radiant beauty until the garment is worn out.

Duretta Cloth

Meets many needs of the family

Its great strength, long wear and exceptionally beautiful finish make "Duretta Cloth" unequalled for middy blouses, outing skirts, children's suits and dresses, rompers, women's dresses and aprons, as well as tablecloths, napkins, etc.

"Duretta Cloth" is made by the world-famous Pacific Mills, exclusive manufacturers of "Serpentine Crepe," "Pamico Cloth," and many other world-famous fabrics, and is sold by most dry goods retailers. If your neighborhood store cannot supply you with the genuine "Duretta Cloth," write to Mrs. Charles R. Small, 24 Federal Street, Boston, Mass., who will see that you receive samples and are promptly served.

PACIFIC MILLS

Lawrence, Mass.
Dover, N. H.
Columbia, S. C.

He has regaled our palates

—has he also ruined our teeth?

THE CHEFS of France have had a tremendous influence on American food. They have taught us how to delight our palates, but they have almost ruined our teeth!

Teeth need work and gums need stimulation, and with this creamy modern food of ours, there is neither work for the teeth nor stimulation for the gums.

Trouble on the increase!

Consequently, teeth and gums are today less robust. Trouble from both is on the increase. The prevalence of pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana.

The use of Ipana

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a thorough gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of Ziratol, has a decided tendency to heal the soft gum and to keep the healthy gum firm.

Ipana is a modern tooth paste formulated with an eye to the welfare of your gums, whether they give you trouble or not, and in addition it is a tooth paste of remarkable cleaning power and unforgetably good taste.

A ten day trial tube will be sent to you upon request —use the coupon below

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

In generous tubes, at all drug and department stores—50c.

Bristol-Myers Co.
59 Rector St.,
New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Becoming Styles to Costume the Junior Miss

1624—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch checked gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch linen to trim—1¾ yard frilling. The dress is slashed and closes at the center-front. Front and back of the dress are gathered to a yoke which is in one with the kimono sleeves. Frilling forms a finish.

1622—Child's One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch chambray—2 yards ribbon for sash. This practical little dress closes on the left shoulder, and the front is laid in a plait each side of the center forming a panel effect. Blanket stitching finishes the neck and short kimono sleeves.

Rompers 1617

1617—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch cretonne—¾ yard 36-inch linen to trim. The rompers close at the center-back and at the lower edge.

Bloomer Dress 1624

Dress 1622

Bloomer Dress 1507

Dress 1526

1507—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch chints—⅝ yard 36-inch linen. The collar, cuffs, and patch pockets are finished with blanket stitching in contrasting colored floss.

1526—Child's One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch chambray to trim. The closing is at the left side-front under the trimming piece which boasts of buttons and loops as its further adornment.

1599—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch printed voile—¾ yard 40-inch plain for collar—2½ yards 5-inch ribbon for sash. Any little girl would be charmed with this frock of printed voile, especially when the 'kerchief collar is the added attraction.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Dress 1599

Dress 1636
Scallop 12567

Dress 1638

Dress 1634

Bloomer Dress 1640

Dress 1626

Dress and Sleeveless Jacket 1629

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

How Our Rising Generation Regards the New Mode

1493—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch dark linen for trousers, collar, and cuffs—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for blouse. The neck of the blouse is finished with a round collar and the short sleeves finished with a band of the dark linen. The extension on the front of the trousers is buttoned to the blouse.

1525—Child's Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch novelty print—¼ yard 36-inch lawn for collar and cuffs. The dress is slashed and closed to the left of the center-front under the tucks while the short kimono sleeves are lengthened with narrow cuffs which are of contrasting material.

1509—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch cretonne—⅜ yard 36-inch linen to trim. The slip-on dress is slashed and closed at the center-back.

1634—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—¾ yard 40-inch organdy.

9872—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 44-inch serge—¼ yard 36-inch satin for collar—2⅛ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

1650—Girls' and Juniors' Blouse and Knickerbockers. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch khaki. The fronts of the blouse are turned to form facings and roll with the square collar. The knickerbockers button to the blouse.

1628—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch figured silk—⅛ yard 36-inch plain for collar and cuffs—1⅜ yard frilling—2¼ yards 4-inch ribbon for sash. This dress closes on the left shoulder. Frilling finishes the pointed collar and turn-back cuffs.

1659—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 1⅜ yard 45-inch printed bordered voile—1½ yard banding to trim waist—1⅛ yard narrow velvet ribbon—2⅛ yards ribbon for sash. This frock is suitable for the new bordered materials.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

How to fix those scuffs

IF YOU SCUFF THEM—don't worry. Depend on this—Dyanshine will make them right again and do it in a hurry.

Trim the rough edges of the scar. Touch the scuffed spot two or three times with a dauber liberally supplied with Dyanshine. Then shine the shoe. And that's all.

As if by magic the scuff will blend into the color of the shoe and its ugliness will disappear.

It makes little difference whether the shoe is kid or calf—they are all one to this superlative Barton product. Dyanshine—in any of its colors—is made, not alone to shine shoes, but to take good care of them.

It restores color. It preserves leather. It shines shoes.

No acids. No disagreeable odors remain. No paste to harden or rub off. And a single shine is good for a whole week.

Barton's Dyanshine is the original combination polish and color restorer. You protect yourself when you ask for it by name and insist on getting it.

Available in black and the popular shades of tan and brown. Also White Canvas and White Kid.

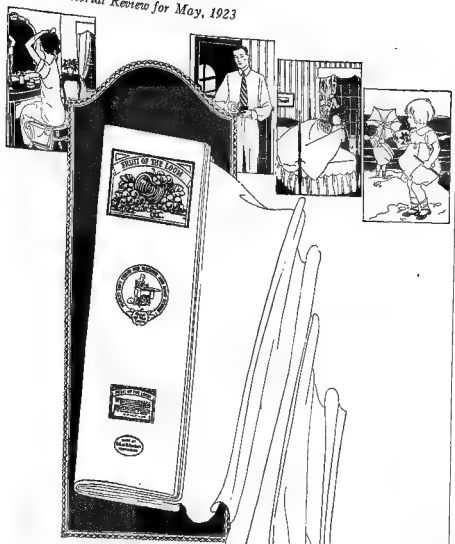
Manufactured only by
BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
WACO, TEXAS, U. S. A.

Copyright 1923, Barton Mfg. Co.

50 shines 50 cents

BARTON'S DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



When conscience guides the shuttle-

IN the mills where Fruit of the Loom is woven, conscience makes no concessions to expediency. For more than seventy years, Fruit of the Loom has retained its "count" of 172 pure cotton threads per inch and has remained free from adulteration of any kind. It is a sterling cloth—all fine, soft cotton—closely woven, beautifully finished, and bleached to a snowy, dazzling whiteness that does not yellow through years of service and countless launderings. The thrifty, capable housewife of to-day stores her linen closet generously with sheets and pillow-cases of Fruit of the Loom, as was the habit of her mother before her. She uses it also in many other ways—for undergarments, aprons, house-dresses, for all apparel that demands a durable cotton cloth. You can buy Fruit of the Loom not only in the soft muslin finish, but in the cambric finish, and in prints and plain colors. There is a new Fruit of the Loom nainsook, delightfully soft and silky, that comes boxed in ten-yard lengths.

Ready-made

Look for the famous Fruit of the Loom label woven in colors when buying ready-made articles. It identifies for you garments that are guaranteed not only as to the genuineness of the cloth, but also for accurate sizing, finish and workmanship. This label will be found on men's shirts, night wear for men, women and children; on nurses' uniforms, aprons, sheets, pillow-cases, and on undergarments for men and women. Also on umbrellas for misses and children and bias-seam tape.

B. B. & R. KNIGHT, INC.
Converse & Company, *Selling Agents*, 88 Worth Street, New York, N. Y.

Fruit of the Loom *Muslin*

Look for the Fruit of the Loom label, printed or woven in colors.

Digitized by Google

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

1661—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 7/8 yard 40-inch bordered silk—2 3/4 yards ribbon for sash. Extremely new and very easy to make is this simple one-piece frock.

1660—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 58-inch bordered crêpe—5 1/4 yards ribbon for tie-strings.

1659—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yard 40-inch bordered silk—1 yard banding on neck and sleeves—2 1/2 yards ribbon for sash.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

1421 -Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 3 7/8 yards 36-inch green and white novelty ratiné. The appliqué motifs, design 12672, may be cut from linen and couched down in buttonhole, blanket or chain stitches.

1408—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 36-inch black and white cotton crêpe—3/4 yard 40-inch white voile.

1489—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 32-inch check gingham—3/4 yard 36-inch eyelet embroidery—1 3/4 yard ribbon for belt. A smart note is given to this simple model by the fruit motif, design 12797, which trims the belt. The appliqué may be cut from linen or organdy and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1627—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards 40-inch printed voile.

1491—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 36-inch yellow and white tissue gingham—3/4 yard 40-inch white organdy. The monogram, design 563, may be worked in raised satin stitch in mercerized cotton floss.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

1029—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 40-inch blue and white Mistered crêpe—2 yards 40-inch navy blue Canton crêpe.

1603—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/8 yards 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—2 yards lace edging—1 1/2 yard ribbon. A three-letter monogram is embroidered in a circular design on this attractive blouse. The design, 563, may be worked in raised satin stitch with silk floss.

1604—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. Size 36 requires 3 7/8 yards 36-inch white linen. The appliqué fruit motif, design 12708, may be cut from colored linen, and couched down in buttonhole, blanket, and chain stitches.

1635—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 40-inch krepe-knit—1/4 yard 36-inch barvest (tan) satin.

1598—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 3 7/8 yards 32-inch check gingham—3/4 yard 40-inch white voile. The appliqué motifs, design 12671, may be cut from colored linen, organdy, or chambray and couched down in buttonhole, blanket, or chain stitches.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

1653—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 40-inch white Canton crêpe—2 3/4 yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe. The attractive three-lettered monogram, design 558, may be worked in raised satin stitch with silk floss

1682—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards 36-inch viola (lavender) linen. The appliqued fruit motif, design 12797, may be cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket, buttonhole or chain stitches.

1609—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 36-inch paisley.

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 1616—Ladies' and Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 3/4 yards. The costume in medium size requires 2 3/4 yards 40-inch printed crêpe—3 1/4 yards 40-inch meadow (green) Canton crêpe—1/4 yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest—1 yard 36-inch lining for bodice of skirt.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

Fastidious, well-groomed women everywhere today consider the regular use of NONSPI essential to good grooming.

It insures personal daintiness—woman's greatest charm—preventing the slightest trace of perspiration odor, and acting as a harmless remedy for the perspiration itself.

A pure, unscented, antiseptic liquid -easily applied –twice a week keeps the underarms dry and odorless.

Endorsed by physicians and nurses—used by innumerable women. Try it, and you will never be without it.

Send 4c for Testing Sample and make a convincing personal test.

50c (several months' supply) at all leading toilet and drug counters, or by mail (postpaid)

THE NONSPI COMPANY
2625 Walnut St. Kansas City, Mo.

Has your dealer

The *Lionel Compact*

If not, let us send you this square, leather-like box containing large mirror, fine powder and lamb's wool puff perfumed with Golliwogg de Vigny.

"Opens and closes with a snap."

Price One Dollar—Refills, Fifty Cents
Shades: White, Rachel, Naturelle

LIONEL TRADING CO., Inc.
Importers of French Perfumes
322½ Fifth Avenue New York

Hand-Made DeLis Baby Wear

Hand-Made Dresses, 98c As Low as

No. 1000—Every tiny stitch by hand, with heartwarming love and dainty Val or real lace trimmings. Quality unsurpassed. Infant to 3-year sizes.

Complete hand-made Carriage Outfit, 7 pieces, $5.98 up. Complete hand-made Crib Outfit, 7 pieces, $5.98 up. Dainty Bassinet and Vallette Sizes 12 to 24—$6.

Postage Paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Complete Catalogue

Beautiful, illustrated, sent free to parents. Shows how to save money. Tells how to order by mail. Prompt, careful service. Parcel Post insured. Write today.

De Lis, Dept. P-2, New Orleans.

We Pay $7 a Day

Take orders for Jennings guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. All styles and colors. Written guarantee with each pair to wear and give satisfaction or new hose free.

STEADY DAILY INCOME

Full or spare time. No experience necessary. Non-skid pockets. Low prices. Our silk hose last 2 times longer than silk hose last 2 times longer than silk hose last 2 times longer than

We Guarantee To Make Hair Grow

To Make It Silky, Lustrous, Beautiful

Science discovers falling, lustreless hair due to a simple infection (Sebum) which is quickly overcome — Amazing results come quickly.

Modern science has discovered new principles in hair treatment. **It is now known that old-time methods were based on a mistaken idea of the cause of falling hair.**

This new way is based on latest scientific findings. The results are so amazing that most persons would disbelieve them. So we give a written guarantee, falling hair stopped, new hair grown in 90 days, or money refunded. This gives you an opportunity to test the treatment without risk or obligation. During the past 18 months over one million people have made this test. That gleaming, beautiful hair you're beginning to see everywhere is largely due to it.

That Infected Sebum

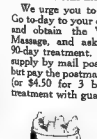
91 per cent. of hair troubles now are traced to infected Sebum.

Sebum is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair. Its natural function is to lubricate the hair. But frequently it becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp. It plugs the follicles and forms a breeding place for bacteria—germs by the millions feed upon the hair and destroy it. Modern dermatology propounds this as the basis in hair treatment.

But note this scientific fact: Remove that infected oil—the Sebum—and soon your hair has the silken loveliness, the sheen and beauty for which every woman strives.

Our method accomplishes that result. It is sold with written guarantee to do so under a 90-day home treatment plan. It is applied a new way and embodies newly accepted scientific principles. Germ combating elements are penetrated to the very roots of the hair. The Sebum is removed—bacteria combated. In a few days your own mirror tells the story.

We urge you to make the test we offer. Go to-day to your drug or department store and obtain the Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage, and ask about our guaranteed 90-day treatment. Or mail the coupon for supply by mail postpaid. Send no money, but pay the postman $1.50 for a single bottle (or $4.50 for 3 bottles), the full 90-day treatment with guarantee.



Note the rubber cap. You massage this treatment directly to the follicles of the hair.

VAN ESS LABORATORIES, 5005 Lake Park Avenue Chicago, Ill.

Please send..... bottles Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage, Parcel Post. I enclose no money but agree to pay the postman when he calls.

Name .....

Address.....

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

1623—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 Bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 32-inch green and white check gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen. The lower edge of the blouse is trimmed with appliqué motifs. The design, 12798, may be cut from the linen and couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitches.

1606—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch black and white printed crêpe—¼ yard 40-inch plain crêpe.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

1604—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch French twill flannel—⅛ yard 36-inch satin for vestee—2¾ yards braid The appliqué which so charmingly trims each pocket is worked with design 12673 with felt in three different colors. The patchwork pieces are held in place with blanket-stitching.

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch printed Rosinara crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting satin—2 yards ribbon for sash. The blouse plays a leading part in the pageant of fashions and becomes a necessary complement to a costume. Fabrics are so elaborate in design, little or no trimming is needed.

1490—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch figured Georgette crêpe. This blouse is made with short kimono sleeves and is arranged in hip-band effect at the lower edge.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

1616—Ladies' and Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch satin—1 yard 36-inch China silk for bodice. The skirts featuring the new knife pleatings are extremely popular and are designed especially to be worn with the jacquette blouse, thus completing a distinctive and ideal costume.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

1651—Misses' Sports Suit and Knickerbockers. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6¾ yards 36-inch cotton poplin.

1615—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch checked gingham ⅜ yard 36-inch plain linen—2⅝ yards ribbon for sash. Appliqué in design 12630 trims the pockets of this frock. Blanket stitching is used to secure the pieces to the background.

1606—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch silk and wool crêpe

1600—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch matched silk for kerchief collar—⅛ yard 40-inch plain silk for trimming. The monogram is worked with design 558 in raised satin stitch.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

1612—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine for the waist and belt—1⅞ yard 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine for the skirt.

1620—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch bordered crêpe. The little puff sleeves added to the close fitting kimono effect are new and most effective and the slit pockets are most useful.

1646—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch ratiné voile—3 yards ribbon for sash. The buttoned side-closing, the tiered skirt, and the monogram on bodice—558—are all new and fetching features of this costume. The monogram may be worked in self or contrasting silk floss in raised satin stitch.

1652—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch veldyne —3¾ yards 36-inch satin to line.

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. 1610—Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. The costume in size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch printed silk for the blouse—1 yard 40-inch plain satin for collar, cuffs and sash—2¾ yards 40-inch satin for skirt—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

P.N. Practical Front

Pat. U.S.A. and Foreign Countries

The custom–corseted look.

P.N. Practical Front

Pat. U.S.A. and Foreign Countries

CORSETS

Are Yours the Lines of Youthful Flexibility?

TRIM, slender lines are highly valued by the fashionable woman. But the coveted youthful look is sadly modified by the slightest trace of stiffness. Liberty of movement, ease of posture lend the final touch of girlishness.

Lithe and free is the body contoured in P. N. Practical Front Corsets. The Inner Elastic Vest* clasps firmly, pliantly about the figure, prevents riding up and holds the front steels right at the centre of the body. No off-center steels to prod the bust as in ordinary front lace corsets. The outer flaps lace deftly over Flat Hooks*— shoe wise — dispensing with vexatious lacing re-adjustments. Simplicity itself is the re-fitting and correct daily lacing so vital to the shapeliness of corset and of figure.

In P. N. Practical Front Corsets the lines that might have been become the lines that are—with comfort, style and youthfulness that you can self-bestow through corset flexibility.

*Patented

At Stores and Departments where right corsetiers is viewed as vital you may select your suitable style, in a variety of fabrics, at $5.00 upward to $12.00

If not obtainable at your favorite dealer send us his name and you will receive our New Corset Style Book

I. NEWMAN & SONS
Fourth Avenue, Cor. 18th Street, New York
BOSTON CHICAGO NEW HAVEN

Manufactured exclusively in Canada by Dominion Corset Co., Quebec, P.Q., Canada

In England by William Perry & Son, Ltd., Ipswich, England

Feather-light Elastic Vest

Easy-laced over Flat Hooks

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

If You Could See into the Future!

IF you could see—in advance—how the materials you buy, how the garments you select, are going to wear, it would be a vast help to you, wouldn't it? You could use your money so much more wisely!

There is one way to be certain that garments will wear well, that a fabric will *keep* its beauty, and that way is to look—on the selvage of the material- in the label of the made-up garment—for the name Lingette.

Lingette

Everybody thinks its silk

is that fairy-like texture which looks like silk and wears and washes like cotton. It is most ideal for making lingerie, princess slips, petticoats, bloomers, negligees, men's shirts and pajamas; for little girls' smocks and little boys' wash suits; for scores of other uses, too!

A fabric is *not* Lingette unless it has the name "Lingette" on the selvage. No garment is a Lingette garment unless it has the Lingette label.

We shall be glad to send you the names of stores near you that sell Lingette.

"Seal and Repent" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FRED BUTTERFIELD & CO., *Inc.*,
Dept. J, 361-363 Broadway, N. Y. C.

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

1633—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yard narrow ribbon. Sprays in design 17339 are carried out in dainty pastel colors in eyelets and satin stitch

1488—Ladies' One-piece Step-in Drawers Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3 yards edging—⅝ yard ribbon for bows Elastic is inserted through the hem at the upper edge to regulate the fulness.

1642—Girls' Sun Bonnets. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires from ¾ to 1 yard of material according to the style of bonnet selected. A tiny appliqué motif in contrasting colors trims one of the bonnets attractively in design 12072.

1618—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch madras.

1637—Ladies' Brassière. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires ¾ yard 27-inch coutil—1¼ yard edging. The brassiere closes at the back and extends into a tab at the front to which the garters are attached

1651—Misses' Sports Suit and Knickerbockers. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6¾ yards 36-inch rep. The suit is a very practical combination of jacket, knickerbockers, and skirt, and ideal for the girl scout or one fond of outdoor life.

1640—Ladies' Blouse and Knickerbockers. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch khaki For the lover of hiking this suit will prove invaluable, combining comfort with serviceability.

1645—Men's Shirt. Designed for 32 to 50 chest. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch silk broadcloth The pocket is embroidered with a monogram in design 521 in raised satin stitch.

1486 Men's Pajamas. Designed for 34 to 54 chest. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 32 inch pongee. A monogram, 546, is worked on the pocket in raised satin stitch.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

1290 — Girls' and Juniors' Knickerbockers. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 44-inch serge

1304—Men's Union Suit. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch cross-barred lawn The suit closes in front.

1378—Men's Knickerbockers Designed for 32 to 50 waist. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch khaki cloth.

1644 Child's Sun Bonnets. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires from ⅝ to ⅞ yard of material according to the style of bonnet selected. An appliqué motif in contrasting colored chambray from design 12072 trims one of the bonnets.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

1636—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—6¾ yards plaiting—2⅝ yards 6-inch ribbon for sash The frilling put on in scalloped outline, following design 12567, is a dainty finish.

1630—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—3 yards pointed trimming. The dainty appliqué is cut from scraps of linen using design 12672. The motif may be couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitch.

1639—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen—1½ yard 36-inch eyelet embroidery—2½ yards ribbon for sash.

1634—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine to trim—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. What little girl would not be pleased with this frock of printed crêpe de Chine in its colorful design? By way of contrast plain crêpe is used for the collar, cuffs, bands and sash.

1620—Girls' and Juniors' Dress and Sleeveless Jacket. Designed for 6 to 17 years Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch silk crêpe for jacket and skirt—1¼ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe for waist—1⅝ yard novelty banding

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

1628—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch dotted swiss—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for yoke, cuffs and narrow belts.

1605—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch tweed ⅝ yard 36-inch lining for pockets and waist-band.

1661 -Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards 40-inch novelty voile—⅝ yard 40-inch plain to trim—3⅜ yards ribbon.

1648 -Girls' and Juniors' Coat Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch homespun—3⅝ yards 36-inch satin for lining—2½ yards ribbon for sash.

Pretty Clothes Can't Cover Up Your Freckles

Why tolerate these embarrassing blemishes—you were not born with them!

Apply a touch of Stillman's Freckle Cream tonight and they will gently begin to fade away while you sleep, making the complexion clear and white. Safe and sure—in use since 1890. Cannot grow hair Look to the purple and gold package. At all druggists in two sizes, 50c and $1.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Just out! "Beauty Parlor Secrets," a booklet giving the details of expensive complexion and hair treatments, disabling you to enjoy them at home at low cost. Illustrates five points of make-up. Sent free. The Stillman Company, 1 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Stillman's Freckle Cream

Brass for fire heads

Deleon Bandeau

Makes Any Hat Fit Any Head

Nothing else like it Does away entirely with hat-pins, yet holds hat firmly and comfortably in the most becoming position. Dress hat—sport hat—bobbed hair—thin hair—it's all the same to the De Leon Bandeau. Adjustable to any size hat and can be inserted in a few seconds—no sewing—no stitching.

If your milliner or dealer cannot supply you, send us 75 cents with drake a name and we will send one promptly, postpaid State color black or white. 85 cents in Canada.

Makes Any Hat Fit Any Head

DE LEON BANDEAU CO.
2117 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

Dealers: See your jobber. If he cannot supply you write us, giving jobber's name.

Your Baby

Should be a healthy, happy growing baby if it has loving care, proper food and comfortable clothing.

New 64-page catalog of baby goods sent free

Describes and illustrates baby and nursery goods of every kind Shows 24 styles of white embroidered flannelette infants' complete outfits, separate articles rubber goods, baby baskets, hundreds of necessary articles for mothers and the baby. Suggestions and information on care and feeding of the baby of practical value to the expectant mother Copy sent free on request.

FREE Sample Case
containing samples of the famous
NON-NETTLE WHITE FLANNELS
sold by us exclusively, the softest, most perfect baby flannels known samples of baby white goods, dainties long cloth, nainsook, batiste, nainsook darner cloth, rubber sheeting, etc Sent free.

17 Modern Paper Patterns 15c.
Complete set of 17 patterns for baby's first wardrobe including 9 patterns usually sold at 25c each

THE LAMSON BROS. CO., 333 Summit St., Toledo, O.
Established in 1885. KNOWN EVERYWHERE

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

made out to be as surprized and upset as anybody else—more so, from what I hear—and declared right up and down he'd never seen the check afore, let alone signin' it."

"But I thought you said he had signed it," interrupted Aunt Lindy.

"His name was signed to it, all right enough, but he said he hadn't put it there. Said somebody else must have signed it for him. Stuck right to it that he'd never laid eyes on the thing afore."

"*Then* there was a time," declared Shubal.

"I guess so! Nobody knew just what to do and so they didn't do anything. And the next day he sent for 'em to come and see him, and when they come he took back all that talk about not knowin' about the check and owned up he was responsible, after all."

"My soul to mercy!" ejaculated Miss Pepper.

"Um -hum! I guess you'd have said so if you'd been here then. Of course all hands wanted to know what he'd signed it for and what he'd done with the money. He wouldn't tell 'em. Wouldn't say a single word more than that the check was his. There must have been a dreadful goin'-on at that committee meetin', for if the minister himself had stole the communion-cups nobody would have been more surprized and upset. Doctor Eph Nye was—was—well, he was kind of a—a President of the United States in this town, and they couldn't, the most of 'em, believe he was a thief. Judge Copeland, his own brother-in-law, was 'most crasy. He kept beggin' him to explain about it, and—and the like of that, but he wouldn't. Wouldn't say a word except that the check was his and that the seventy-two hundred was gone. It ended by their givin' him until the next day to think it over in. And that next day his wife was so much worse that they couldn't go near him, and so the whole dreadful business was kept secret in that committee for 'most a week. And durin' that week Fanny died."

"Sho!" exclaimed Aunt Lindy.

"Yes, she died, and 'twas a mercy, poor thing, for she was saved all the disgrace and shame of seein' her husband arrested and put in jail. After the funeral they arrested him and the news come out. I've lived in Ostable all my life long, but I've never seen the whole town—yes, and the county, for that matter—so knocked in a heap as 'twas then. All hands talked about nothin' else.

"The only one who wouldn't talk was Doctor Eph himself. He wouldn't say a word and they couldn't get him to. From then on he kept dim, and when the trial come off he wouldn't say anything either. Of course, it wasn't much of a trial, because he'd owned up that he'd drawed the money and 'twas gone, so he was guilty; that's all there was to it. The judge—Judge Pearson 'twas, and he'd known and liked Ephraim Nye for years same as everybody else—he 'most broke down when he give out the sentence. Five years in State prison, 'twas."

Aunt Lindy breathed heavily. "Well, I swan!" she observed. "And didn't they never get any of the money back, or find out what he'd done with it, or anything?"

Mr. Bush jumped once more to the center of the stage. "Let me tell that, Angelina," he ordered. "I know more about it than you do. They did get some of the money back, quite a lot of it then, and the rest—well, that comes later. Judge Copeland was the sharpest set on gettin' it. He was Ephraim's brother-in-law, but he was the most down on the doctor of anybody. 'Twas account of Fanny, and natural enough, too. He idolized his sister and he was of the opinion that she had suspicioned her husband's meanliny for quite a spell and had decided herself to death 'over it, as you might say.

"'TWAS the judge that pushed the trial on and found fault with the lightness of the sentence. I've heard tell that he said they'd ought to have sent the scoundrel up for life, that he was just the same as a murderer, and such talk as that. Of course the doctor had a little money put by, and they levied on that. 'Twas only a few hundred dollars—which was another surprize, for all hands had out called he must have done pretty well, with such a practise. But he hadn't saved much—speculated and lost it, so they guessed likely. However, his wife had left him everything she had and there was consider'ble jewelry and one thing another. That was turned in and fetched two or three thousand. Altogether they scraped about thirty-five hundred out of the wreck, and about two year ago the rest come back."

"Come back! Come back from where?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows where it come from."

"Why, yes, they do, too, Shubal. How you talk! Doctor Ephraim sent it back. Or his lawyers did; that's the same thing."

"But how'd he get it to send? Nobody knows *that*, do they? Of course they'd raised more money—Judge Copeland put his hand in his own pocket and give the most of it. He's a fine man. *I* tell you!—they'd raised it, and the new church-buildin' was up. Somethin' to be proud of, 'tis, too. I don't suppose there's a finer meetin'-house on the Cape—"

"Oh, my land of love, what's he talkin' about now? *I* know the Congregationalist meetin'-house, don't I? Angelina, tell me about the money comin' back. Who sent it back?"

"Why, Doctor Eph did, Aunt Lindy—Hush, Shubal!— Where he got it from is a mystery, but folks guess maybe he did some more stock-speculatin' and was luckier than he had been afore. At any rate about two years ago the church folks got a letter from some Boston lawyers with a check for all the shortage on the fund—all that was left after sellin' the Nye things and Fanny's jewelry—and with interest from the time of the money was took up to then. The lawyers said they represented Ephraim B. Nye and was sendin' the money at his orders, or somethin' like that. Course all hands wanted to know more about it, but they couldn't find out; them lawyers wouldn't say another word. The church took the money, tho."

"Took it! Why wouldn't they take it?" demanded Shubal. "'Twas theirs, wa'n't it? They took it and was thankful to get it."

MEANWHILE, in the handsome living-room of the Copeland house on Silver-leaf Way, once Dock Road, in Ostable Center, Judge Daniel Webster Copeland discussed the subject with his daughter, Faith. The judge had heard the news of Doctor Nye's return to his native town and the said news disturbed and distressed him greatly, so much so that his appetite for dinner had been impaired and his magisterial serenity quite lost. The meal over, the pair were in the living-room, the door closed and locked. Mrs. Hallett, the Copeland housekeeper—Mrs. Judge was a widower—had gone to her room and the Copelands were alone.

The judge, portly, red-faced, and frowning, paced the floor, his hands behind him. Miss Faith, nineteen, slender and attractive, home from boarding-school for the Spring vacation of her senior year, sat in the big leather chair which her father usually occupied while enjoying his after-dinner smoke. She, too, was troubled, but largely because of his evident distress of mind. For her there was in the situation a distinct element of novelty. They were speaking of her uncle, Ephraim Nye, the family black sheep, a man whose name had not been spoken in that household since she was a young girl.

"I'm so sorry, Daddy," Faith said. "It is dreadful!"

Her father did not answer. He strode from the library table to the bookcase by the wall, turned, and strode back again.

"I'm so sorry, Daddy," she said again. "Sorry for you. I mean—"

He waved his hand impatiently. "Every one will be sorry for me, I suppose," he said. "Every one will be sad and speak like him. They will laugh and enjoy the situation. Anything which makes me uncomfortable will be nuts for Cyrenus Stone."

She sighed. "I can't see why politics make people hate each other so," she mused. "You have never done anything to Mr. Stone except—except—"

"Except beat his man for the Congressional nomination and prevent his making George Ellis postmaster. That and a few other things like that—which are enough."

"But George Ellis wasn't a fit person to be postmaster. Just think of it! One of those South Ostable Ellises postmaster of Ostable!"

"I *wouldn't* think of it, of course. But Stone swore to get even with me. Well, it looks as if he had done it!"

"Do you think he was responsible for bringing—bringing that man back here to live?"

"He has rented him a house to live in, hasn't he? And there is a case of two or three years—longer, some say."

Another short interval of silence. Then said Faith:

"Daddy, why did he come back here? Here, to this town, of all places? I can't understand it."

"Neither can any one else. Unless, as I say, Stone hired him to come to disgrace us."

She shook her head. "Do you think," she said, "he is a man that could be hired to do anything like that? I didn't think he did!"

Her father stopped in his stride and turned to look at her.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, sharply. "What do you know about him—except what every one knows?"

"Why, nothing, I suppose. But I remember him well. I was ten years old when—when it happened. And I used to be with him and Aunt Fanny so much, at their house and here. He was always good to me. I—I liked him, Daddy; I always liked him. I—you didn't know it, but I cried myself to sleep night after night when they took him away. Forgive me. Of course I realize now that he was a dreadful man he must be, but I was very fond of him; I couldn't help it."

"I know," he said. "We all liked him. He had a kind of—of devilish fascination about him that attracted every one, especially the women. Your poor aunt was wild about him, devoted to him. She gave up her life for him, or what amounted to that. I shall always believe that she had found him out, long before the rest of us did, and that that was really responsible for her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

From Generation to Generation
A STORY & CLARK PLAYER PIANO

Copyright 1923, Story & Clark Piano Company

The one ever entertaining member of the family—the

STORY & CLARK MINIATURE PLAYER PIANO

will be your family's favorite instrument—father, mother, and the children can easily play it.

The music of Liszt, Wagner, Beethoven, Rubinstein, as interpreted by Josef Hoffman, Ney, Primi, and all the great artists of our time will become a part of your children's daily life—an influence for the good that cannot be over-estimated.

Every instrument is made with that infinite care which will guarantee the maintenance of the splendid reputation of *Story & Clark* for producing only pianos and player pianos of the very highest quality, and you can buy one on such terms as you can afford with the utmost assurance that there is nothing better.

THIS BEAUTIFUL LITTLE INSTRUMENT—

THE MINIATURE

is the ideal instrument for a small space.

A New Style

only four feet, two inches high, full 88 note keyboard — plays all standard rolls. A charming instrument with a rich, full, and exquisite tone.

There's one thing about all *Story & Clark* player pianos — they are equipped with the *Story & Clark* Imperial Player Action (with its Automatic Tracking and Transposing Device) built especially for the *Story & Clark* piano in which they are installed — the action so simple to learn to operate, and so easy to play, it makes the *Story & Clark* the instrument of unquestioned superiority.

Near-by is a Story & Clark dealer who will gladly show you the several styles of Story & Clark pianos and player pianos, and from whom you can purchase one on terms within your income.

Instruments of finest quality since 1857

The Story & Clark Piano Company

General Offices 315–317 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

If you are a prospective purchaser of a piano or player piano, we will be glad to send you a beautiful book, *How You Can Tell the Difference in Pianos*—FREE.

Story & Clark Piano Company, Dept. PR-2,
315-317 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE your book, *How You Can Tell the Difference in Pianos*, because I am interested in buying a grand ☐ an upright ☐ a player piano ☐.

Name

City. State

How 400 can tell you the difference in Pianos
A brief description of the 400 points of difference in piano construction
STORY & CLARK

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Now!—*Living* Flowers

From everywhere comes the edict—the miracle of *living* flowers to contrast the artificiality of perfumes!

VIVANTE

Madam, Mademoiselle, knows it? this sophisticated fragrance of life that speaks so naively the language of charm.

As indefinable as a smile!

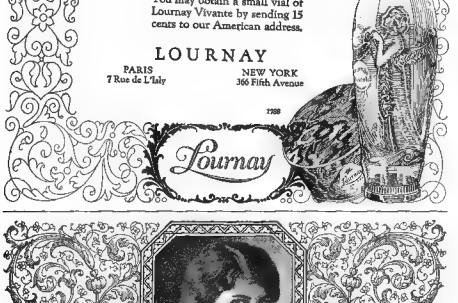
As joyous as the Springtime!

You may obtain a small vial of Lournay Vivante by sending 15 cents to our American address.

LOURNAY

PARIS
7 Rue de L'Isly

NEW YORK
366 Fifth Avenue



You Must Keep Your Skin Clean

WOMEN everywhere have reached a realization of the importance of an attractive skin. The next step is the necessary treatment that insures a good skin.

Your skin is bound to respond to proper treatment with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It is a tonic and a cleanser, and if you use it every day your complexion will benefit by the treatment. Apply it liberally and rub in with the tips of the fingers. Wipe it off after each application as the amount of dirt removed this way. Make it a point to give your skin a daily cleansing. Use Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream to protect your face from wind and sun.

Ask for it at any drug or department store. In Tubes, 10c, 25c and 50c. In Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50

A FREE TRIAL—Write for a free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier. Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1736, D. & R. Building, New York.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

death." He paused, and then added, under his breath, "D—— him!"

Faith asked another question. "Did he treat her badly?" she asked, "I didn't know. Of course I wouldn't; I was only a child."

"I don't know how he treated her. He always seemed kind enough. Of course, after it all came out, I remembered things. I remember several times, toward the last of it, finding her shut up in her room and crying. She wouldn't tell me what the trouble was—yet she and I were a lot closer than most brothers and sisters. She said she was not well and that that made her despondent. Perhaps it did, but I think now there was more than that."

"How did they come to marry? He was a boy here in Ostable, wasn't he?"

"Yes, but they were only casual acquaintances then. The rest of it began when she went to that Boston hospital. She had had a nervous breakdown and I sent her there for treatment. Her trouble was a rather obscure disease of the nerves and—and that fellow was a young doctor specializing in such things. And he was clever, too—yes, he was. Why, I have been told by other doctors, good ones, that if he had gone on with his specialty, instead of marrying your aunt and coming down here to a general country practise, he might have become one of the greatest men in his line. I wish to Heaven he had!"

Miss Copeland thought it over. "I don't see why he didn't keep on," she said. "I suppose Aunt Fanny wanted to come here. He must have been very fond of her—then, at least."

Her father nodded. "We all thought so," he admitted. "Altho I must say that I was not in favor of the marriage at the time. It seemed to me that Fanny might do much better. She was very popular, and very attractive. Poor girl!"

"It wasn't a long engagement, was it?"

"No, very short. I urged her to wait longer, to wait at least until she was sure—until I was surer that he was the right man. But she wouldn't. She was in a tremendous hurry to marry him; I don't know why. If it wasn't foolish to believe such a thing I should almost think she was afraid she might lose him, after all."

"Why? What do you mean? He was fond of her, wasn't he? You said he seemed to be. There wasn't any one else, any other woman?"

"I don't know. Once your aunt said something to me which led me to suspect— But that is nonsense, of course. No doubt he realized how lucky he was. Of course he did. Probably he fooled her as he did the rest of us. The scoundrel!"

"Was he—did he ever do anything else, before he took the church money, anything which made you guess he was—not a good man?"

THE judge turned and faced her. "No," he said, earnestly. "He was peculiar, queer, had all sorts of what I call silly notions about 'reform,' and independence in politics, and all that. He and I didn't agree on many things, but we always got on well enough. He would make me angry and then say some ridiculous thing to make me laugh. He was absolutely impractical; would leave a rich Summer patient to go and see a no-account Portygee that he thought needed him more, even tho he knew he would never get a cent for it. We used to row about that—but, well, Faith, I would have bet my last dollar that he was honest. Yes, my last dollar. If there was no other reason I would have sworn he didn't care enough about money to steal it."

"And yet he did. And such a mean theft, too!"

"The meanest possible. From his own church and his own neighbors. The meanest, yellowest trick a man could play."

"But why did he do it, Daddy? Why?"

"Nobody knows. I presume he had been speculating. The check was indorsed by a man in New York whom we both know. He had indorsed it, and this firm of New York brokers had cashed it for him. Presumably he turned the money over to Nye. We couldn't find out because—and it was one of the strangest things in this whole wretched business—this man—Raymond his name was—died very suddenly the week after the check was cashed. He was rich and a regular customer of the brokerage firm. There was nothing strange in their cashing a check with his indorsement. They had often cashed bigger checks than this one."

"Wouldn't—wouldn't he—Aunt Fanny's husband, I mean—tell what he did with the money?"

"He wouldn't tell anything. He wouldn't say a word further than to acknowledge the check as his. I pleaded with him. I told him to tell me the truth, no matter the truth, no matter what it might be, and I would use all my influence to help him. For the sake of his poor innocent wife I told him I would do anything. I never shall forget the way he looked at me when I said that. He smiled, actually smiled, as if there was something funny in the ghastly business. But he wouldn't say a word, then or afterward. When Fanny died I saw him again. I called him a murderer, as well as a thief, and he merely looked at me. That was the last time I saw him. I put him out of my life, did my best to forget him. And now he is back here, the jailbird!"

"But why, Daddy—oh, *why* has he come back?"

"God knows! I shall see him to-morrow. He and I will have an understanding, be sure of that. But, Faith, don't you have anything to do with him! Don't see him, don't speak to him, don't think of him. And if he ever dares to speak to you—"

Faith sprang from the chair, her eyes flashing.

"Speak to me! He! Oh, he *wouldn't* dare! He must be the meanest, most despicable man in all the world. I shall hate him, Daddy—*hate* him!"

CAPTAIN MARK BEARSE was a widower. He owned a comfortable home on the Back Road in North Ostable. The Back Road in North Ostable is by no means as select a neighborhood as Silvered Way in Ostable Center, but it is about the best section of that section of the township, and Captain Mark's good-sized white house was as good as the best there. His lawns were always cut, his shrubs always trimmed, and no paint was lacking where paint should be. The most noticeable thing about the Bearse front lawn was that it was still enclosed by a white picket fence. The captain's neighbors had long ago supplanted their fences by hedges, but he refused to do so.

His sister, Matilda Hopkins, aged fifty-eight—the captain was fifty-one—kept house for him. She was a widow and, like her brother, refused to let other people do her thinking for her. Consequently there were lively arguments in the Bearse household, lively but amicable. Mrs. Hopkins would argue with her brother until the last gun was fired, but if an outsider ventured to take part in the battle, no matter upon which side, she and Mark promptly joined forces and together they proceeded to blow the intruder out of the water.

On this particular evening they had argued all through supper. Now, the meal being over, Matilda rose to clear the table and Captain Mark to step to the hat-rack by the dining-room door, where hung his cap and overcoat.

"So you're goin' there, no matter what happens?" observed Mrs. Hopkins.

"I am," replied Mark, wresting his bulky shoulders into the overcoat.

"I suppose so. Well, you know what folks'll say, don't you?"

Captain Bearse stated that he did not give a sulfurous trifle what folks said.

"Eph Nye was the best friend I had in the world when he lived here," he declared. "I used to play checkers with him twice a week then, and you know it."

"Oh, I know it."

"Well, if he was my friend then he's my friend now, ain't he?"

"Mark Bearse, you know as well as I do that Doctor Nye's comin' back here to Ostable to live is goin' to raise more hullabaloo than anything that's happened since he was taken away. If you stick by him you're goin' to be with a slim crowd and a queer one. The handful that voted with you to buy the old Good Templars' chapel and make a town lockup out of it won't be a patch for slimness and queerness on the two or three that will have a good word to say for Ephraim Nye."

"Huh! Buyin' that chapel would have been good business and saved the town money. I said so then, and I say it now."

"But usin' a buildin' that was put up to hold temperance meetin's in as a place to lodge liquor tramps overnight would have been kind of—well, odd, maybe. Oh, I know there's no use arguin' with you when your mind's made up, but I must say—"

"You needn't. You've said it already."

"Mark Bearse, *do* you know why Doctor Nye has come back here to live—and practise?"

"No—o. I told you I *didn't*."

"And, honest now, don't you think his doin' it is about the craziest thing you ever heard of?"

"Well—well——"

"You know you do. Cyrenus Stone rented him the Dillingham place because he wanted the money and would, same as he said, look after it to the Old Harry himself for the same reason. But he ought to be ashamed of himself. As for Ephraim Nye—"

"Well, as for him—what?"

"He has been in State prison. He took the church's money——"

"Matilda, that'll do. I'll let you say 'most anything, but there are some things you can't say."

"Well, didn't he take it?"

"No."

"Mark, be reasonable. He owned up that the check was his. He pleaded guilty——"

"He didn't!"

"Well, he did the same thing; he didn't plead not guilty. And after he got out of prison he sent the money back. If that isn't the same as owin' up that he took it then I don't know."

"Humph! If I give a dog a bone it don't necessarily follow that I stole a beefsteak, does it? I wouldn't care if Ephraim Nye had sworn on a pile of Bibles that he stole that church money, even then I wouldn't believe him. He didn't steal it for the same reason that a steel-anchor won't float—it ain't made that way. Ephraim Nye isn't a thief and never was; he *couldn't* steal."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Lost 74 Pounds

Feels Like a New Woman

No Starving, Exercise, Drugs, Appliances or Discomforts
10 Days' Trial

"I lost 74 pounds and am still reducing. I lost 10 pounds the very first week. Formerly I could not WALK upstairs without feeling faint—now I can RUN up. I have banished my indigestion, and my complexion is now clear, whereas I used to be bothered with pimples. I reduced my bust 7½ inches, waist 9 inches, and hips 11 inches."

(Signed) *Mrs. Mary J. Denneny, 82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.*

This method operates equally well whether one is very stout or just a few pounds overweight. Mrs. Geo. Guiterman of 420 E. 66th St., New York, lost 13 pounds in 6 days. Mr. Ben Naddle of 104 Fulton St., New York, was just 22 pounds overweight and he lost this 22 pounds in 14 days. You may reduce fast or slowly, just as you please. And not only does your fat depart, but you experience a vast improvement in health. And all without starving, exercises, drugs or discomforts.

Now Only **97c**

THE SECRET EXPLAINED. Eunice Christian, internationally known food specialist, discovered that ordinary everyday foods can be combined in such a way that they will CORRECT your fatty tendencies. Don't starve yourself! Eat the foods you like—just combine them as he shows you. Watch the FAT VANISH. Three hundred thousand people have used his method in an interesting little course entitled "Weight Control." It shows you the way to combine your daily foods so that your fat will disappear.

Send No Money
Try Method Ten Days

Send no money—just mail the coupon. The course will be sent, in plain wrapper, ON 10 DAYS' TRIAL. Pay postman 97c. (plus few cents postage). No further payments necessary at any time. If at the end of 10 days you are not delighted with your reduction in weight and improvement in health, return course and your 97c. will be refunded. Three hundred thousand people have gladly paid the regular price of $1.97. Special price of 97c. is for immediate acceptance to secure a quarter million more people who will use this method and recommend it to their friends. Act at once and save a dollar.

Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-885
47 West 16th Street, New York City

Send me in plain wrapper Eunice Christian's Course "Weight Control." I will pay the postman only 97c. (plus postage) in FULL payment. But I may return the course within 10 days if I wish and you will refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

NEW METHODS IN CHILD TRAINING

Now for the first time—a scientific method in child training, based on confidence, shows you in your own home how to correct *causes* of disobedience, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits, which, if not properly remedied, lead to serious consequences. New method makes punishment unnecessary and is producing remarkable results for thousands of parents endorsed by leading educators. Covers all ages. Free Book, "New Methods in Child Training," describes new system. Write for your copy now. **Parents Association, Dept. 585, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.**

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

ARE SUPERIOR

Be a Nurse

Learn in spare time at home
Earn $30—$35 a week

Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago System. Endorsed by physicians. Established 22 years.

Earn while learning
If you are over 18 and under 55 years of age, write for illustrated catalog and Free Sample Lesson Pages with Special Offer. Do it now. Address
Chicago School of Nursing, Dept. 46, 421 Ashland Blvd., Chicago

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

When Mark Bearse did a thing he did it openly, and he had openly championed Ephraim Nye, not only in the days when the latter and his crime were the sensations of the community, but ever since whenever challenged. He had been delighted to welcome him back, he was overjoyed at the opportunity of visiting him and resuming the interrupted series of checker games.

He knew that, in every dwelling along Bayberry Lane, there was but one topic of conversation that evening, also that the inmates of those dwellings would be on the watch for new developments pertaining to that topic. Therefore every chaise and groan indicating the usual digestive disturbance beneath the hood of his little car to him that night was a voice proclaiming to prying ears: "There goes Mark Bearse to call on that Nye man. Shouldn't you think he'd be ashamed?"

The side door of the Dillingham house was open when he entered the yard. Henry Ward Beecher Payson, dish-towel in hand, was standing in the doorway. Henry's welcoming hail was hearty, but not, under the circumstances, too tactful.

"I knew 'twan't you, 'cause you can't, Mark," he declared. "Heard you comin' for the last ten minutes."

"Huh?" grunted the captain, and pushed by him into the dining-room. The man he had come to see was not there.

"Doctor Eph's in the settin'-room," explained Henry. "Go along in, Cap'n. Then, raising his voice, he called: "Here's Cap'n Mark come to see you, Doctor."

BEARSE went into the adjoining room. It was a small apartment, one of those rooms which, situated in the middle, so to speak, of an old New England house, seemed to be almost completely surrounded by doors. A stove had been set up in the room, an old-fashioned, ugly "gas-burner," obviously second-hand. The rest of the furniture consisted of a table, with a kerosene-lamp upon it, a battered sofa, and three chairs, one of them a rocker. In the rocker, beside the table, sat Ephraim Nye smoking a pipe. He was gazing intently at the glow of the fire behind the isinglass panes in the stove door and apparently was quite unaware of his visitor's presence.

Captain Mark looked at him for a moment without speaking. The lamplight shone directly upon the side of his head and face as they turned toward the captain noted, as he had not done in their meeting that afternoon, the changes which had taken place the last few years older. He looked, so the captain thought, almost as old as *he* was—he, Bearse—and that was fifty—precisely.

"Well, Mark," observed Doctor Nye, ceasing to look at the fire and turning to face his caller, "will you come in; or you like the distant view of the ruins better?"

Captain Mark started. "Glory!" he exclaimed. "I thought you was dead, Eph. What do you mean, talkin' about ruins? Did you know I was here all the time?"

The doctor rose from the rocker. "I heard you come," he said. "That is, I heard a car turn in here and I guessed it was yours. And then, when Henry announced you from the pulpit, you remember."

"Yes, yes, so he did. But—I've been standin' here in the doorway for the Lord knows how long and you never made a move."

"So? I'm sorry. I was thinking, Mark. Thought alone is eternal. That is a poor excuse for keeping you waiting an eternity. Come in. Sit down."

He pushed the rocker toward his guest. The latter, removing his cap and coat, sat down.

"Sounds natural," he observed, as he did so. "You haven't forgotten how to spout Shakespeare."

"Shakespeare! Oh, do you mean that 'thought eternal' business? That isn't Shakespeare, Mark; that is from 'Lucile.' When I was a boy 'Lucile' flaunted on our parlor center-table while Shakespeare hid in the closet. Well, let me look at you. Humph! A little less hair and a little more weight, that's all. You have aged about four years in nine, Mark. That's a good average. How is Mrs. Hopkins?"

"Matilda? Oh, she's smart."

"Sit down again, Mark. And you'll smoke, of course. I can't offer you a cigar, but there is the tobacco-can. And the matches. I can even provide a pipe, if it is necessary. I hope it isn't."

Bearse, mumbling something to the effect that he would as soon think of coming without his shirt as his pipe, produced that article and smelly implement, filled and lighted it.

It was an embarrassing moment for the captain. There were a hundred questions he wanted to ask, a hundred things he would have liked to say, but the whole situation was so difficult, so unexpected and impossible.

"Well —er—Eph," he blurted, after an interval much too long. "what you been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

Four out of Five is Pyorrhea's Toll

Nature warns with bleeding gums

When Pyorrhea comes, the teeth loosen, and drop out or must be extracted. Pus-pockets form at the roots and poison spreads throughout the system.

Comparatively few persons are immune. Statistics show that four out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, are subject to this sinister disease.

Heed Nature's Warning

At the first sign of Pyorrhea, Nature gives her danger signal—tender gums which bleed easily when the teeth are brushed.

Fortunate is he who heeds that friendly warning; his teeth may be spared, while he who neglects that admonition may pay the extreme penalty.

At the first sign of tender, bleeding gums, go to your dentist for teeth and gum inspection and start using Forhan's For the Gums at once.

Forhan's For the Gums is the scientific formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. If used consistently and used in time, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course.

In addition to its efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea, Forhan's For the Gums is an excellent dentrifice. It contains nothing but the most beneficial ingredients that keep teeth white and clean and the gums firm and healthy.

Remember, statistics are all against you. Science proves that four out of every five are doomed after forty. For that reason it is good health insurance to start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums is sold by druggists everywhere. Start a good habit today, the habit of strict oral hygiene. Go regularly to your dentist and brush your teeth twice a day with Forhan's. 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.

Thirsty Fibre is found only in ScotTissue Towels

An exclusive advantage no other towel can have.

Millions of thirsty tentacles of fibre are interlaced in every ScotTissue Towel. They leap to dry at first contact with moisture—making your skin instantly, thoroughly, safely dry.

Stationery, drug or department stores, 40c per carton of 150 towels (50c in Canada) and even less by the case of 3750 towels. We will send, prepaid, the towels or $5 outfit, upon receipt of price. Try the Handy Pack of 25 towels for 10c.

Own your own Towel-Outfit

Plate-glass mirror
Nickel-plated towel rack
150 ScotTissue Towels
All for $5
($6.50 in Canada)
See it at your dealer's

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, Chester, Pa.
New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco
Also Makers of ScotTissue Toilet Paper

ScotTissue Towels
for "Clean Hands in Business"

© 1923 S. P. Co.

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty-Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

don' since I left you? Practsin' up your checker game? I hope so, for I'm all set to lick you, right here and now."

Doctor Eph leaned back in his chair and crossed his knees. "Mark," he said slowly, "I'm sorry to see you here to-night."

His visitor gasped. "Sorry—" he began. "Well, I'll be d——!"

"Yes, that's what you'll be. You couldn't invite damnation any more cordially than by coming here to see me. You know it."

"Eph Nye, I told you this afternoon—"

"You did, and *I* told *you*. And now I'll say it just once more. You are making a big mistake in coming here to this house. Everybody knows you. Everybody also knows me. Mark, did you ever read Boswell?"

"Eh? Who's he? What's that got to do—"

"I'll tell you. There was a man once named Johnson. He was a fat man and, I suppose, a wise man; at least he thought he was and he talked a great deal. There was another fellow who made it his business to write down the—er—words of wisdom that fell from Johnson's lips. He kept him busy. A great many words fell, enough to make six volumes or more. Boswell's 'Johnson' is one of the classics that every one is supposed to read—and few do. I never had the time to read it until—until I went where I had more time than anything else. I read a good deal then and I read Boswell."

"Well, what of it? What in time is this; a sermon?"

"Maybe. If so it will be my last from this text and—I want you to believe this—I should feel happier if you profited by it. What made me mention Boswell is something which the man Johnson said and Boswell recorded. Johnson was talking about some one—*not* a leading and respected citizen like you, Mark, but never mind. He said, as I remember it, 'Let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known.' You think that over."

Captain Mark's thinking did not seem to help him much. He shook his head.

"Maybe you know what you're drivin' at," he observed, "but I don't. If you mean that the Old Scratch knows me, why —well, maybe he does, but—but I ain't goin' to him yet, if I can help it."

"But you are coming here. I am the particular private and public devil of Ostable township, and when you associate with me you do yourself a lot of harm. I appreciate your coming, old man. I know why you come. I'd rather see you than any one on earth. But you will make me a lot happier by staying away—for a while, anyhow."

THE last sentence was spoken with an earnestness unmistakable. It had about as much effect upon the captain as a peashooter might have upon a stone wall.

"Eph Nye," he snorted, "if that's your sermon it's as poor as any I ever heard preached—which is sayin' some considerable. You talk like a fool."

"No, I talk like Doctor Johnson. It is a pity that I haven't a Boswell on the premises, Mark. He'd write down politics, or you used to be. Knowing you, I'll bet you are yet. You have influence for good in this town, and a following."

"You be hanged! And the followin' be hanged, too!"

"Mark——"

"Eph, be still a minute! You've asked me a lot of questions; let me ask you one. It's the one that's puzzled me more than anything since I was in school and sailed in to tackle compound fractions. You've been gone from Ostable a matter of nine years as I figure it. I haven't heard from you. I wrote you three or four letters. Did you get 'em?"

"Yes, Mark."

"Humph! Well, you never answered 'em. And I went up—up to——"

"To the—er—hotel which the State provided me."

"To where you was, no less than three times to see you. I said they gave me to understand you didn't want to see me."

"I did want to see you. That is, if I had wanted to be sure you or it would have been you. But—well, perhaps you understand."

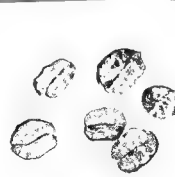
"I s'pose likely I do. That's all right. But I've tried to keep in touch with you then and since. I knew when they let you out—I reason why you left that place. I heard about your goin' over to the other side—to the War. You was a sort of -of medical man over there, wasn't you?"

"I was a surgeon with the French army."

"Yes, so I heard. And I heard what they said about you, too. They didn't call you any *bad* names, I'll swear to that. Then I lost track of you, but says I to myself, 'He's all right now, Doctor Eph is. He'll go to West Ostable somewhere and have his trouble isn't around to plague him, and he'll start in to be the big man at his job that I know God Almighty meant him to be.' That's what I said. And now—*now*; by glory, the next I hear is that you've come back to the place where there isn't anything for you *but* trouble. Here's the question that's botherin' me, Eph Nye: For the Lord sakes why did you come back to Ostable, of all places in creation? Why?"

Doctor Ephraim did not speak at once.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109



See the Bran
Hidden in a dainty

You can see the bran in Pettijohn's, but one can hardly taste it.

That's the purpose of Pettijohn's. To hide the bran in soft rolled wheat—the most flavory wheat that grows. And to bring the bran to those who need it in a delightful form.

All folks need whole wheat and bran. You know that. Here we combine them in delicious flakes—a very tempting dish. This will solve your bran-food problem if you try it. Do so now

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

Have Baby Comfy

In a Gordon Motor Crib. More pleasure for you when motoring with baby tucked snugly in this convenient crib. "The safest way, the doctors say." Crib easily strapped in any touring car. Spring arrangement absorbs all shock over roughest roads. Hood when used protects against weather. Fold crib flat or detach when not in use. Sold everywhere or sent parcel post prepaid.

Send for illustrated booklet and dealer's name.

GORDON MOTOR CRIB CO.
1519 Wabash Ave. Dept. 6 CHICAGO

Make your Town Spotless Town

Clean Up!

and keep it up—

Make all house cleaning easy with Sapolio. Large cake—No waste.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK

use SAPOLIO

Secrets of Beauty Parlors Revealed

Formerly Closely Guarded Secrets, Make Fortunes

Women easily earn $40 to $75 a week. We make you expert in all branches, such as scientific scalp, mud pack, dyeing, bleaching, skin work, manicuring, etc. No experience necessary. Only an hour in spare time. Earn while you learn. Authorized diploma. Money-back guarantee. Get FREE book, Oriental System of Beauty Culture, Dept. 288, 1000 Diversey Blvd., Chicago

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. They are entirely unlike anything else. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I cured you. Address

Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
10 McKerchey Bg., 5081 Woodward Av., Detroit, Mich.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

As soft to the skin as the brush of a butterfly's wing

Chosen for years by women of refinement for its purity, softness and delicate fragrance. So clinging only a touch needed.

Refuse Substitutes

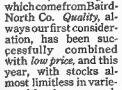
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50 cts. a box of druggists or by mail.

Send 10 cts. for a Sample Box.

BEN LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. C
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Exceptional Gift Values

Hand-painted Fruit Board, grooved to prevent roots of pickles, etc., leaves 8 inches of platter. Complete with stainless, hand-decorated Knife. Excellent value at $1.50.



Beautifully carved Jelly Spoon of Solid Sterling Silver, highly polished. Low priced, at only $1.00.

This Gift Book FREE

New Spring Gift Book, showing over 1,000 beautiful gifts for every occasion—weddings, anniversaries, birthdays, etc. Sent free.

BAIRD-NORTH CO. 924 Broad Street Providence, R. I.

EXCEPTIONAL, indeed, are the gifts which come from Baird-North Co. *Quality*, always our first consideration, has been successfully combined with *low price*, and this year, with stocks almost limitless in variety, with values unequalled, you are sure to find exactly what you want, and *at the price you wish to pay.*

The SECRET of DRAWING

No marvelous "secret" of drawing exists that will make you a success over-night. It is learning of *correct principles, observation, practice and perseverance.* Where the hand and the eye must be *trained, practice is essential.* The scientific principles by the Federal Course develop your talent in a most interesting way. Whether you have talent or not, this course will truly prepare. Learn at home in spare time. No previous training or experience needed. The Federal Course gives you individual criticism by correspondence with all lessons. 17 years' success. Write today for Free Book "Your Future Ahead," telling more details, and how you can turn your spare time into money. Please state your age.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
450 Federal Schools Building
Minneapolis, Minn.

NEWEST IDEA IN COMFORT

External relief for tired muscles, burning feet, and itching skin. For internal use only.

Ask Your Druggists

MIFFLIN ALKOHOL MASSAGE
The external tonic

Alcohol as intended by law

GO INTO BUSINESS

for Yourself

Stocks of 1,000 Specialties and other Merchandise. Complete Outfits. We furnish everything. Money-back guarantee or we go out of business. Write for our big catalog. Either men or women. Big Profits. Easy Terms. Write today.

W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 50, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Phelactine

For Removing Superfluous Hair

Non-irritating, non-odorous, non-poisonous. So harmless you could eat it. Not a caustic; does not burn off the hair. It's "different." $1, a stick at drug store or toilet counter.

DEARBORN SUPPLY CO., 2358 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

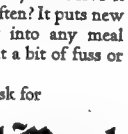
READY to serve—convenient — economical? Yes!

But still one other quality recommends DEL MONTE Spinach—and that's its delicious flavor—its tempting appeal in any menu.

It's one of Nature's most appetizing vegetables—succulent and savory—and free from all grit. Why not serve it more often? It puts new variety into any meal without a bit of fuss or bother.

Just ask for

Del Monte
CANNED
SPINACH



at all Leading Grocers

"Give Your Table the Bettina Touch"

A THOUSAND WAYS TO PLEASE A FAMILY

The Practical Cook Book
BY
Louise Bennett Weaver
AND
Helen Cowles Le Cron
Authors of
A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband, (Price $2.00), and Bettina's Best Salads and What to Serve With Them, (Price $1.25).

The Entertaining Story of Bettina as mother, house-maker, and successful cook. A Cook Book of delicious Recipes for Four or More—all new, dishes that require only inexpensive ingredients.

ILLUSTRATED - PRICE $2.00
At all Booksellers or Direct from Publishers
A. L. BURT COMPANY
116 EAST 23rd STREET NEW YORK

20¢ A DAY
PAYS FOR THIS LUXURIOUS
VELOUR SOFA

A THOUSAND other beautiful Pyrnbilt pieces in latest styles. Save big money. Factory-to-Family prices. Pay on Bible Board monthly payments.
One to Four Years to Pay
☐ Pyrnbilt Pianos ☐ Symphonic Player Pianos
☐ Symphonic Phonographs
Check offer interested in and mail today with full name and address. Write TODAY for 304-Page bound, fully illustrated FREE Book.
LANGSDALE CO. Inc. Pyrnbilt Buffalo, New York

Hoskins
QUALITY ENGRAVERS SINCE 1850
50 Engraved Cards with script plate $3.00
Send for our samples and prices on wedding invitations announcements.
922 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc.
100 to perfect lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $3.00; 250 for $5.00; 500 for $8.00. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.50.
E. GUT ENGRAVING CO., 1006 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

When he did he prefaced his remark with another slow smile.

"Mark," he said, "you are not as original as I rather thought you might be. Don't you suppose every adult male and female in Ostable is asking that very same thing?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Why wouldn't they ask it? What are you goin' to tell 'em?"

"Nothing."

"Nothin'?"

"Yes, just that. But I'll tell you the truth."

"Good! Let's have it."

"Very well. I don't know why I came back."

"You don't *know!* My glory! Is that what you call the truth?

"Yes. It *is* the truth, as far as it goes."

"Well, it might go a couple of miles further and still be out of sight. Humph! The average man wouldn't find much difference between my question and your answer. I say I can't guess why you came back, and you say you don't know. Oh, come, Eph; talk sense! You had some reason, of course."

NYE opened the stove door and knocked the ashes from his pipe upon the hot coals. He nodded slowly.

"Why, yes, Mark," he admitted, "I suppose I did." He got up, walked over, and closed the door to the dining-room, then returned to his chair. "I had a reason, if you can call it that," he went on. "When I left the—er——"

"The place where you was," put in Captain Mark, hastily.

"The prison," continued Doctor Eph, calmly. "I didn't know where to go or what to do. Fortunately—for me, of course—there was a war going on. I thought at first of enlisting in the British or French army. Then I decided that perhaps I could help more by saving life than by taking it; at any rate I believed I could do as good a job. I had some friends—still had one or two—in my old profession. They helped me along. I went over and worked with the French surgeons. When the armistice was signed I came back; had no other place to go, you see. Then an aunt of mine died. She was—well, it doesn't matter—she was my aunt; that's enough. She had renounced me, of course, like all decent, sensible people."

"Here, hold on now!" protested Bearse. "*I* never renounced you, did I?"

"I don't remember classing you as sensible. Well, the old lady died, and after her death it developed that she had—humph!—experienced a softening of the heart, or the brain, or something. At any rate, because of my work over there she pretended to think I had, as she said, 'expiated my sin.'"

"Yes, yes. Sure thing! She'd heard about your gettin' one of those crosses or medals or whatever they are. I heard about that myself. A man up to Boston, a doctor 'twas, he——"

"All right. That doesn't matter. She died and left me ten thousand dollars."

"She did! Good on her head! Eh? Why, say, that explains where you got the money to—to——. Sho! Beg your pardon, Eph. None of my business, that isn't."

"Perfectly proper. It *is* everybody's business, like myself. Yes, that is how I was able to send back the—the remainder of my—er—stealings to the church."

"Eph——"

"Hush! It is no more than I should have done, is it? Ostable didn't consider me over—er—liberal, did it?"

"Don't make no difference. It ain't everybody that would have done it, just the same."

"It isn't every—er—criminal that inherits ten thousand dollars. Then I went out West for a time, did some laboratory work in one of the hospitals, and a good deal of thinking on the side. Mark, whatever you do during the remainder of your life, don't take to thinking. Take to drinking, if you must—and can get the raw material but don't think. It is, literally, a devil of a habit."

Captain Mark sniffed. "There isn't much danger," he declared. "Ask Matilda. She'll tell you that I most generally do things first and then think afterward whether I'd better do 'em or not."

"Humph! I thought before—and I'm still thinking. I came East again and then decided to come here. Having decided, I needed an accomplice, so I wrote to Henry Payson. He always seemed to like me, poor devil! Or perhaps it is revenge on his part. I cut his leg off, you remember, and he, I suppose, wears. So he helped me to get this—er—palace. By the way, no doubt he is waiting out there in the kitchen, wondering why we have shut him out of this confessional."

"Let him wait. Heave ahead with the rest of your yarn."

"There isn't any more. I hired this house of Stone, hired Payson to be cook and chambermaid, and—here I am."

"Yes, that's so, here you are. But, my glory, man! *Why* are you here? What in the name of all that's crazy made you pick out Ostable, the place where—where——"

"Yes, I know—where. Perhaps that's the answer, Mark. This was the place where—as you say. What is that thing in the Old Testament? Oh, I did a lot of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

NEW PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens
give SATISFACTION
the World over

East and West, Old World and New, vote the famous Blue Chimney NEW PERFECTION oil stove first in popularity at prices from $6.25 to $100.00.

Price of stove illustrated, $44.85; without Oven and Cabinet, $26.50. (Slightly higher in far West, Southwest and Canada.)

Our new and higher-priced models, with the newly-invented, fast-as-gas SUPERFEX Burners, provide unsurpassed cooking speed and convenience.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
7442 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio
Made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Fleisher Yarns Knitting Contest

$11,000 in Cash Prizes

$2000. First Prize

149 OTHER PRIZES OF $500. TO $25.

SOMEWHERE there is a woman who can knit garments of unmatched beauty. Perhaps that woman is *you*. If it is, $2000 in cash is yours.

But this first prize is not all. 150 women will win cash prizes in this great Contest. The makers of THE FLEISHER YARNS are offering over $11,000 to find America's most beautiful knitted garments.

150 Cash Prizes—Total $11,275.00

1st	National Prize		$2,000
2nd	"	"	500
3rd	"	"	200
49	State—1st Prizes	$100 each	4,900
49	" 2nd "	$ 50 "	2,450
49	" 3rd "	$ 25 "	1,225
		Grand total	$11,275

Don't stay out of this Contest for fear you are not an "expert." A novice, with an eye for beauty, may capture the first prize.

If you have never learned to knit, now is the time to begin. Even if you don't win a prize, you will add a handsome piece to your wardrobe; for all entries not winning prizes will be promptly returned to their owners after the Contest closes.

Follow any idea or style you wish, provided you knit a useful article. Articles made of any make or brand of yarn will be eligible. The prizes will be awarded for beauty alone. In case of a tie, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of the prize.

A Few Suggestions

Here are a few suggestions of pieces that may be submitted: sweater, blouse, dress, jacket, skirt, sacque, scarf, afghan, vest, shawl, kimono, hose, baby carriage cover, children's wearing apparel, etc.

Why not make the Contest still more exciting by forming a Knitting Club among your friends? Then all go after these splendid cash prizes!

Dealers Everywhere

Fleisher Yarn dealers will feature special contest displays during the Contest. Go at once to the Yarn Department of any store that sells THE FLEISHER YARNS. Ask for the Free Contest Blank. This Official Blank, which must be used for each entry, tells everything a Contestant wants to know.

If your Fleisher Yarn dealer does not have a supply of Blanks, write direct to S. B. & B. W. Fleisher, at the address below, giving your dealer's name.

The Judges

The Judges of the Contest will be:

MISS HELEN KOUES
Fashion Editor, Good Housekeeping

MISS MARTHA E. DODSON
Associate Editor
Ladies' Home Journal

MISS CHRISTINE A. FERRY
Needlework Editor, Modern Priscilla

MISS CARMEL WHITE
Fashion Editor, Vogue

MRS. CHARLOTTE BOLDTMANN
Knitting and Crochet Editor
Woman's Home Companion

The Contest BEGINS on Monday April 9th, and closes on Saturday June 9th.

Every person in the United States, outside the Fleisher organization, is eligible. Any person is likely to win. No professional training or experience is needed.

Don't put it off. Begin today. Get your supply of yarns immediately and set your needles clicking. Resolve that one of these 150 cash prizes shall be yours. Knit a few leisure hours into a thing of beauty —and perhaps into $2000.

To Dealers:

We have mailed a broadside explaining how yarn dealers can co-operate with this Contest to obtain therefrom an unprecedented increase in Yarn sales. It also tells of $1000.00 in cash prizes for the best window displays. *If you have not received your copy of this broadside write us at once for it.*

S. B. & B. W. FLEISHER, Inc., Dept. 100, PHILADELPHIA

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

reading in that—er—retreat of mine up yonder, Mark. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.' This place hoped and expected never to know me any more. I decided to fool it, that's all."

Bearse nodded sagely. "I know why you've come here," he declared. "Know it as well as if you'd told me. This was the town where you the town that put a label on you. Nobody else but you would think of such a thing, but, bear you, you've come back to make 'em take that label off. Isn't that about it?"

The doctor did not answer. He had refilled his pipe, now he lighted it. The captain nodded again.

"That's it, of course," he said. "Well, I guessed as much in the beginnin'. More power to your elbow, son. I admire your spunk, but as for your judgment——"

"You refuse to commit yourself, eh? You think the war I saw over there won't be a patch upon the fight I'm in for here. All right, it will be a fight, and —and you'll agree with me that I have precious little to lose. But there, I've said a lot more than I meant to say, even to you, Mark Bearse. Now this you must understand thoroughly. It is my fight and, win or lose—make your bets ten to one on the losing—I'm going to fight it alone. You mustn't and you sha'n't be mixed up in it."

"Is that so? I'm here, ain't I? All right. And I'm going to keep on comin' here. You may be Admiral or Commodore or Grand High General Commander in this scrap of yours, but there never was a Admiral or General yet that didn't need somebody afore the mast or in the ranks I've enlisted. Say, look here, Eph Nye, do you think you're goin' to have all the fun yourself? Did you ever know anybody that loved a row any better'n I do? You bet you never! And you can't keep me out of this one."

"Mark, don't be a fool!"

"Why not? You're one, ain't you, for comin' back here? Sure thing you are! And I'm goin' to be another."

The one-sided smile was in evidence again as Doctor Nye slowly shook his head.

"Mark," he began, "if there are limits to foolhardiness, I left here a convicted thief, the meanest kind of a thief——"

His friend interrupted him. He struck the rickety table an alarming thump with his fist.

"Shut up!" he bellowed. "You know what I told Matilda? I told her that if Saint Peter himself said you stole that church money I'd call him a liar. Now don't talk to me any more—not that way."

For a full minute Nye gazed intently into the flushed face of his visitor, then he rose and, opening the door to the dining-room, called to Mr. Payson.

"Henry," he ordered, "bring in that checker-board, will you?"

THE next morning, shortly after breakfast, another caller came to the old Dillingham house. Miss Althea Bemis saw him come, just as she had seen Captain Benny come the evening before. Henry Ward Beecher Payson met him at the door, just as he had met Captain Mark. But, whereas the sight of the captain had caused Miss Althea to sniff disgustedly and Henry to grin his delight, this person's appearance wrung a gasp of awesome excitement from the Bemis breast and no grin accompanied the Payson greeting.

Henry had been stumping about the dining-room, a broom in his hand. Doctor Nye was standing by the window.

"What have you been doing for a living these last seven or eight years?" Doctor Nye inquired.

"Oh, just scratchin' along, same as usual. Nobody has much use for a one-legged man at a steady job, seems so. I worked for the town, fixin' the roads, but I didn't stay at it long. Worked too hard, I call it, that's against the rules on a town job so they had me off. Worked for the Barstows and the Holcombys and all one Summer for the Powells. Eh? What say?"

Doctor Nye had not said anything, but he had turned away from the window and was regarding his man of all work with a most peculiar expression.

"For—whom?" he asked.

"The Powells. They're Summer folks. Old man Powell bought that big Nickerson house on Dorfe Road, a couple of doors west of Judge Copeland's. Old Cap'n Lorenzo Nickerson's it used to be. Cap'n Lorenzo, he——"

"Who is this Powell?"

"He ain't any more. He died four years ago. Name was Ephraim Penworth Powell, and he come from New York."

"Oh!" The doctor seemed to have lost interest again. He turned back to the window.

"Why?" inquired Henry. "Didn't know him, did you, Doctor Eph?"

"No."

"I call'late not. He's dead. Mrs. Powell's been here a couple of S'mmers, but she's over to Europe now. I hear she's comin' back to open the house, tho, this season. She ain't old Wentworth's— Eh? Who's that knockin'?"

He moved to the door. Miss Bemis, peering beneath her window shades, her bosom still agitated by the awesome thrill before mentioned, saw that door opened.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

Would You Be Beautiful?

Beauty has been the quest of all ages. Thousands of lovely women attribute their beauty to the use of *Nadine Face Powder*. The cheeks have just a tint of color, the skin can only be equalled by the soft texture of a rose petal.

Nadine will keep the roses in your cheeks. It will adhere and protect the skin from the sun, wind and dust. It contains no white lead or other ingredient to harm the skin or the eyes. It's the same pure powder, popular for so many years—only the box and fragrance have been improved.

Money refunded if you are not pleased. At your toilet counter 50c. Miniature box sample by mail 4c.

Tints, White, Flesh, Pink, Brunette

National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn. Dept. 4207

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon

Mercolized Wax

gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by retined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you used it?

Mercolized Wax (*transfer*) 95c
Powdered Saxolite (*for wrinkles*) . . . $1.
Phelactine (*hair remover*) . . . . . $1.
Powdered Tarkroot (*face tonic*) . $1.

All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

Dept. 4207 Daushen Supply Co., 2358 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Be Your Own Hair Dresser

Wa-V-Lox produces a natural, lasting wave without heat. *It's in the twist.*

Three 15 inch long kinds make 48 your choice or send 1c.

JOSEPH W. SCHMOSS & CO. 11 East 26th St.

Wa-V-Lox Hair Waver

3 for 15¢

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME

Take orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics and General Yard Goods. Our agents get big income. Large Book of over 1000 handsome fabrics supplied free to agents. Write today!

National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 2K 573 Broadway, N. Y.

FREE Dress Making Lessons

Any girl or woman 15 or over can easily learn DRESS DESIGNING AND MAKING IN TEN WEEKS, using your own name as a basis. Experience unnecessary.

$40 to $100 a Week

Send Coupon Today. Kindly send me free advice how to become a Dress Designer and Maker.

Name .....

Address .....

Rochester, N. Y.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

What Beauty Feature Attracts You First?

It is the hair and she who would retain it through life must keep it in a cleanly, healthy condition.

The use of Canthrox is, in thousands of cases, the only difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair. Canthrox removes all dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil, it cleanses and invigorates the scalp; it promotes the growth and natural beauty of the hair. After a Canthrox shampoo the hair will be soft, silken, full of life and lustre and it develops a natural wave and luxuriance that will delight you.

Canthrox
Shampoo

is daintily perfumed, is equally efficient in hard or soft water and is easy to use and so quick in showing results that it has become the favorite hair wash of all women who have tried it during the many years that it has been a leader in the shampoo field. Men, too, will find it the perfect shampoo.

At All Drug Stores

The cost of a Canthrox shampoo is only about three cents. After using it, your hair and scalp will feel absolutely cool, clean and refreshed. The continued use of Canthrox will gradually beautify and glorify your hair.

Free Trial Offer

To prove that all we say of Canthrox is true and that one application will make you a constant user, we will gladly send free one perfect shampoo for a two-cent stamp to pay postage.

H. S. PETERSON & CO.
214 W. Kinzie St. Dept. 265
CHICAGO, ILL.

Phyllis Haver, lovely comedy star, uses and recommends Maybelline.

You, Too, May Instantly Beautify Your Eyes With

Maybelline

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" will make light, short, thin eyelashes and brows appear beautifully dark, long and luxurious, thereby giving charm, beauty and expression to the face. This world famous preparation, so harmless and genuine, will not cause irritation or discomfort in the slightest degree, even when used by the most sensitive girls and women. Solid Cake Form, Liquid Form, Cream Form. Sold by leading dealers throughout the world. Insist upon "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is guaranteed. Two valuable booklets free.

Maybelline Co., 4750-74 Sheridan Road, Chicago

KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY HIDES LARGE JOINTS

FOR MEN OR WOMEN

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Fischer PROTECTOR

Affords instant relief for bunions and large joints, hides irregularities of foot form. Worn in any shoe; no larger size required. Over one-half million in use. *Ask at shoe dealer or druggist.* Write today for special free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoe and if for right or left foot.

The Fischer Manufa turing Co.
First National Bank Bldg. Dept. 24, Milwaukee, Wis.

Art Corner Your Pictures—Album

Engel

5 Styles Art Corners 5 Colors

Album complete at Photo Supply and 5 and 10c stores. Or send 10c for sample corners and Album catalog. Mention dealer's name. No Fold wet, to mount Engel Mfg. Co. Dept. 28, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

She was too far away so see Mr. Payson's start of surprise, but she guessed it.

"Why—why, Judge Copeland!" exclaimed Henry. "Er—er— How d'ye do, Judge?"

Judge Copeland did not tell him how he did. He asked a question of his own.

"Is your—is Mr. Nye here?" he demanded.

Henry plainly was torn between a natural desire to prevaricate and an uncertainty as to whether his employer would wish him to do so.

"Why—I—I'll see, Judge," he stammered. "I—he was s—a spell ago."

"Bosh!" impatiently. "I heard you speaking with him just before I knocked. What is the use of your talking nonsense?"

Mr. Payson was finding it difficult to frame a satisfactory reply. He was, however, saved the trouble. Doctor Nye pushed him gently aside.

"Not a bit, Dan," he said, quietly. "Merely a polite conventionality, that's all. The same thing that led you to ask if I was in when you knew I was. Join us, won't you?"

The judge accepted the invitation. He elbowed Henry Ward Beecher Payson still further out of the doorway and stepped across the threshold. He and Doctor Eph regarded each other, Copeland flushed and agitated, Nye calm and gravely affable. Neither, of course, offered to shake hands. Copeland spoke first.

"No doubt you are surprized to see me here," he blurted. "In a way I am surprized and disgusted with myself for coming. But I came—I felt that I must come—to talk to you."

The doctor nodded. "Thank you, Dan," he said. "So far you are a distinguished minority."

Judge Copeland sniffed. "And will continue to be, so far as the respectable element of this community is concerned," he observed.

"Doubtless. Will you sit down?"

"No. But I have some things to say to you and I prefer to say them *to* you, and not," with a contemptuous glance at Payson, "to the rabble in this town. Can't we go into another room?"

Nye stepped to the door of the sitting-room. "Walk in," he said. "Henry, never mind the sweeping for the present. Close the kitchen door as you go there, will you?"

Acting upon this decided hint, the insulted Mr. Payson indignantly withdrew to the kitchen. The doctor followed his visitor into the sitting-room and shut the door behind them.

"WELL, Dan," he said, "now will you be seated?"

"No."

"As you like. That rocker, however, is fairly comfortable. The other chairs are—well, they were cheap. Won't take the rocker? Sorry."

"Oh, the devil!" Copeland's disgust overcame him. "You appear to think I came here to—to make a social call. I did not. Listen to me, Nye! You answer my questions!"

Doctor Eph's lip curled slightly. "Judge," he drawled, "are you the prosecuting attorney as well as the—er—magistrate? Or am I under cross-examination from the bench?"

"Triumph! If you were it wouldn't be the first time."

"That's true. On the previous occasion, however, you—and the other bench—may remember that I declined to answer. But perhaps I shall answer now. What are your questions?"

"I want to know if what I have heard is true about your coming here to this town to live?"

"Probably not, if you heard it *in* the town. But it is true that I have hired this house and intend living here."

"It's a damnable outrage! Stone ought to hang."

"I can't help you there. Hanging is much more in your line of work than mine, I should think."

"Oh, *don't* try to be funny! You'll find there is no humor in the situation before many months, or I miss my guess. And is it true that you intend practising here again as a doctor?"

"Yes."

"You can't." If you practise without a license you'll go back to jail, where you belong. There is a law, thank God, against that very thing!"

"Yes, Judge. You confirm the opinions of other legal lights. However, I have a license."

"You have! I don't believe it. They took yours away when you were——"

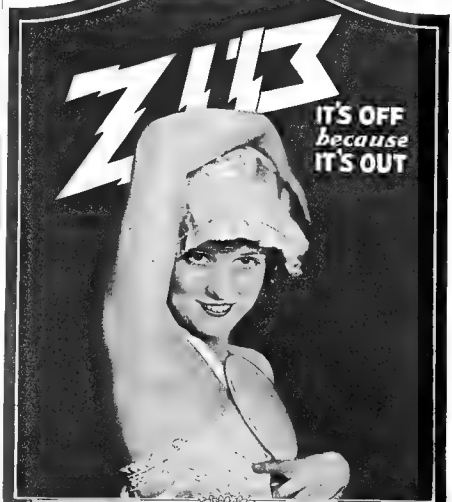
"Pardon me. You're wrong. They took away my registration, but, as of course you know, the State board can at any time after one year restore that registration to a physician, if it sees fit. In my case it—er—saw fit."

"I don't believe it, I tell you. It would be an outrage."

"That is a matter for argument with the board, I should say. But I'll show you the certificate, if you wish. Or you can take my word for it."

Apparently Judge Copeland was willing to take the word. He said no more about the registration, but began pacing up and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



You, Too, Can Have the Loveliest Skin!

LOOK in your mirror and see if there is a tiny growth of downy hair on either side of the upper lip. Perhaps, unconsciously, you have permitted these tiny hairs to grow until they are now large and conspicuous, marring your good looks. Remove them at once, off and out, before they enlarge the pores and before they become a subject of jest among your men and women friends.

There is a difference between merely removing surface hair with ordinary depilatories, and actually lifting out the hairs from under the skin with ZIP. The former has the same effect as shaving. ZIP, by gently lifting the hairs from under the skin, invariably checks the growth.

ZIP is easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant, quick, painless, effective and absolutely harmless. It leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Guaranteed! Ladies everywhere are discarding dangerous methods and are now using ZIP for removing superfluous hair on face, underarms and body; creating the new arched brow, clearing the back of neck below bobbed hair; freeing the forearms and limbs. Avoid imitations which stick to the skin and are not effective.

Write for FREE BOOK "Beauty's Greatest Secret" telling about ZIP and in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful, also a FREE sample of my Massage and Cleansing Cream.

The recognition of ZIP by Physicians, Specialists, Beauty Editors and Professionals has demanded that I also give to the modern woman other preparations to enhance her beauty, and with that in mind, I have formulated the articles illustrated here.

BALM-O-LEM—*A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH FOR YOUR SKIN. The new lemon lotion. Softens and whitens the skin. Makes face powder adhere twice as long. 75c.*

AB-SCENT—*The ideal liquid deodorant. Remedies excessive perspiration. Destroys odors harmlessly. Colorless! Contains no staining artificial colors. 50c.*

MADAME BERTHÉ'S MASSAGE AND CLEANSING CREAM—*A delightfully soothing, white lemon verbena cream, by many preferred to the ordinary lemon creams. Guaranteed not to grow hair. Attractive 2-oz. jar 60c, half-pound jar $2.00*

MADAME BERTHÉ'S ANTISEPTIC TALC—*An excellent absorbent of skin moisture and most valuable for general toilet use. Can 25c, jar 75c.*

LASH-LIFE—*For beautifying the eyes. Makes lashes long and brows lustrous. Per tube 50c.*

For Sale at All Good Stores. Patronize your Dealer. However, if there are any of these preparations which your dealer does not carry, I shall be glad to send them to you by mail. (Postage charge for two preparations 10c; 5c for each additional preparation.)

Call at my Salon to have FREE DEMONSTRATION

Madame Berthé
Specialist with
JEAN JORDEAU INC.
DEPT. 493 562 FIFTH AVENUE
(Entrance on 46th Street)
NEW YORK CITY

Madame Berthé, Dept 493 562 Fifth Ave., New York.

Please send me "Beauty's Greatest Secret" telling about ZIP and your other preparations, and in which leading stars it is used beautiful. Also please send me FREE sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair. I desire, by mail, any of the preparations shown here please circle the articles desired and amount of payment being sent.

(Please Print Your Name)

Name .....
Address .....
City and State .....

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Make Your Home More Attractive with

SUNSET SOAP DYES

ONE Real Dye For ALL Fabrics

TRY one room and see what a pleasing and distinctive color scheme you can get, even with inexpensive material. A beautiful Sunset color in curtains and draperies gives a charm to the fabric that takes your room out of the ordinary and helps make a *home* out of "just a house."

Interesting color is the foundation that gives character to any room and enables you to express your own personality in the decoration. Sunset's 22 standard colors easily combine to produce any of the fashionable shades or other lovely colors you'd like to have. Creating colors of your own in this way is most fascinating and really very simple.

The clean, easy Sunset way has made possible the *pleasure* of modern home dyeing, with none of the messy annoyance of old-fashioned methods. No matter what your material may be, Sunset dyes all fabrics—Cotton, Wool, Silk or Mixed Goods—at the same time in one 30-minute operation.

22 FAST COLORS

15¢ A CAKE

See the SUNSET Color Card at your dealer's. If he does not yet sell SUN-SET, do not accept disappointing substitutes. Send us 15c. for each color you need.

Write our Home Service Department about your dyeing problems.

Manufactured by
NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
Dept. 28
MOUNT VERNON NEW YORK

Sales Representatives:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
171 Madison Avenue New York

Never neglect a cut or scratch

The prompt application of a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. cleanses the injury, guards against infection and assists nature in healing. Safe, dependable and of an agreeable odor. Keep it handy for strains, sprains, sore muscles and other emergencies.

At most druggists', $1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. 373 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Don't Send 1 Penny

SUIT Bargain $3.98 Delivery FREE

This is the greatest suit bargain we have offered in years. The suit is a sister suit of the fireside jacket, which can be worn as a separate coat or sweater, and is plain, circular skirt to match, both for the remarkably low price of $3.98. This suit would retail for about $10.00.

The material is a knitted fabric, firmly built of excellent weight, which will give wonderful satisfactory wear. Most stylish material ever designed for sport clothes. Has a copy of the fine all wool sponge which sells for $6.00 a yard.

The jacket is designed with tuxedo front, cuffs and neck bid of brushed yarn. Has set-in sleeves and convertible pockets. Cut full. Unlined.

The skirt has slight waist band and two patch pockets. Cut full and roomy.

This suit can be worn for all occasions. Our price is ridiculously low.

COLORS: Heather blue, gray or brown. Sizes to fit misses 14, 16, 18 yrs., women, 32 to 46 bust.

Don't Send 1 Penny

Just send your name and address —no money. When the postman delivers this suit at your door, pay him $3.98 for it. We have paid the transportation costs to it, for any reason whatsoever. It is not better than you expected, return it at our expense and we will cheerfully refund your money. Could anything be fairer? Order by No. 39.

Walter Field Co., Dept. T 2467, Chicago

Protect that cavity!

Guard against further decay. Fill cavity regularly with Dent's Toothache Gum until you can see your dentist. It does four things:

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

1. Relieves toothache quickly
2. Cleanses & protects cavity
3. Retards further decay
4. Destroys all odor

A Swell Affair

Contains no creosote or harmful ingredients. Does not spill or dry up like liquids. At all druggists' 25c, or by mail upon receipt of price. Made for 35 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

Banish CORNS

not by dangerous cutting but the safe way—easy, painless. A few drops of "GETS-IT" instantly stops all pain; then shrivels the corn so you can peel it off.

35c Everywhere

"GETS-IT"

E. Lawrence & Co. Chicago

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

down the floor of the little room. When he next spoke it was in a different tone. He turned toward Nye, his hands outstretched.

"For Heaven's sake, man," he cried, "why did you do it?"

"Why did I come here—to Ostable?"

"Yes. Yes, of course, why did you come? Weren't there plenty of other towns where you could go, where you weren't known? Where you might start again and not—not bring disgrace upon innocent people? Haven't you disgraced me and mine enough?"

The mask upon Doctor Eph's face was in evidence now. His expression was grave but absolutely inscrutable.

"Do you think so?" he observed.

"Do I *think* so! Good Heavens! Your wife—my poor sister—you drove her to her death! She died of shame because of you. She——"

For a moment the mask dropped. Nye's lips tightened.

"There, there, Judge," he commanded, "that *is* enough of that! Fanny died of a disease which she had for two years or more. You know it perfectly well. Her death-certificate shows it. The specialists who attended her know it. She— But we won't talk about her, if you please."

"Indeed?"

"No, we won't. Talk about me. Every one else in Ostable is talking about me, I am sure. Why should you and I trouble to be original, Daniel? It isn't necessary in this case and it—er—is never respectable."

COPELAND took another turn across the room and back. Then:

"Why did you come here?" he demanded again.

Doctor Eph sighed. "Mark Bearse asked me that question last night," he said. "I'll tell you what I told him. I don't know why I came back—exactly. But I have some vague reasons, such as they are. You are not mixed up in them at all, Judge. And I assure you that I do not expect you—or yours—to be mixed up with me. By the way, how is Faith?"

"She is well and I was in hopes that she had forgotten you. I wanted her to. I, myself, wanted to forget you, and all that horrible business. And now— Oh, for God's sake, Nye, *won't* you go away? Is it money you need? Is that what you came for?"

The doctor smiled. "Meaning blackmail, Daniel? No, it isn't that."

"I didn't mention blackmail. I mean do you need money? If you do—money to go West or South or somewhere and start over again, where your record isn't known —I'll—yes, I'll supply that money."

Another slow shake of the head. "Thanks, Judge," said the doctor. "But money won't send me away. Nothing will. I'm here—where my—er—record *is* known. I am going to live here and I am going to practise medicine here—that is, I am going to try."

"Try! Who do you think will employ you? Nobody worth while, I assure you of that."

"Maybe. Even probably. But, Judge—speaking as a member of my profession to a member of yours—don't you think the average community has enough residents who are not worth while, to keep one doctor busy?"

Judge Copeland did not deign to answer. He marched to the door.

"Very well," he said. "You mean to stay. I know you well enough to see that. But—but you must be insane or—or more of an unfeeling rascal than even I believed you to be."

"Thank you. The compliment is undeserved, Judge. I am not insane."

"I wish to Heaven you were!"

"I have wished it myself; but those are matters which we can't control. Neither the most respected citizens of Ostable County nor the least can control that. You and I have something in common, haven't we? A humiliating thought, Judge. I beg your pardon for suggesting it."

"If you were insane I might have some pity for you. As it is——"

"As it is, I must do without. Well—good day, Judge."

"You will be driven out of town within a year. Take care you don't force me to make it *my* business!"

"I should be sorry to add to your business cares."

"I warn you, Ephraim Nye, that neither I nor my daughter will recognize you in any way. I married my sister. It is true that your ways were never mine and that we never agreed on most things, but—but there was a time when—when——"

"Perhaps we had. I regret that time, Judge. You said you had been trying to forget."

"I shall never recognize you. And as for my daughter——"

"Faith is a nice girl, as I remember her."

"She is a self-respecting girl. I wish her to remain so."

"She shall, so far as I am concerned. She may go on with the process of forgetting without the slightest hindrance from me. You can rely on that."

"Humph! Nye, I— Oh, man, why do you do this thing? Are you sure that money, any reasonable amount of money, would not affect your decision?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

Shake It Into Your Shoes — Sprinkle It Into the Foot-Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns, bunions, callouses and sore spots, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Makes Tight or New Shoes Feel Easy

At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath **and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.**

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Are You At Ease

It is so necessary to have a smooth, white underarm in this season's sheer fabrics—and it's so easy. Ready expert recommend

DEL-A-TONE

It is a preparation made scientifically correct for the purpose of safely removing hair from the face, neck, or underarms. It leaves the skin clear, firm and perfect, smooth—and is easy to apply.

Druggists sell Delatone or an original 1-oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of $1.

SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO. 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

Price $5.00

Rock-A-Bye Walker No. 16

Keep the baby happy in a Rock-A-Bye Walker. Frame is of steel, baby blue enamel with white waist silk duck complement for baby. Tray for playthings. Mounted on casters and rubber tires. Folds flat to 2-in. high by 22 in. deep. Order direct or at your dealer.

Send for Catalog of Nursery Supplies

Perfection Mfg. Co.
2705 N. Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Automatic Rapid Electric FIRELESS COOKER

Gives every facility of electric range plus every advantage of fireless cooker at less than a good oil stove.

New Invention

Revolutionizes Cooking

Saves 50% to 75% fuel cost

Bakes, roasts, boils, stews, fries, broils foods—no watching. Shuts off electricity automatically. Attaches to any electric socket. **No special wiring.** Write for FREE Home Science Cook Book, 30-day FREE trial offer and direct factory prices.

WM. CAMPBELL CO., Dept. 49 Detroit, Mich. Georgetown, Ont.

Makes Them Sing

Your bird sings brilliantly only when its tiny body is nourished and vigorous.

Max Geisler's Roller Seed and Maizena Biscuit

"The Scientifically Balanced Food"

Combine utmost healthy strengthens Great variety. Different from ordinary mixtures.

Fred Nobacker, Dayenville, Ky., writes, "My bird has won seven first prizes. After feeding a few days it sang more and clearer than ever."

At all druggists or direct, parcel post paid. Enjoy bird and song with Maizena Biscuit. Send for valuable Book Free for druggist's name and address.

Max Geisler Seed Co., Dept. 549, Cedar Rapids, Ia. or 26 Cooper Square, New York City

Dealers in Birds and Pets—26 years in business. Illus. catalog free.

Be a Dental Assistant

$25 to $50 a Week

Qualify in this new and successful field. Learn at home. Dignified, pleasant work. Short hours. Course is short, thorough and practical. Outfit free. Enables you to help dentists secure capable assistants to fill big demand. Tuition refunded in a few weeks. No lessons or unnecessaries. Free employment service. Largest school of its kind. Many of our 3rd graduates. Write for catalog No. W-57.

34 W. Lake St.
McCarrie School Chicago, Ill.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

INECTO RAPID

For the outdoor woman who would keep youthful looking ~

If you love to motor swim, golf, dance play tennis —if you love the outdoor things that bring summer summertime enjoyment, and find that the coming of gray hair is likely to spoil much of your pleasure—don't be discouraged.

Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes

Inecto Rapid is a scientific preparation discovered by Dr Emile of the University of Paris, first brought to America by returning tourists Already in use in 97% of the hair-dressing salons of European capitals—it made a particular appeal to the American woman —essentially an athletic type It stands every test to which the hair of the outdoor woman is subjected, which is the most severe test imaginable for a hair coloring Inecto Rapid tinting cannot be detected under the closest scrutiny, is unaffected by salt water, sunshine, perspiration, Russian or Turkish baths.

Inecto Rapid will positively color any naturally gray, streaked, or faded hair to any desired shade in 15 minutes. It is guaranteed to be permanent, is harmless to the hair or its growth and will maintain a uniform color over a period of years. It does not interfere with permanent waving.

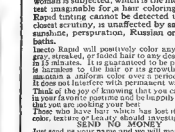
Think of the joy of knowing that you can indulge in your favorite pastime and be happily conscious that you are looking your best.

Those who have had their hair lost its original color, texture or beauty should investigate fully.

SEND for MONEY

Just send us your name and we will mail you full, descriptive details and our new Beauty Analysis Chart. From it you can find the most becoming color for your hair.

INECTO, INC.
Laboratories and Salons
24-26 West 46th St.,
New York



REDUCE Your Ankles

Every Woman Wants Beautiful, Slim, Appealing, Dainty Ankles

After a hard day's work and many hours on your feet, just see reduce your swollen ankles and reduce the tired muscles and tendons instantly.

DELRAY ANKLE REDUCERS
Work While You Sleep

Put them on when you go to bed. In the morning your ankles are quality Reduced. Wear them while you work, rest or walk without the slightest pain. Nothing to rub on or massage. Applied and taken off as a glove. Used by society women and actresses everywhere. Can be worn with any shoe. Will not stretch your stockings without detection. Order now at $2.95, less.

SEND NO MONEY

Measure at top of calf and ankle, and we will send you in plain wrapper a pair of Delray Ankle Reducers designed to shape your ankles. Pay postman $2.95 plus few cents postage on delivery. Send chart showing all sizes and directions. You will notice results immediately. Reduce your ankles and use while in bed and when dancing by wearing them.

A CT 50
DELRAY MFG. CO.
39 East 23d St., Box 52
New York City

FREE Hair and Beauty Books

Show the latest styles of Transformations, Curls, Puffs, Wigs, Switches, Natural Wavers, Bobs, Pompadours, Bandeaux, Hair Nets, Gray Hair Coloring, Shampoos, Manicure requisites in Braids, Pompadours, Transformations and Wavers. Write at once for these books and special offer. Your Perfect match guaranteed. Certain success of Modern Methods of Beauty Culture. A postal card will do. Send for these valuable books at once. Write today

PARK-FIFTH AVENUE COMPANY
Est. 1889 207 S. Wabash Avenue, Dept. 145, Chicago, Illinois

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in one of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. Meets the needs of business men and women. Write today for booklet and free sample lesson pages.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H 539 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

Learn This Secret

of growing perfect flowers. Spray with "Black Leaf 40"

Rids plants of destructive aphis and similar pests. Bottle making 6 gals. of spray only 80c. At your dealers.

TOBACCO BY-PRODUCTS & CHEMICAL CORP. Incorporated Louisville, Ky.

SPRAY Black Leaf 40 40% NICOTINE

Kills Aphis

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

"I am sure. And Daniel, I'm sorry—sorry for you, I mean—but I am going to stay. I shall try to trouble you and your family not at all, but I shall stay unless the driving-out-of-town process becomes pretty drastic. I thank you for the offer, however. Good morning."

Miss Althea Bemis saw Judge Copeland stalk down the Dillingham walk to the waiting limousine.

THAT afternoon Henry Ward Beecher Payson performed a task which afforded him extreme gratification. He made of it, in fact, a ceremony. Perfectly conscious that his every action was observed and noted from the Bemis conning-tower, on the other side of the way, he lingered over the preliminaries and delayed the dénouement until the last possible moment. He dug the hole in the ragged lawn down near the gate; he erected the post with care and much solicitude concerning its perpendicularity. When he nailed to the top of this post its crowning glory—or infamy, depending upon the view-point, spiritual and moral, of the observer—he shielded that glory—or infamy—with his body until the final nail was affixed. Then he stepped dramatically aside, and there, flauntingly brazen for all North Ostable to see, was the old sign-board, weather-beaten and tarnished:

EPHRAIM NYE, M.D.

Henry stumped back to the house, chuckling.

"She's all set, Doctor Eph," he declared. "Looks natural as life, she does. He, he! Ca'late that'll stir up Athy Bemis some, eh? She was watchin' every nail I drove."

Miss Bemis was not, of course, the only one to find material for talk in that sign-board. It confirmed the rumors which had been flying about Ostable township and furnished the icing, so to speak, upon the delectable cake which the gossips were devouring.

There were some few supporters, but they were very few. Captain Mark Bearse, of course, but people expected almost anything of Captain Mark.

Cyrenus Stone was another who did not utterly condemn Nye for returning to Ostable. This, too, was not unexpected. Cyrenus was "contrary"—that good old Yankee word described him well—and he was particularly contrary whenever and wherever Judge Daniel Copeland was concerned. If the judge said "A" Cyrenus Stone invariably said "Z." The judge was the leader of the town and county Republican forces; Stone of the Democratic. Copeland was intensely orthodox and could invariably be counted upon to do the expected thing. Cyrenus was atheistic and could not be counted upon with certainty except to oppose whatever the judge might do. Each had followers, altho Copeland's following was by far the larger, and Stone's the less respected. They were alike in but two particulars: both were successful business men and both were autocrats. Daniel had one child, a daughter, Faith. Cyrenus had a son, also an only child, Thomas Jefferson Stone was his name, and he was a young engineer not long out of "Tech" and employed by a Boston engineering firm

Cyrenus Stone, as owner of the old Dillingham place, had been directly responsible for providing Ephraim Nye with a home, and a yard in which to erect his sign-board. Consequently the Copeland faction, in this case more than three-fourths of Ostable township, were shocked and resentful. Many men and women—good Democrats, too—remonstrated with Stone and told him he was making a wicked mistake. Cyrenus did not seem to care. He repeated his assertion that he would have rented the property to Judas Iscariot if the latter had come forward with the money.

"So long as he pays his rent," said Stone, "he can stay. When he can't, out he goes."

"But he has entered his term as State prison," declared one indignant individual voicing the general protest.

"Um—hum," said Stone. "Well, there's a lot of folks that ought to serve theirs. The gang that put through that South Ostable Road graft, for instance."

The South Ostable Road had been macadamized by money appropriated by a Republican Board of Selectmen.

"But he is a thief."

"Well? It's somethin' to have jailed *one* Republican thief, ain't it? There's lots more runnin' around loose."

"He ought to be shunned by every decent person."

"Well, he will be, won't he? About the only one that's been to see him so far, from what I hear, is Dan Copeland."

Cyrenus, himself, however, called a day or two after the erection of the sign-board. His was not a lengthy visit.

"Well, Nye," he said, "I just dropped in to see if you were comfortable here."

Doctor Nye nodded. "To speak professionally, I am doing as well as can be expected," he replied.

"Nothin' you counted on you haven't got, then?"

"No."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

Springtime—

does it restore the glow of youth to your cheeks?

AFTER a winter spent inside, after a season of indoor activities—*what of your complexion?* Do spring sunshine and balmy air restore freshness to a sallowed skin? Does your complexion grow fair and radiant?

You can *aid* nature to bring back a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks. You can attain new beauty of complexion if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream—more than a cleanser. It has an exclusive therapeutic property which serves to refresh and nourish the skin cells—to "tone-up", *revitalize*, the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly it soothes away redness and roughness, heals tiny imperfections—restores healthy charm to your skin.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin now to gain the fresh, wholesome complexion, the clear, soft skin that should be yours.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
39 Tenth St. Detroit, Mich.
Canadian residence address F. F. Ingram Co., Windsor, Ont.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Send a dime with coupon for Ingram's Beauty Purse

Poses by Miss Allbon, all exhibit slav of Metro motion pictures. Miss Allbon is one of many charming women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show the proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Offered in thin, artistic metal vanity-box, with large mirror and pad—does not bulge the purse. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed—Light, Rose, Medium, American Blush and Dark—50c.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 39 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find a silver dime. Please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing samples of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Ingram's Rouge and other Ingram Toilet-Aids—also an elderdown powder pad

Name .....Address.....
City .....State .....

Drawn by Ralph Barton

BOURJOIS' JAVA FACE POWDER

The Face Powder in the Emerald Green Box

The Powder of Luxurious Economy

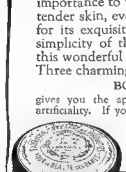
ALWAYS has been and still remains the greatest example of Face Powder value. No powder made is of greater aid and importance to your beauty and complexion. It benefits the most tender skin, even an infant's. For generations it has been famous for its exquisite fragrance and its marvelous adherence. The simplicity of the Emerald Green Box makes it possible to offer this wonderful value.

Three charming tints, and white. Demand it today!

BOURJOIS' ASHES OF ROSES* ROUGE

gives you the appearance of youth and vivacity without a suggestion of artificiality. If you prefer a lighter shade, try Bourjois' Rouge Mandarine.*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Bourjois' Ashes of Roses Series. Perfume, Toilet Water Face Powder, Talcum, After the Bath Powder, Lip Stick

Bourjois' Java Face Powder

A. BOURJOIS & CO., INC.
PARIS 31½ West 34th St. NEW YORK

Enclosed find 10c for samples of Bourjois Java Face Powder and Bourjois' Ashes of Roses Rouge

Check color wanted
White ☐ Naturelle ☐ Rachel ☐

Name _____
Address _____ City _____ C

Bourjois' Ashes of Roses Rouge No. 36

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Mysterious Something—

KNOWN only to the ladies of a certain noble family of Florentine days was a magic skin formula—its use rendering them pre-eminent in courtly circles because of their transcendent beauty of complexion. Mysterious and wonderful! What could it be? Science has disclosed "that mysterious something."

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY

Sempre Giovine—Meaning "Always Young"

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is a fragrant skin cleanser in cake form which, applied to the face at the end of the day, nourishes the skin, cleanses the pores thoroughly of dirt, banishes blemishes and all impurities—doing what soap and water alone cannot do because, being composed of oils which have a natural affinity to the skin, it dissolves the oily pore deposits and removes them without irritating the delicate epidermis.

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is to the skin what the sun is to the flowers, giving that delightful freshness of charmful youth—leaving the skin with the smoothness of satin—without an appearance of oil or shine.

Send your name and address for a seven-day trial size cake free. It will show you why those who use this dainty refreshing complexion cake are, indeed, "always young."

The Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Co., Dept. 21-35 Grand Rapids, Mich.

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

"How about patients?" with a sardonic grin.

"I didn't count on them heavily."

"Humph! How does Parker like your locatin' here?"

Doctor Parker was the Ostable physician. An elderly man, mild, politic, and carefully conservative.

"I don't know."

"But you can guess, eh? Well, it'll do him good. He's too blamed satisfied to suit me. Last time my wife sent for him it was an hour before he showed up. Been chasin' to Copeland's, I found out. King Daniel had a cold or a toothache or somethin'. I told him that when I said come I meant it. If you give him a scare you won't hurt my feelin's any."

Doctor Ephraim smiled. "Thank you," he observed. "That will relieve my conscience when I hear of his looking frightened."

"Huh? What? Oh, well, you can't tell. You may pick up a livin' here. There's lots of Portygees and folks like that that ain't particular. Good luck to you."

"Thanks. How are your family, Mr. Stone?"

"Sophrony—my wife—ain't very well; feels sort of tired, she says, and she ain't the kind to tire easy. Parker don't seem to know what's the matter with her. Probably it ain't anything much."

"I hope not. How is your son?"

"Eh? Tom? Oh, he's all right. Doin' pretty well at his work. He's goin' to be down in this neighborhood pretty soon; got a job superintendin' the new bridge they're goin' to build over to Denboro. You remember him, do you?"

"Yes. As a boy."

"He's a man now. Twenty-five—no, twenty-six year old. Time flies, don't it?"

Doctor Eph did not answer promptly. He seemed to be thinking. Then he said, "Evidently it does—for some people."

THE new sign-board did not bring an immediate rush of patients to the humble consulting-room of Ephraim Nye, M.D. A week passed and none came. Henry Ward Beecher Payson, at first confidently expectant, grew less so.

"Humph!" he grunted. "This is the eighth day since I put out that sign-board and there ain't a soul been inside this gate but Cap'n Mark and Cyrenus and a feller from Denboro peddlin' fish. What ails all the folks in this town, anyway?"

The doctor looked up from the book he was reading.

"Apparently nothing ails them, Henry," he replied. "That may be the trouble."

But on the ninth day a patient came, or, if not that, a patient in person, one acting as the latter's agent. Nye was alone when this agent came, Henry having gone down to the village store on a supply-purchasing expedition. When he returned he found his employer looking over his medicine-case and evidently preparing to go out.

"Where you bound, Doc?" asked Henry, who seldom permitted shyness to interfere with his desire for information.

The doctor's answer was solemnly given, but there was a peculiar look in his eye.

"I am going to call -professionally, of course—upon a lady named Rose," he said.

"Rose? Rose who?"

"I don't know her other name, Henry."

"You don't! Why, there's a half dozen Roses in North Ostable: Rose Barker and Rosie Nickerson and old Mrs. Simeon Tidd -her name's Rose—now, 'tain't, it's Vi'let; I knew 'twas some kind of a flower. But then there's Rose Snow, Philander Snow's wife, and——"

"It's none of those, Henry. This—er—lady's surname is Rose. I haven't the privilege of her Christian name as yet."

"Hey? My thunder sakes!" as the full import of this dawned upon him. "Doctor Eph, you don't mean you're goin' up to Vasco Rose's? *Yes!* that's the Rose, is it?"

"Why, I believe so, Henry. A small Rose—one of the buds. I presume—came here and said his mother was sick and that his father wished me to call right away, if I was not too busy. I am not."

"Good! Thought you said you was."

"Not too busy, I mean. I am going to visit the lady."

"My thunder mighty! Doc, *don't* be crazy. Why, them Roses are the worst no-account tribe there is. I ain't sayin' nothin' against Portygees in—in the bulk, you understand—there's lots of real nice ones—but that Vas Rose gang! Why, Doctor, they'll steal the shirt off your back. They owe everybody in town, and every bill is two year past due. Eh? What say?"

Nye was paying little attention. He quoted something to the effect that "the rose is sweetest washed in morning dew." Mr. Payson gasped again.

"*Washed!*" he protested. "Why, Doctor Eph, you don't *know* that bunch. They don't never—— Aw, Doc, don't go! They only sent for you 'cause Doctor Parker won't go there no more unless he gets some money. Don't go, I tell you. You'll only be wastin' your time."

Doctor Ephraim was at the door. He smiled, in his one-sided fashion, as he stepped across the threshold. "And what a waste that would be!" he observed. "I'll be back by and by, Henry. I leave you to entertain the callers."

He went. The Roses lived in a dreary

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

Genuine

BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuritis	Lumbago
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Perfume Your Bath—Soften Hard Water Instantly

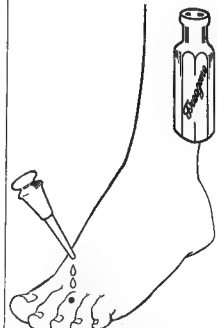
Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—it refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth. Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain-water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Always keep a can in your bath room. Three sizes: 25c, 50c and $1. At drug and department stores or by mail. Send 10c for miniature can. The C. S. Welch Co., Dept. P. R., New York City.

TRADE MARK REG

BATHASWEET

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

DeafCanHear Says Science

New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to hear as well as ever. The makers of this wonderful device say it is too much to expect you to believe this so they are going to give you a chance to try it at home. They offer to send it by prepaid parcel post on a ten-day free trial. They do not send it C. O. D.—they require no deposit—there is no obligation.

They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to the Dictograph Products Corporation, 1351 Candler Building, New York, for descriptive literature and request blank.

Ride a Ranger

Ask The Most Wonderful Bike Book Ever Published. 44 Styles, colors, sizes. Ranger is our own factory direct-to-rider line. Costs no more. Easy payments. Delivered free on approval, express prepaid, for 30 Days' Free Trial. Do not buy unless you are satisfied.

Tires Best quality at factory prices, express prepaid. Sundries, wheels, equipment, parts. Write for big catalog and special factory offers and terms.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. M-23 Chicago

Write us today for Free Catalog

AGENTS $5 to $15 DAILY

Easy—(Sworn proof) Introduce New Style Guaranteed Hosiery—Must wear or replaced free. Experience unnecessary—Spare time satisfactory. Your pay in advance. You simply write orders. We deliver and collect. Samples furnished. All colors—grades including silks. MAD-O-DARE MILLS CO., DEPT. 2505 CINCINNATI, O.

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

Sold Everywhere

PARK AVENUE HOTEL

4th Avenue from 32nd to 33d Streets
NEW YORK
Subway entrance at door

One of the best known hotels in the metropolis. Convenient to shopping, theatres and in the heart of the wholesale district.

Rooms from $2.25 per day upwards

POPULAR PRICE CAFETERIA AND REGULAR RESTAURANT

GEORGE C. BROWN

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Free Trial Bottle Proves It

Graying, Faded or Discolored

—I can restore it

Gray hair, faded hair or hair discolored by some dye which didn't work need not be endured any more.

My Restorer brings back the perfect, original color to hair disfigured from any cause just as surely as it does to graying hair. Prove it by accepting the Free Trial bottle which backs every word I say. Try it on one lock of hair and be convinced.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is not a new preparation still in the experimental stage. I perfected it many years ago to restore my own gray hair. All explained in my patented Free Trial package. Send for it today and learn how this clean, colorless liquid restores your hair to the perfect, natural color —satisfactory results assured.

Another Great Discovery

While my Restorer is a perfect preparation which millions of users have found satisfactory, my laboratories recently made another important discovery. This discovery is the form of a special preparatory powder, which acts as a tonic and antiseptic, putting your hair in perfect condition for the use of the Restorer. Henceforth a package of this powder will be packed in every carton of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and a trial package is included in my special patented free trial outfit.

The action of this powder on the hair is so beneficial that I can hardly say enough about it. I consider it next in importance to the discovery and perfection of the Restorer Itself.

Mail Coupon Today

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package, which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on a single lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

Mary T. Goldman's

Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address

Mary T. Goldman,
923 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... dark (auburn, red)..... light brown..... light auburn (titian red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street..... City .....

3 Hardy Everblooming ROSES Postpaid For Only 25c

All Sure to Bloom and Bloom *All* Summer
Ormaden—Richest of all Red Roses.
Mrs. Aaron Ward—Best of Yellows.
Pink Radiance—Large beautiful pink.

Bargain Collections

2 Climbing Roses (hardy)	25c
3 Zeno Rosesall hardy	25c
3 Gerneaniumsmany	25c
3 Geraniums	25c
3 Cannas	25c
3 Potatoes	25c
3 Cannas	25c
5 Gladiolus	25c
5 Asters	25c
3 Hibiscus	25c
Any 5 Collections $1.00	
All 11 Collections $2.00	

We guarantee satisfaction and safe arrival.
1923 Year Book Free.
McGregor Bros. Co., Box 105 Springfield, O.

Carry Your Extra Money Safely in the S. T. L. Knee Pochette

New little safety pocket to attach to your garter by strap and safety pin. Safe, invisible and convenient for extra money, when you travel or shop.

Send 75c for Knee Pochette in any suede or dainty blue or cream lingette.

Attractive Handbook "Carrying Thin Safely" illustrates and describes other S. T. L. Pochettes, Handbags, Scarfbags, etc. Write for copy.

S. T. Leinbach Co., Dept. B, Gloversville, N. Y.

PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

For quick relief try Piso's—a remarkably effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sure for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes everywhere.

Dainty Vanitie Curtains

Ruffled marquisette curtains, 2¾ yards, with tie-backs, pair, $2.50; same style, filet net curtains, 2¾ yards, ivory color, $2.50 pair. Ruffled dotted marquisette curtains, woven dot, 2¾ yards, ribbon tie-backs, pair, $3.75 pair; colored dotted voile curtains, ruffled, 2¾ yards, with tie-backs, $2.85 pair. Parcels Postpaid.

Samples sent on receipt of 4 cents postage.

The Vanitie Company 716 Westminster Street Providence, R. I.

Kill The Hair Root

My method prevents the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today. Enclosing 2 stamps. We teach beauty culture. D. J. Mahler, 473-A, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

shack in the woods a lengthy two miles from Bayberry Lane. Vasco, the parent masculine, was away, at work on one of Cyrenus Stone's cranberry-bogs. His castle was by no means untenanted, however, for there were "buds" innumerable, of assorted sizes and various degrees of color and raggedness. Mrs. Rose was a huge feather-bed of a woman whose indisposition was due to the fact that she had tripped over a chair while chasing one of her offspring with a view to chastisement. Doctor Nye having ascertained that no serious results were likely to follow, left some simple remedies and the suggestion that she refrain from the pleasures of the chase for the immediate future.

He returned home to be cross-questioned by Mr. Payson.

"Didn't say nothin' about payin' you, did they?" the latter demanded. "No, I presume likely not. You're goin' to call again, too, ain't you? Oh, Doctor Eph, what made you go at all? You've started somethin' now, or I miss my guess."

It was soon made evident that he had not missed it. The doctor went again to the Rose shanty, and again after that. Mrs. Rose was liberal with her thanks. Her husband, grinning broadly, informed Nye that he was a "dum good doc." "I send for you again some day, maybe—huh?" he added, and announced it with the air of one conferring a favor. There was no request for the bill.

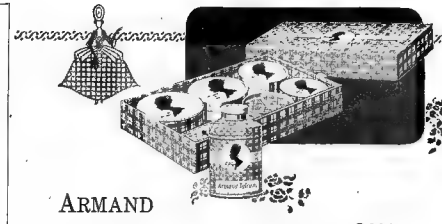
And yet from this case came others. The Rose evidently possessed the advertising instinct. Other dwellers in what Henry called the "Portygee nest" back in the woods came to consult Ephraim Nye, M.D. Some of these were, like the Roses, dirty, ragged, and shiftless. Some, however, were clean, thrifty, and industrious. Doctor Eph was summoned during the next month to five different families. Two of these families paid in cash for each visit, and seemed to take pride in so doing. The preponderance of weight was still heavily upon the non-paying side, but the doctor made no distinction. He was as solicitous and careful with the Mrs Joe Gonzales's twins—second set—as with old Peter Dagona's rheumatism. And, pay or no pay, he was thoroughly enjoying these opportunities to practise his always beloved profession. He had scarcely expected to make a living. He had a little money left from his aunt's legacy, and his expenses were very small. If the reserve fund gave out before the living came, why, then he—but he did not worry about that. It made so little difference what happened to him, after all.

DURING his tramp to and from the "Portygee nest" he met some of his fellow townfolk, male or female. All of them he of course knew; some had in the old days called themselves friends of his. He made it a practise when meeting one of them for the first time to bow and bid him or her a good morning or good afternoon. He found cynical amusement in watching them writhe. Most did writhe: that is, they looked very much embarrassed, mumbled something or other, and hurried on. Some did not speak at all. One or two returned the greeting and added a perfunctory "Howdy do?" None bade him welcome or said he or she was glad to see him. Why should they? He knew he was not welcome, and no one—except Bearse and Payson—was glad to see him. All of which, he tried to believe, troubled him not at all. He had foreseen it; it was a part of the bargain he had made with himself. And no one was given the opportunity to snub him a second time.

He met his brother-in-law occasionally. Judge Copeland's bow was coldly distant and they exchanged no words. Once, soon after the judge's visit to the Dillingham place, Nye saw Faith Copeland pass. She was walking briskly along one of the wood paths, her dog-cart on a path below, looking from the windows of the Gonzales shanty, saw and recognized her. She had changed greatly, had become a young woman; a good-looking, healthy, clear-eyed young woman, with the Copeland family likeness strong upon her. She resembled her father—and some one else. Doctor Eph walked home with knitted brow and his lips tightly set. Henry Ward Beecher Payson could not get back at supper-time that evening, and only when Captain Mark came to play checkers did he shake off what Henry termed his "glum fit." He did not see Faith again for some time. Captain Mark said she had gone back to boarding-school for her final term there.

The second week in May brought him his first non-Portygee patient. And, as a preliminary, he renewed an acquaintance. It was a Sunday morning, and he was taking what Henry called his "constitoodinal" and Captain Mark his "deck-pace." As it was a particularly fine morning, his walk was through the fields and along the edge of the sandy bluffs overlooking Ostable harbor, the long stretch of salt marshes, and the bay beyond. The sky was blue, the new grass was springing green beneath his feet, the gulls were screeching happily upon the beach below, and behind him, in the village, the church bells were summoning the godly to worship. His thoughts had been, for him, almost pleasant until those bells began.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



ARMAND

Week-end Package 25¢

FOR the week-end or overnight trip, this little beauty box is ready packed, just the size to slip into any corner of your traveling bag. Adding immeasurably to your comfort, it will keep you looking your loveliest all the time.

Face powder, rouge, cold cream, vanishing cream, talcum, soap—*everything* you could need is included in the Armand Week-end Package. There's a generous box of genuine Armand Cold Cream Powder—that wonderful, soft, dry powder with a base of cold cream which is bringing the happiness of an attractive appearance to women the world over.

Then there's a box of Armand Bouquet, a less dense powder; another of Rose, a delicate, clinging powder of exquisite fragrance. A tiny box of rouge, with puff. For cleansing the skin and protecting it from dust and dirt, there are samples of cold cream and vanishing cream. Then there's a can of talcum, a cake of fragrant soap and the Armand "Creed of Beauty," a little book that will help you always to look your best. All for 25c!

Fill in this coupon and send 25c for yours to-day. Address

ARMAND—Des Moines

ARMAND

ARMAND—Des Moines
I enclose 25c coin for the Armand Week-end Package and "Creed of Beauty." D
Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
My dealer's name is.....

Your hair must be clean to be healthy; your smart coiffure demands that hair be waved and every coiffure must be firmly and neatly held in place. All these requirements are met by the

Note Double Lock

Unlocks only at will of user not otherwise

WEST ELECTRIC

3 Aids to Beautiful Hair

West Electric Hair Curlers give, without heat, to your hair in twenty minutes a soft, lasting wave. Just one piece of electrified steel, nickeled, polished, smooth—nothing about West Electric Hair Curlers to get out of order—nothing to gather oil and dirt—nothing that can possibly cut or break the hair.

WEST *Electric "Softex" Shampoo*

Shampoo with West Softex. It cleanses the hair thoroughly, leaving it soft, full of life, and easy to manage. Contains just enough Egyptian Henna to give the desired shimmering tint. Also prepared *without* henna. 10c a package.

WEST *Electric Hair Curlers*

Then, for the wave, use WEST Electric Hair Curlers. No heat is required to insure a lasting wave in any desired effect. Simple, quick, and cannot injure the hair. Card of 5, 25c; card of 2, 10c.

WEST *Electric Hair Nets "Beach and Motor" West Double Mesh*

Finally the net—WEST "Beach and Motor" the invisible Hair Net. They are extra large, made of 30-inch, twice sterilized strands of American prepared hair. Wide variety of shades insures an exact match for any hair. 10c each. Satisfaction guaranteed. For economy, buy them by the dozen. West Double Mesh recommended for sports wear 15c each, 2 for 25c.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from us, enclosing purchase price and dealer's name and address.

Our "Guide to Hair Dressing at Home" shows, in full colors, how to dress the hair in the latest styles. It will be sent free upon request.

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO., 169 Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO. OF CANADA Ltd., Montreal
WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO., Hatton Garden, London, E. C. 1

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Laughing Vivian says:

"Don't allow your finest furniture to grow old"

If your piano, furniture or woodwork is becoming dark and dull, if it has taken on a blue, "smoky" appearance Liquid Veneer will quickly and easily restore the beautiful finish it had when new.

LIQUID VENEER

used in your daily dusting will remove all dust and dirt, and instantly all grime or cloudiness, white spots and mars disappear, leaving a beautiful, perfectly dry polish. It will quickly restore age-dulled pieces to brilliant newness.

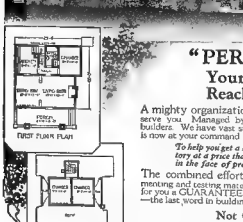
For *preserving* the finest finishes, you will find Liquid Veneer is infinitely better than anything else you have ever used.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
371 Ellicott Street BUFFALO, N. Y.

Price 30c to $3.50

At all dealers

Harris Homes Beautiful



"PERMANENT BUILT"
Your Home is Within Your Reach When You Buy from Us

A mighty organization of thirty great departments ready to serve you. Managed by expert material buyers, designers and practical builders. We have vast stocks bought at huge quantity price savings which is now at your command. Our sole aim and purpose is

To help you get a home that will prove entirely satisfactory at a price that will mean a substantial saving even in the face of present high labor and material prices.

The combined efforts of these great departments in experimenting and testing materials and methods of construction have produced for you a GUARANTEED home, expert machine cut, bundled and marked —the last word in building economy

Not One Penny in Advance

So sure are we of the super-excellence of our material and our GUARANTEED Ready Cut System that we will ship you any HARRIS HOME without the payment of one cent down. Our Plan Book explains our liberal terms fully

Building Material of All Kinds

For over a quarter of a century, thrifty wise buyers have realized that here is the "open door" to real economy, whether it be a brand new building materials, all purchased in tremendous quantities at savings that are passed along to you are ready for quick and complete shipments.

Plumbing and Heating!

Hot water and steam heating systems, warm air heating plants, pipeless furnaces and plumbing material of every kind—the product of America's leading makers. Our mammoth plumbing stock offers you unlimited possibilities for you to save money. Our heating plants are guaranteed to heat your home in any weather with big fuel economy. Mail the coupon for our Plumbing and Heating Book and get the benefit of our expert Engineering Service.

"PRESTO-UP" Patented Bolt-together Buildings!

The wonder buildings of the age. Guaranteed buildings for quick industrial housing. Individual Homes, etc , extra strong, practical and suitable for all year round habitation in any climate 50 different plans. They come to you in easily handled sections —painted and stained, ready to bolt together, and move in.

HARRIS BROTHERS CO.
Dept. PP-18
Chicago

Three books are Free and sent postpaid. Mark an "X" in the squares to indicate which ones you wish.

☐ Harris Homes ☐ Book of "Presto-Up" Homes and Garages
☐ Building Material Catalog ☐ Plumbing and Heating Book

Name.....

Address.....

Free Plan Book The latest edition is waiting for you, contains our FREE PLAN OFFER and photographic reproductions, with floor plans and specifications of 100 beautiful homes. Mail coupon today.
Dept. PP-18

HARRIS BROTHERS CO.
1349-1525 West 35th St, CHICAGO

FREE-Book of Plans

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

Suddenly, through the moody reverie into which their singing had plunged him, came other sounds. Behind him some one was calling, shouting his name.

"Doctor! Doctor Nye!"

He turned. Across the field at his rear a person on a bicycle was approaching. Over—or through—the soft lichen and "poverty-grass" which carpeted the barren hilltops, the rider was—as Captain Mark might have said, "making heavy weather of it." As Nye turned to look, this person took a hand from the handle-bar—a risky venture, considering everything—and waved it.

"Hi, Doctor!" he hailed once more. "Doctor Nye! Hold on a minute!"

The advice to hold on would, it appeared, have been more applicable to himself, for at that moment the forward wheel of the bicycle slipped in a patch of soft moss, and machine and rider went over in a heap. The doctor turned and walked back. Before he reached the scene of the spill its victim was on his feet and brushing the particles of damp vegetation from the legs of his trousers. He was a young man, broad-shouldered and brown, and there was about him an undefinably familiar something which caused Nye to feel that he should recognize him. He did not, however. If he had ever known him he certainly did not now.

"Not hurt, are you?" asked the doctor as he came up.

The young fellow grinned broadly, a pleasant grin in a wholesome, pleasant face.

"My pride is dented a little, that's all," he observed. "Served me right, of course, but that never helps much. How do you do, Doctor Nye? Glad to see you."

He held out his hand. If he realized how unorthodox that proffered hand-shake and his greeting were when applied to the man before him he did not make the realization apparent. Nye regarded him keenly, looking for some sign of charitable condescension. Then he took the hand.

"How do you do?" he said.

The young man waited a moment; then he declared, "I don't believe you know who I am."

Doctor Eph shook his head. "I am afraid I don't," he admitted., "I think I should, because—because—"

"Because you used to. But that was a good while ago and I've grown some since. I'm Tom Stone."

Was it possible? Eleven years before there had been a fifteen-year-old boy who used to play football on the Ostable high-school team. Once he twisted his knee and the doctor kept him at home with the injured leg stretched out upon a couch for two long weeks at the beginning of the season. During the convalescence he talked football with the boy, and the latter discovered that the man who was his loathed jailer had played end upon his varsity team. After that there was no more loathing, and when the knee was cured the doctor occasionally came down to the school-yard and helped with the coaching. The Ostable high school that year won the county championship, and it was the trick play taught by Doctor Ephraim Nye which beat Orham and gave Tom Stone the captaincy. Two years later Tom went away to "Tech." Nye had not seen him since.

AND now that self-conscious, gangling country boy was a man, big, sturdy, self-possessed. Was it possible? Cyrenus Stone was right. In spite of his own experience that Time dragged interminably, agonizingly it did fly with normal people—in normal places.

"Remember me now, don't you, Doctor?" asked young Stone.

Doctor Ephraim's reply cleared away all doubt as to his remembrance. "I am mighty glad to see you, Tom," he declared. "And I'm ashamed of myself for not recognizing you at once."

Tom smiled. "No reason why you should," he said. "I was a kid when you saw me last and a fellow changes a lot in ten years. You have changed, too, Doctor."

Doctor Eph smiled now, but his smile was not overmirthful. "I suppose so," he observed. Then, noting the flush of embarrassment upon Stone's face, he added, quickly, "But never mind the changes. It is good to see you again, Tom. How are you and what are you doing down here?"

Tom was still somewhat flustered.

"Why—why, I am going to be at home for a year or so," he stammered. "I'm in charge of —well, you see, they are going to build a bridge over at Denboro, and—"

"And you are handling the job. I remember now, your father told me. Good enough! It will be the right sort of bridge when it is done, if you can drive workmen the way you used to run a football team. You are a full-fledged engineer now, aren't you? How do you like it?"

"First-rate, thanks. Of course I'm scared half to death at the idea of tackling this thing on my own responsibility. It's my first single-handed job, you know. However, I'm going to try darned hard."

"You'll pull it off. How does it seem to be at home again?"

"Seems good. Or it would if— And that reminds me Doctor Nye, I was chasing you last now. I called at the house —your place—and Henry Payson said you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

Make This $15.00 Silk Striped Voile Dress for $3.49

ANY woman can easily make this up-to-the-minute model herself at a **saving of $12.50!** We furnish everything, including necessary yards of rich soleil satin striped novelty printed voile; plain color of fine voile for bretelle inserts at front and for trimming on sleeves; Val. lace vestee, fancy Oxford tie ornament, pattern, shape and thread—$3.49 the set of materials

Stout Sizes $4.29

complete **for only $3.49. COLORS:** Harmonizing designs in fine colors on each background of Navy Blue Copenhagen Blue, Tan, Brown and Taupe Order Regular Size **34 to 44 Bust, Cat. C14,** price $3.49 and Stout Sizes **46 to 52 Bust, Cat. C15,** price $4.29

Above satin striped voile, 40 inches wide, regular 59c quality, at 44c. Above mentioned plain color chiffon voile in all colors, 40 inches wide, special per yard 49c.

GUARANTEED EVERFAST SUITING 36 inches wide, in all wanted colors, regular 59c value, **44c**

Money Back Promptly If Not Delighted

PAY ON DELIVERY. Simply pay postman on delivery plus few cents postage, or send money with order and we pay the postage. **Free Samples on Request.**

W. W. OPPENHEIM, INC., Dept. CH
Established 1896 Newark, New Jersey
America's Largest Dress Goods House

5 Room House $538

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.

7 ROOM HOUSE $1068

Prices quoted include all lumber cut to fit, windows, doors, woodwork, glass, paints, hardware, nails, lath and roofing. Complete drawings and instructions. Many styles to choose from.

Highest grade lumber for all interior woodwork, siding and outside finish. Send today for money-saving Aladdin Catalog No. 1328.

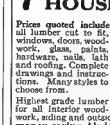
The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY MICHIGAN

Also Mills and Offices at Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Oregon, and Toronto, Ontario

DIAMONDS

Here at 60% of Market Price

This snappy perfectly cut diamond ring—3-32 ct., at $32 is a money bargain we list. Many other big values in our lists. Buy DIRECT. Let us reduce the price basis, not market value. The "3 year old" Jacobs Dealing Plan has thousands regular users and bargains are NEW!



Why Pay Full Prices

And thousands of letters like the following testimonial at our file. No obligation. No matter how small.

Send for Latest List

JOS. DANDY & SONS, Diamond Dealers
Over Opposite Post Office, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me catalog of guaranteed loan values, unlimited exchange privilege and free examination. Name.....
Address.....

We Pay $7 a Day

Wonderful invention. The SEKNOLA does more than 40 washings costing 10 cents. Orders taken by our agents for one week in your locality showing from $5 to $7 a day. Big commissions. Sells on sight. No experience. Sells itself. Write us at once. Exclusive territory given. Write for terms.

Easy to Take Orders

No collecting. Pay you every day. Get your territory. Territory given. Write for terms.

PERRY-LUDLOW CO., S-664 DAYTON, O.

Relieves earache!

Mothers: Dent's Earakine relieves that distressful children's ailment—earache. Have it ready. Good also for adults. Softens the wax. Any drug store or by mail 50c. C.S. Dent & Company, Detroit, Mich.

DENT'S Earakine
GUARANTEED SAFE AND RELIABLE

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"I've had this very one 29 years, my dear"

When a woman says this, you can be sure she has a Bissell. In fact, hundreds of women have told us we were too modest in giving the average life of a Bissell as ten years or more.

Even where there is an electric *cleaner*, the Bissell still remains a daily need—the easy, ever-handy, smooth-running, efficient *sweeper* that three generations of housewives have used.

BISSELL'S
Carpet Sweeper

Price, around $5.00, depending upon grade and locality. Bissell Toy Sweepers—they really sweep—make delightful gifts for little girls and teach cleanliness habits. A quarter and up.

Sold by furniture, hardware, department and housefurnishing stores everywhere. Booklet on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
218 Erie Street
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Two ways to make good coffee

The New Way

1.—With Faust Soluble Coffee

Put half a teaspoonful of Blanke's Faust Soluble Coffee into a cup. Add boiling water and you have a perfect cup of coffee. No pot. No kitchen worries. No waste and no trouble. A 4-oz. can makes 120 cups ($1.45).

Faust Tea also is Soluble form

The Old Way

2.—With Faust Pulverized Coffee

A heaping teaspoonful of Blanke's Faust Pulverized Coffee in a Blanke Sanitary Drip Coffee Pot (your grocer can supply you with one) makes a delicious cup of drip coffee. Simply pour fresh boiling water on the coffee.

Scientific research has proved the above methods the two best ways to make good coffee. Your grocer is supplied; or order direct.

C. F. BLANKE TEA & COFFEE COMPANY
Department 5
St. Louis, Mo.

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

Control Your Weight Without Drugs or Tiresome Exercises

Effective weight control diets, acid and blood diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail order advertisement.

Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
324 GOOD HEALTH BUILDING
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

NEW KIND OF HEAT!

Famous Oilwyn Burner hatches coal and wood. Cheaper. Burns 65 to 168 coal oil. Flames cook stove or heater without change. Gives intense heat. Clean as furnace. Cooks and bakes quicker and better. Instant heat for cooking, frying and ironing. Saves time, labor, money. Agents wanted. **FREE BOOK** Special introductory Prices Offer. Write today.
AGT'S WANTED OILWYN OIL-GAS BURNER & RANGE CO
2424-E Oilwyn Building, Kansas City, Mo.

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

had gone for a walk. Said to hunt in this direction and perhaps I'd find you. I want you to come over to the house and see mother. She isn't well and we're all rather worried. Can you come—now?"

Nye hesitated. Cyrenus had mentioned his wife's ill health, but he had also spoken of Doctor Parker in connection with the case. Upon one point Doctor Ephraim had been determined before coming back to Ostable: he would not, unless forced to do so, take away a patient from his fellow physician. The latter had ignored him entirely since his arrival in town, but that made no difference.

So he hesitated. Tom Stone regarded him anxiously. "You will come, won't you?" he asked. "I told mother I knew you would. You used to be our doctor, you remember."

Nye nodded. He had been the doctor in a great many families, the members of which for the most part no longer spoke to him.

"I supposed—in fact your father intimated that Doctor Parker was attending Mrs. Stone," he said.

"Well, he was. But he isn't any more. He and father have had a row." Then, with his broad smile, he added, "There is nothing unusual in that, for they had rows with lots of people. But I think he's right this time. Parker has been treating mother for almost a month and she isn't any better. I think she is worse. Parker and dad had it out yesterday, and dad told him to go—well, he told him, all right."

"I see. But what did Parker say?"

"Oh, he said several things. They never did get on very well. He is a great friend of Judge Copeland's, and you know what that means in our family."

"But, see here, Tom, I don't like to interfere with another man's case."

"It isn't his case any longer and it won't be. If you won't take it father will call Doctor Hayes from Denboro. But when I suggested you he was agreeable."

"Agreeable?"

"Well, he said I could give you a try, if I wanted to."

"Was that all he said?"

"No-o, not exactly. You know dad. But he is willing you should come, and mother wants you. She says you were the best doctor she ever had anything to do with and she doesn't see any reason why you shouldn't be as good now as you ever were."

"Humph!"

"Oh, come, Doctor Nye, do! I told her I knew you would and that I knew you could cure her. You're the best doctor on Cape Cod and always were. I'm banking on you. *Won't* you come?"

The doctor pondered a moment longer. Then he nodded.

"I'll come, Tom," he said. "Give me time enough to get my bag, and I'll come right over. But you mustn't bank, as you call it, too heavily on me. I'll do my best, that's all."

"That's enough. I'll walk back with you after the bag and we'll go home together. Good stuff, Mother'll be all right now, and I know it."

DOCTOR NYE was less inclined to share the young man's optimism after his call at the Stone home. Cyrenus's dwelling was a good-sized, rambling house of many rooms, most of which were unoccupied but in apple-pie order, thanks to Mrs. Stone, who did her own housework. Her husband could easily have afforded servants, but would not employ them as a matter of principle.

"Sophronsy and I don't want any hired girls loafin' around the kitchen and peddlin' gossip all over town," he declared. "She got along all right without help when we didn't have money enough to pay their wages, and we get along just as well now when we've got a couple of dollars in the bank. I don't keep hired help for the same reason I don't run an automobile. About every place in town has got a car and one on it has a car in the barn and a hired girl asleep on the back steps. I figure to keep my property right and my self-respectin' man has got to be careful these days."

There were mortgages not a few in Cyrenus's safe, but they brought him interest instead of taking it from him.

Mrs. Stone's ill health, however, had caused him to break, or at least compromise with, his declaration of independence. Marietta Lane was "coming in by the day" now and she opened the door for Tom and the doctor. Her expression when she beheld the latter was thoroughly orthodox in his shocked disapproval.

Sophronia Stone was lying upon a sofa in the sitting-room. It was only within the week that she had consented to yield to her indisposition even to this extent. She bade Doctor Nye a brisk good morning.

"Then I'm to take it as a sense in draggin' you over here," she declared. "I'm just out of sorts, that's all, and I ought to be ashamed of myself for layin' here. But nothin' would do Tom but to have you come. There's nothin' really the matter with me more than laziness, I guess. Doctor Parker called it malaria, but he didn't seem very certain, and Cyrenus and he never did get along, so perhaps it's just as well he's gone. For mercy sakes, Doctor Nye, give me somethin' so I can get out to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

Keeps Boy's Hair Combed

"Hair-Groom" Makes Any Boy's Hair Stay Combed, Glossy, Well-Groomed—Not Greasy or Sticky on Hair

Your boy's unruly or contrary hair will stay combed as you comb it with "Hair-Groom." As the boy's hair is combed in the morning, so it stays all day. If applied after a shampoo, the hair can be combed as neatly and as easily as before. "Cow-licks" stay down. Greaseless on hair. Does not stain pillow! "Hair-Groom" is a dignified combing cream, which is quickly absorbed, therefore does not show on the hair. It leaves the hair glossy and lustrous, but not sticky. Fine for hair!

Nothing else gives a boy or man more dignity than neat, well-groomed hair. Millions of women buy "Hair-Groom" for their boys —also for their husbands.

50 Cents a Jar—Drug Stores *ONLY*

The Hair-Groom Co., Cincinnati, Ohio Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

How Did Ruth Get Her Trousseau?

Had She Found a Fairy Godmother?

For half an hour Ruth had been showing us such a trousseau as we girls had all read about and dreamed of—but thought we could never hope to own.

There was the daintiest lingerie, all wee hand-run tucks, embroidery, and ribbon rose-buds. Sue sat stroking a blue satin negligee, while Eleanor had seized upon two adorable breakfast capa, declaring that they should never again find their way into Ruth's trunk.

And now dainty, wavy-haired Ruth appeared from behind the screen in what she called "Exhibit B." We all gasped, then sat like statues as she trailed prettily toward us in a shimmering mist of moonbeams and frost flowers and dew on a white rose—her wedding gown.

Where *ever* had she gotten it? She was just one of the stenographers at Barnaby's—and we all knew what her salary was, because we worked there, too.

"Ruth!" gasped Eleanor—"who—"

"Me," answered Ruth, too happy to be grammatical.

How She Did It

Then she told us what we'd been dying to know. A year ago, when she'd started planning her trousseau, she'd been so discouraged. The money she had saved out of her salary would buy only a few of the plainest, ready-made things.

But one night the girl next door asked her to help hang a skirt she was making. And that was where Ruth found her Fairy Godmother! Before she went to bed she had written to the Women's College for the interesting booklet, "The Power of Dress," which told how she could have three pretty dresses for what she then paid for one. Inside of a week she was learning by mail to cut, fit, and make her own clothes.

The Women's College taught her everything, from how to make the simplest house frocks and blouses to how to design and complete the entrancing wedding gown she had on. It taught her how to study her own type, just what things she ought to wear, and how to copy the lovely frocks shown in the smartest French shops. It taught her not merely to "make clothes," but to add a hundred and one distinctive touches.

The Women's College taught her to select infallibly the best color combinations for any costume or complexion.

And the most wonderful thing is that six months ago Ruth couldn't sew a stitch!

Eleanor and I are enrolled with the Women's College. We're both saving almost two-thirds and getting lovely clothes. We are urging all our girl friends to write for the fascinating booklet, "The Power of Dress," which is sent free upon request.

Why don't *you* get a copy? The convenient coupon will bring it to you without expense or obligation.

Women's College of Arts and Sciences,
Dept. 102, 35th and Wallace, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me your free booklet "The Power of Dress," and tell me how I can have three pretty dresses for what I usually pay for one.

Name.....

Address.....

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Disease germs in the throat can be actually killed before they reach a dangerous stage of development.

Prevention, *rather than cure,* is the keynote of modern medicine

SAID a great educator in a recent address before a prominent college of medicine: "Medicine has changed. For centuries it was curative, and is now preventative." We may well ask ourselves what steps we are taking to prevent the entrance of disease germs through the throat—the portal of our system.

We should be as zealous—even more so—in maintaining the health and cleanliness of our throat, as in caring for any other part of the body. It is through the throat that man's greatest enemy, the germ of infection, seeks to invade the system. That is why years ago, a physician gave us *Formamint, the germ-killing throat tablet.*

It is indeed a pleasant tasting tablet. Dissolving slowly in the mouth, it sets free a powerful, yet harmless germicide that mixes with the saliva, thus penetrating every nook and crevice of the throat, searching out and destroying the germs of infection.

Today, science recognizes in Formamint, a reliable means of prevention, and physicians urge its regular use for all throat troubles involving infection.

Formamint
GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLETS
Formamint is our Trademark—It identifies our product

To acquaint you with Formamint we will send a trial Tube on receipt of 4c in stamps, to defray the cost of mailing. Address The Bauer Chemical Co., 173 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, N. Y.

The Sparkling Eyes of Swing-time Days

are assured by keeping your children regular.

Analax—the Fruit Laxative—acts gently, promptly and effectively, as your doctor can tell you. Deliciously appetizing—looks like candied fruit—with the taste of fresh, ripe raspberries. At all druggists.

FREE: ANALAX booklet and samples on request. Write to McKesson & Robbins, Inc., 91 Fulton St., N. Y. City

Nothing Acts like
ANALAX

Hotels Need Trained Women

Hotels Everywhere Demanding Ambitious Women for High-Salaried Positions. We placed 3789 Lewis-Trained Women in contact with good Hotel, Club and Tea Room Positions in the past year.

Managers, assistant managers, floor clerks, housekeepers, etc., are regularly filled by Lewis-trained women. Largest institution of its kind in the world. Hundreds of new positions now opening every week are waiting for trained executives. Shortage acute. Lewis Service Bureau operates free to graduates, daily calls for executives to fill big-paying positions.

You can qualify in a few short weeks with our simple, practical home-study course, for a position of importance. Tuition, reasonable. Easy terms. Write today for Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY," giving full details. Write for it to-day

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
The Only Original Hotel Training School
The National Institute for Hotel, Restaurant and Tea Room Training.
Room 2344 Washington, D. C.
Founded 1916

SHORT-STORY WRITING

A practical home course in the writing and marketing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of The Writer's Monthly. 108 page catalog free. Please address: THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL Dept. 89 Springfield, Mass.

Dr. Esenwein

the deaf hear with the Dactyphone

New invention, resulting from radio experiments, enables the deaf to hear. Write for details or FREE Demonstration. GIVE PHONE No. But 171-A Randolf Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

Digitized by Google

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

that kitchen and see how many dishes that 'Mary'a Lamb' has smashed. Hirin' her is more of Tom's foolishness."

Her eyes were bright—almost too bright—so the doctor thought—and her face was flushed and her pulse rapid. Her temperature, so the thermometer disclosed, was a degree above normal.

"I'm pretty good now," she said, "except for my back achin' so. It's in the afternoone that I seem to get worse."

Questioning brought out the fact that she had been indisposed for several weeks. The present week was the worst of all.

"I don't believe it's malaria," she declared, "and I told Doctor Parker so. What in the world would give me malaria around here?"

Doctor Ephraim did not know. Malaria was by no means common in Stone Mule. That afternoon he called again, found the fever higher, and the patient complaining of headache and backache. A suspicion already formed in his mind, became stronger.

TWO days later he took Cyrenus Stone and his son aside and broke the news to them.

"Your wife has typhoid, Mr. Stone," he said. "I guessed as much and the blood-test confirms it. She has been coming down with it for some time; walking-typhoid, it is commonly called."

It took much to break Cyrenus Stone's calm. It was broken now, however. His thin-lipped, rugged face went white.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "She—she ain't goin' to die, is she?"

"No. Not if we can help it. But she must be put to bed at once and kept there. You must have a nurse, probably two."

Cyrenus gasped. "Typhoid!" he cried. "Why—why—and that Parker called it malaria. I'll—I'll kill him."

His son put in a word.

"No, no, you won't, Dad," he said. "I'll get the nurses, Doctor, somehow. Or will you get them for us?"

Doctor Eph shook his head. He had already considered that matter.

"You had better get them, Tom," he answered. "Try the hospital at Wapatomac. And it might be as well not to mention my name in connection with the case."

"Why not?" demanded Cyrenus.

"Well, you see, I—my reputation is—"

"Reputation! What do you mean by that? You're a doctor, ain't you?"

"Yes, I am a doctor, but—well, I have been in prison, and, of course," quietly, "that fact influences many people. I want your wife to have the best nurses obtainable."

Stone looked troubled. "Humph!" he grunted. "That's so. See here, Nye, if you think your—well, if you think that—that business of yours'n has got to make it harder for Sophrony to get the right kind of help, maybe—maybe—"

He hesitated. Nye finished the sentence for him. "Maybe you had better call some other doctor, you were going to say," he observed. "Perhaps you had. But you must decide now, for if I do take this case I shall go through with it. I want that understood."

"Well—well, hang it all, Eph, I—I——", Tom broke in.

"Shut up, Dad!" he ordered. "Of course we want you, Doctor Nye. Mother wants you. I want you, and so does father, he's frightened, that's all."

"I know, Tom, but let's look at this thing straight. Your mother is going to be sick, very sick, and for a long time. There will be a lot of talk and criticism at the best. At the worst—and there is always a chance for the worst—things will be said that—well, you know as well as I do."

Tom declared that he did not care what was said. His father did not say anything for the moment. Then he seized Nye by the shoulder and spun him around to look in his face.

"Eph Nye," he said, "you always was a good doctor, the best one around here; all hands said so. I—I used to swear by you and so did Sophrony. She—she—well, she and I have been together for—for—— Oh, darn it, man, if you take a hold of this will you promise me you'll do everything in the Lord's world to pull her through? Will you?"

"Of course he will, Dad."

"I wasn't askin' you. You keep still I'm askin' him. Will you?"

"Certainly."

Another pause. Then Cyrenus drew a long breath. "Go ahead then," he commanded, "and—and don't you spare a dollar when it's needed. You hear me."

If the population of Ostable could have heard him they would scarcely have believed their ears. When Doctor Nye left that house, after seeing his patient safely in bed and her son on the way to Wapatomac on his quest for nurses, Cyrenus asked another question.

"Typhoid fever!" he exclaimed, fearfully. "Typhoid fever. There ain't been a case of it around here for years. *Where* on earth did she catch it from?"

Nye shook his head. "I don't know," he replied. "But I'm going to try hard to find out."

MRS. STONE'S illness developed rapidly and became what Doctor Nye and the nurses called a "good" case of typhoid.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

Neet was a Revelation

"I had tried all the methods I had ever heard of to remove surplus hair, and was ready to give up in despair. Then one day a friend of mine told me about Neet. "Honestly, it was a revelation! Imagine—smooth, daintily scented cream, that you spread on, let stay for a few minutes and then—wash off and all hair with it!

"And to think that I had spent as high as five and even ten dollars at a time for troublesome and dangerous hair removers that didn't remove. But now—thanks to Neet—my troubles are over, and I can be proud of my arms instead of ashamed of them."

Used by physicians. Money back if it fails to please. 50c at drug and Dept. stores. Trial tube 10c by mail

Hannibal Pharmacal Co. 621 Olive, St. Louis

In Canada—60c, trial size 10c., McGillivray Bros., Ltd. Agents, 184 Bay Street, Toronto, Can.

Physicians Note—A liberal trial tube with complete instructions for use will be mailed without charge to any physician requesting it.

Neet
Removes Hair Harmlessly

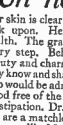
FRECKLES

WHY let freckles spoil your complexion? Why let them mar the clear texture of your beautiful skin? Domino Freckle Cream will erase freckles quickly. Yes—almost over night.

With the ease that an eraser rubs off a pencil smudge this new triumph of science erases the freckles on your face, your neck, your arms. The remarkable, exquisitely perfumed cream is applied merely with the gentle tips and allowed to remain over night. Every woman who has tried Domino Freckle Cream finds that it not only removes the freckles, blemishes and brown spots, but refines and beautifies the texture of the skin as well.

Don't let the sun and wind wreak havoc with your complexion. Use Domino Freckle Cream now. Or guarantee of satisfaction, backed by a $10,000 deposit in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia, insures the return of your money on request if you are not surprised and delighted with the results.

Send no money. Just write a letter or postcard at once to Domino House and a regular $1.50 jar of Domino Freckle Cream will be sent you at once. When it is in your hands, give the postman only $1.00, the reduced introductory price plus a few cents postage. Take advantage of the special reduced price offer—send your order *today*, before the offer is withdrawn. Remember you must be pleased or you get your money back. Domino House, Dept. F-155, 269 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Beauty blooms on her cheeks

Her skin is clear and soft and good to look upon. Her eyes sparkle with health. The grace of youth is in her every step. Behind her captivating beauty and charm is a secret that you may know and share. It is this: Women who would be admired must keep their blood free of the impurities caused by constipation. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a matchless corrective for this common ill. Made of pure vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, you will know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel and form no harmful habit. Price 15 and 30 cents, at all druggists.

Dr. Edwards'
OLIVE
Tablets

Vitamine Food-EAT
SKINNER'S
The Superior Macaroni

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

His Mother — *but people think she is his sister*

Why is it that some mothers are often taken for the older sisters of their sons? Why is it that some women look years younger than they are?

Because they know that the secret of retaining their youthful appearance depends on keeping the complexion fresh and free from blemishes. Because they know that clear complexions come *from within.*

Nature's Remedy (**NR** Tablets), a vegetable aperient, acts naturally to clear the skin of blemishes, and to preserve a healthful, youthful appearance. It improves the general health and prevents and relieves constipation, headaches, and biliousness—those enemies of attractive, youthful looks.

Nature's Remedy *does more than a laxative.* Take a tablet tonight and tomorrow notice the improvement, not only in appearance, but in the way you feel, in the freedom from the usual headaches irritations and nervousness.

All Druggists Sell The Dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets

Used for over 30 years

Nature's Remedy

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

Jrs

One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults.

Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. X, St. Louis, Mo.

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING

These Amazingly Beautiful CORODITE Diamonds are the nearest approach to perfection of human skill. Closely resembling genuine diamonds in both chemical research and produce. They are the same brilliancy, fire and cutting. Stand acid and fire test. Even experts need all their experience to see any difference. Wear a Corodite Diamond for 7 Days

Send us your name and address and we will send you a Diamond and Ruby ring for inspection. If, at the end of 7 days, your friends can tell the difference, send it back. If you can't tell the difference, keep the ring and send us the stipulated price per day. No additional installments. Remember, Corodites are guaranteed for a lifetime of wear.

No. 6—Ladies' Solitaire Ring, 1 Genuine Corodite, set in Sterling Silver, 6 prongs $2.84
No. 7—Ladies' Hand-Carved Basket Setting, 9 Genuine Corodites, set in Sterling Silver $3.96
No. 4—Ladies' Hand-Carved Basket Setting, 7 Genuine Corodites, set in Sterling Silver, Rose Gold Finish $3.29
No. 5—Gents' Heavy Hand-Carved Ring, 7 Genuine Corodites, set in Sterling Silver, Rose Gold Finish $3.54
Gents, state if you want Ring in Green Gold, Rose Gold or Yellow Gold.
No. 1—Ladies' Solitaire Ring, 1 Genuine Corodite, set in Sterling Silver, 6 prongs $2.84

Corodites are of most modern cut, mounted in solid mountings of Gold or Latest White Platinum finish. Unmounted Corodites are also supplied. Send your Ring Size when sending ring.

SEND NO MONEY Just send your name right at home, just write and tell us you want to see the ring. We will send it to you by return mail. Wear it around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. Wear it 7 days. Show it to your friends. Then if you like it, and feel it is a big value, send the stipulated sum and your money will be immediately returned. Send today.

333 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 435, Chicago, Illinois
Sole Importers Genuine Corodite Diamonds

Tea Room Managers in Big Demand

Hundreds of new tea rooms, cafeterias, lunch rooms, must be opened now, new opening every week are crying for trained managers. Attractive salaries. We receive daily calls for managers, assistant managers, stewards, etc., both men and women. Big demand for trained help everywhere.

Save $5,000 This Year

Fortunes are being made in this big new industry—fascinating work. Let us prepare you for your spare or home use, or qualify you for a position in the Loop. Write today for Free Booklet and our plan to furnish you Free Employment Service when you graduate.

Washington Tea Room Training School
Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room 2305T, Washington, D.C.

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 3210 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

Cuticura Soap Will Help You Clear Your Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malden, Mass.

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

meaning one serious enough of itself, but fortunately without complications. The nurses were obtained from the hospital at Wapatomac and proved satisfactory. Maricita Lamb, after showing herself possessed of the true business instinct by demanding an extra two dollars a week and threatening to leave unless she received it, consented to continue "coming in by the day" and doing the Stone housework. Cyrenus ceased to walk the floor of his sitting-room and, convinced that his wife was in good hands and that nothing more than was being done to insure a favorable outcome of her illness could be done by him or any other mortal, tried to distract his mind during the inevitable wait from the crisis by keeping busy with his various interests about town. His son spent the days at Denboro preparing for the bridge-building. His evenings, some of them, he spent at the Dillingham place, chatting with Doctor Eph, or watching the checker games between the latter and Captain Mark Besnre.

These games had become, as they had been in the old days, a regular feature of the weekly routine. Promptly at eight o'clock on certain evenings a clamorous clatter and snorting heralded the approach of the Bearse "flivver," and Henry Ward Beecher Payson, hearing the disturbance, proceeded to clear the sitting-room table and place thereon the checker-board and checkers. Then Captain Mark appeared, talking. He usually began to talk before he got inside the door; he was, as his sister would have said, "possessed of the notion" that his friend was despondent and needed cheering up and conversation upon almost any topic, a lot of conversation, was the best form of cheer. So he talked much, and the doctor talked a little, and both smoked and played checkers.

Tom Stone, when he came, listened and watched and found amusement and temporary relief from anxiety concerning his mother.

"But have you got any idea of where Sophrony's typhoid *did* come from?" asked Captain Mark one evening.

"Nothing conclusive," replied Doctor Nye.

To Tom Stone, however, when alone with that young gentleman, he was less reticent.

"Tom," he said, "your father tells me that you have had trouble with the drives well in your house and have been, up to last week, getting water from the old well down in the hollow behind the barn."

Tom nodded. "Yes," he said. "That is good water in the old well. Cold as ice. Father put in the engine and the new well three years ago. Before that we always used the old well. As a boy one of my regular jobs was drawing water by the bucketful and lugging it up the hill to the house. On Monday morning, washday, I used to fill all the tubs and the hogshead in the rough shed behind the kitchen. That old well has given me many a backache."

"Hum! Well, I'm not sure that it isn't responsible for your mother's backache."

"What do you mean? Mother didn't bring up the water. She used to scold that. Father hired him to do it every morning before he went to his other work."

"I didn't mean that she bringing the water was responsible. I mean the water itself. I don't like that water. I am suspicious of it."

Tom was greatly surprized. "You mean that the water from that old well gave mother typhoid fever? Why, that's incredulously." "That water is so cold. It tastes so good."

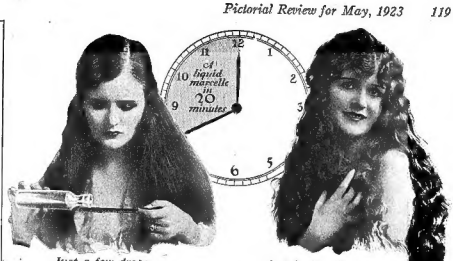
Nye nodded doubtful. "Somebody wrote something, I believe," he said, "about 'the poison and sting of things too sweet.' At any rate, don't you use that water again, any of you. Your father has promised to board up the well and I am glad of it."

Young Stone was skeptical. "I'll promise, of course," he said. "But that water has been—a—a sort of symbol of purity in our house. If we can't drink that I don't know what is safe to drink."

THE typhoid fever reached its crisis in due season and that crisis was safely passed. Mrs. Stone began slowly to regain health and strength. The anxiety of her husband and son relaxed and hope took the place of dread. North Ostable found other subjects for discussion and speculation. At Miss Bemis's when the sewing-circle met and at the post-office during mail-sorting the question as to whether or not Sophrony would recover was superseded by the rumors concerning the date of opening of the hotel and the arrival of Summer cottagers. Doctor Ephraim Nye and his brazen effrontery in returning to the scene of his wickedness were by no means exhausted as themes, but they were kept more in the background. It was generally agreed that Cyrenus Stone had been "startcrazy" to give up the professional services of Doctor Parker and employ those of a jailbird, but prophecies of death for Mrs. Stone and tardy repentance for her husband having proved false—the opinion now was that Cyrenus had been luckier than he deserved.

"I don't know who is responsible," observed Miss Althea Bemis at circle-meeting. "Some say it was those trained

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



Just a few drops
combed into the hair and almost immediately you can see "listless locks" begin to take on new life, new lustre, new silky sheen—stray ends and straggly strands nestling into glorious waves and curls.

And in 20 minutes
your mirror shows you a new head of hair —marcelled and curled as you like it best, with a lovely wave.

Naturally Curly Hair in 20 Minutes with Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Delightful elixir of Spanish herbs makes any hair soft, lustrous and wavy—and keeps it so!

By Wm. Ryerson, Chief Chemist

NATURALLY curly hair—soft, wavy and lustrous! Is there anything more gloriously beautiful in all the charms of womanhood? Yet how few women—how sadly few—may claim this crowning glory!

All my life, as an investigating chemist, it has been my dream to find a perfect curling and hair-dressing fluid. And I've been working at it ceaselessly close on to nine years. All told, I've spent a fortune in experimenting; testing all known curling methods, and rejecting them as unreliable, inefficient, often harmful.

But perseverance has finally brought a reward greater than I had ever dared hope for. We have at last compounded a curling fluid which not only curls the straightest head of hair, but beautifies it, too. A marvelous hair and scalp tonic which increases the growth and "life" of the hair as it curls and waves it—adding new silkiness, new softness, new thickness and beauty.

I consider this liquid our greatest beauty discovery—greater even than the English Beauty Clay which we brought to this country last year and introduced to one million American women.

It is a colorless fluid compounded from the purest herbs of Southern Spain—a delicate elixir which makes any head of hair naturally curly and wavy—a delightful hair balsam which, when combed into the hair or used with your favorite curlers or curling iron, creates the prettiest and most natural-looking marcelle you ever saw.

A Matchless Marcelle

I have never known another liquid of such magic potency. Even after a shampoo, when the hair is often stubbornly straight and unruly, it performs the miracle of making the hair behave—making it obey the commands of comb or curling iron—staying put where you want it—besides producing immediately, captivating curls, ringlets and water-waves.

No more necessity now for resorting to the harsh and harmful baking process of waving the hair. This new product—called "Liquid Marcelle"—sounds the doom of dangerous "permanent wave" methods. Simply comb a few drops of Liquid Marcelle into your hair—then twist the hair em bit with the fingers, or put up your favorite curlers. When you are ready to dress, you are staring at a wealth of curls and waves.

No matter whether your hair is long, short or bobbed; whether dry or oily; blonde or brunette, Liquid Marcelle will solve your curling and hairdressing problems. It will keep your hair rich in sheen and softness; gracefully wavy; dainty and charming, always.

Lovely Curls

The remarkable introductory offer I make below means not one cent of profit on our initial distribution of Liquid Marcelle. But I believe that once you try Liquid Marcelle, you will use it permanently, which will make our present sacrifice of immediate profit well worth while.

Free Distribution $3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

I AM SO enthused over the things I know "Liquid Marcelle" will do, that I am anxious to give it a wide public distribution quickly.

Liquid Marcelle is made from very costly ingredients—and can be compounded only in small quantities at one time. So $3.50 is a fair retail price for it—and the price we shall establish when we distribute it through the drug stores later on.

But right now, we are anxious to make friends for it as rapidly as possible in all parts of the country. So we have decided to distribute the first 10,000 bottles at the net cost of production and handling — without one cent of profit. We have figured this down to $1.87, which includes preparing and compounding the herbs, bottling, packing and shipping the finished liquid. But this offer, it must be understood, is open to only one member of any single family.

Wavy Bob

You need send no money. Merely sign and mail the coupon below. When the postman brings your bottle of Liquid Marcelle, pay him $1.87 plus a few cents postage. And remember, the Century guarantee insures your satisfaction, as always. If you are not more than delighted with the results, you may return the bottle and its unused contents at the end of a five-day trial and we will refund your money in full by return mail.

Wm Ryerson
Chief Chemist

Send No Money—*Simply Sign and Mail Coupon*

CENTURY CHEMISTS
(Originators of the famous 60 Minute Beauty Clay)
Dept. 59, Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size $3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle. I will pay postman $1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name .....
Street .....
Town ..... *State* .....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose $2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent to you, postpaid.

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The

IVERS & POND

"PRINCESS"

This delightful Piano might with justice be called a miniature concert grand, for musically it embodies the advantages of the larger grands, and possesses a tone volume and range of expression surprisingly broad.

In no detail has quality been sacrificed for size, the Ivers & Pond standards being rigidly maintained. Musicians quickly recognize the characteristic Ivers & Pond tone in the "Princess"—a tone half a century in developing, and easily apparent in every Ivers & Pond.

Write for a catalogue describing all our grands, uprights and players; and a paper pattern showing how little floor space the Princess requires.

How to Buy

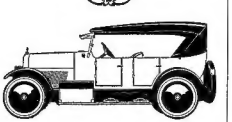
Where no dealer sells them we ship IVERS & POND pianos direct from the factory. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for Railroad freight. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

Fill out and send this coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
171 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name .....

Address .....



THE NEW, 1923 HAYNES 57 STANDARD TOURING CAR, 5 PASSENGERS

A New

HAYNES CAR

Now on display at your local Haynes Showroom

THE new 1923 Haynes Model 57 Touring Car is one of the handsomest automobiles ever produced in the great Haynes factories at Kokomo.

Its rich Burgundy Wine color —the wide body and more resilient seats—the upholstery of plain, club style black leather with no plaits—full length running boards—newly designed crown fenders of sport type, and a new style instrument panel are 1923 features. 32 x 4½-inch cord tires; wooden wheels—with Harvey disc wheels optional.

READY: *Factory production was planned when the new models were designed and your dealer should be able to give you prompt delivery.*

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Kokomo, Indiana
Export Office: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

nurses from the Wapatomac hospital. Marietta Lamb goes around hintin' that if Sophrony had had as good cookin' before she was taken down sick as she got afterward, she might not have been sick at all. Course I don't pay much attention to *that*, for everybody knows Marietta; but——"

"Yes, and everybody knows her cookin'," put in Mrs. Hammond, Frankie-George's wife, with sinister emphasis.

"I thought folks with typhoid fever couldn't eat anything," said Angelina Bush. "That bein' the case, I don't see how cookin', Marietta's or anybody else's, would make such difference."

Mrs. Hammond nodded. "*It* would have made consider'ble if Sophrony *had* ate it," she snapped. "Do you remember that cake Marietta baked for the supper at the Eastern Star buildin' corner-stone layin'? You heard what Mark Bearse said about it, didn't you? He started to hand it and the trowel to the minister; you believe he thought it was the corner-stone. My, but Marietta was mad!"

THERE was more discussion, much more, but Miss Bemis summed it up when she said: "Anyhow, Cyrenus hasn't helped his reputation in this town much by hirin' Ephraim Nye. And nobody *but* Cyrenus would have done it. And if you want to know why *he* did it I guess likely *I* could tell you. He did it to spite Judge Copeland. Flyin' in the face of Providence, I call it, and I took pains to tell that Nye so, too."

There was a general stir and murmur of admiring surprise.

"You did!" cried Mrs. Bush. "Do you mean you said that right out to Doctor Nye, Althy?"

"Well—well, not to him, himself, of course. I don't demean myself by doin' much talkin' to *him*, I hope. But I said it where I knew 'twould be carried right to him. I told it to that good-for-nothin' scamp of a Henry Payson."

Every one was, naturally, a little disappointed. Mrs. Hammond wished to know if Henry had seen fit to reply.

"Nothin' but what you'd expect," sniffed Miss Althea. "Just saucy and irreverent he was, same as usual. Wanted to know if I thought the judge and Providence looked as much alike as all that."

SO, AFTER all, the doctor's success with the Stone case brought him little or no additional popularity or prosperity. He had won the gratitude of Cyrenus, of course, and Cyrenus Stone was a man of influence, when he chose to use it. But Nye made no effort to have that influence exerted in any way. His manner was the same toward the Stones as toward the rest of Ostable's population, Captain Mark and Henry excepted. He was quiet, aloof, non-communicative. He visited his few patients, he took his daily walks, he sat alone in his living-room, and smoked and read. If Payson attempted to repeat the village gossip to him, he paid little attention. For the greater part of the time even Henry could not tune him into extended conversation.

He had made, however, one friend in spite of himself. Tom Stone refused to be snubbed or ignored. He continued to visit the Dillingham place, and the fact that the doctor never asked him to come again and very often said less than a dozen words the whole evening had no visible effect. That he had any effect, however, was made plain upon an evening when Tom himself referred to it.

Nye was in one of his silent moods. Tom's attempts at conversation had received almost no encouragement. At last the young fellow leaned forward and spoke what was in his heart.

"Look here, Doctor Nye," he demanded. "Don't you like me?"

Doctor Eph looked up. "Yes," he said. "You do? Honest?"

"Yes."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Prices of Patterns

Including Cutting and Construction Guides

These patterns can be had at any Pictorial Review agency, or they will be delivered postage free if you write to the Company at any of the addresses mentioned below.

	Prices in the United States	Prices in the United Kingdom		Prices in the United States	Prices in the United Kingdom		Prices in the United States	Prices in the United Kingdom
No.	Cts.	s. d.	No.	Cts.	s. d.	No.	Cts.	s. d.
8113	.25	1/3	1596	.35	1/6	1634	.25	1/3
9005	.25	1/3	1597	.35	1/6	1635	.30	1/6
9872	.30	1/6	1598	.35	1/6	1636	.30	1/6
9885	.35	1/6	1599	.30	1/6	1637	.35	1/6
1005	.35	1/6	1600	.35	1/6	1638	.30	1/6
1030	.35	1/6	1601	.35	1/6	1639	.35	1/6
1048	.35	1/6	1602	.30	1/6	1640	.25	1/3
1049	.35	1/6	1603	.30	1/6	1641	.30	1/6
1103	.30	1/6	1604	.35	1/6	1642	.25	1/3
1167	.30	1/6	1605	.35	1/6	1643	.35	1/6
1237	.30	1/6	1606	.35	1/6	1644	.25	1/3
1290	.30	1/6	1607	.30	1/6	1645	.30	1/6
1304	.30	1/6	1608	.35	1/6	1646	.35	1/6
1373	.35	1/6	1609	.30	1/6	1647	.25	1/3
1421	.35	1/6	1610	.35	1/6	1648	.30	1/6
1431	.35	1/6	1611	.35	1/6	1649	.35	1/6
1441	.30	1/6	1612	.35	1/6	1650	.30	1/6
1468	.35	1/6	1613	.35	1/6	1651	.35	1/6
1488	.35	1/6	1614	.30	1/6	1652	.35	1/6
1486	.35	1/6	1615	.35	1/6	1653	.35	1/6
1489	.30	1/6	1616	.35	1/6	1654	.35	1/6
1490	.30	1/6	1617	.25	1/3	1655	.35	1/6
1498	.30	1/6	1618	.30	1/6	1658	.30	1/6
1495	.30	1/6	1619	.35	1/6	1659	.30	1/6
1496	.35	1/6	1620	.30	1/6	1660	.25	1/3
1507	.30	1/6	1621	.35	1/6	1661	.30	1/6
1509	.30	1/6	1622	.25	1/3			
1525	.30	1/6	1623	.30	1/6	**Embroideries**		
1526	.30	1/6	1624	.30	1/6	12175	.20	1/-
1533	.25	1/3	1625	.35	1/6	12567	.20	1/-
1535	.35	1/6	1626	.30	1/6	12630	.30	1/6
1542	.35	1/6	1627	.35	1/6	12671	.30	1/6
1554	.35	1/6	1628	.30	1/6	12672	.25	1/3
1557	.35	1/6	1629	.35	1/6	12698	.25	1/3
1568	.35	1/6	1630	.30	1/6	12720	.30	1/6
1579	.35	1/6	1631	.35	1/6	12758	.60	3/-
1587	.35	1/6	1632	.35	1/6	12797	.40	2/-
1595	.35	1/6	1633	.30	1/6	12798	.40	2/-

NEW YORK, N. Y., 222 West Thirty-ninth Street — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 985 Market Street
CHICAGO, ILL., 200-206 South Market Street — ATLANTA, GA., 82-84 North Broad Street
ST. LOUIS, MO., 505 North Seventh Street — BOSTON 11, MASS., 116 Bedford Street
TORONTO, CANADA, 263-267 Adelaide Street, West
LONDON, W. 1, ENGLAND, 163-165 Great Portland Street

HUSTLER MILTON TURNER
of Alabama

Could Your Boy Do This for You?

Milton Turner is a member of our Young Hustlers Division. Although but a boy he is earning quite a substantial sum of money every month as a Pictorial Review Junior Salesman. The following letter which we recently received from Milton's Mother is only one of many we have received from the parents of Young Hustlers, expressing their appreciation for the opportunity we've given their boys to make good.

"Milton and I want to thank you for the State Champion's Medal and bicycle, both of which arrived a few days ago. We are very grateful for both and will do our best for Pictorial Review.

"I am so thankful that Milton has had this experience as a Pictorial Review Junior Salesman. During his father's recent illness our expenses have been heavy that I could not see how I could have a trained nurse for him except by letting Milton pay her *which he did, gladly.* Of course, the nurse's bill almost wiped out his savings account, yet you cannot know *how proud* we *were of him!* Thanking you again for past favors, I am

Yours sincerely,
MRS. T. B. TURNER."

Why not give *your* son this opportunity, too? Just write his name and address on the coupon below and mail it to us to-day. We'll send him complete business instructions and a copy of our Big Prize Catalogue.

We Always Keep Faith With the Boy And With His Ideals!

Allan B. Scott, (2.)
Salesmanager, Young Hustlers Division,
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY,
19th Street and Seventh Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

Please send complete business instructions and a copy of your Big Prize Catalogue to the following boy, who wants to earn his own spending money.

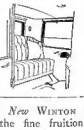
His Name.....

Street.....

Town.....*State*.....

New

WINTON SIX



THE *New* WINTON SIX is the fine fruition of Winton's 25 years striving toward perfection that must inevitably result in something just a little finer than anything that has gone before

THE WINTON COMPANY, *Cleveland*

109-113 W. 45th St. **Hotel St. James** N. Y. City Times Sq.

Midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway
An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well-conducted home. Much favored by women traveling without escort. 5 minutes walk to 40 theatres and all best shops.
Rates and Booklet on application
W. JOHNSON QUINN

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

No More Wrinkles!

Amazing New Treatment Smooths Them Away Like Magic

A WONDERFUL new discovery now makes wrinkles entirely unnecessary!

No longer need women fear the little tell-tale marks of time which rob them of their attractiveness. No longer need they dread the tragic lines that foretell the end of youth. For Science has found a quick, easy and inexpensive way to smooth away every tired line, every laugh wrinkle, every deep frown mark.

With this remarkable new treatment it is almost as if some magic wand were waved across your face, banishing every line and wrinkle and restoring the firm, youthful freshness of the skin.

Why allow wrinkles to add age to your face when they can be erased so easily? Why allow deep frown lines to mar your appearance when they can be harmlessly removed with scarcely any effort at all on your part?

Removes the CAUSE of Wrinkles

Nothing like this new discovery has ever been known to science before. It is based on a simple, natural principle. There is no tedious massaging, no painful electrical treatment, no harmful lotions. And, unlike many so-called wrinkle "eradicators," it does not attempt to cover up or conceal the lines or wrinkles.

This new treatment acts in an entirely different way. Instead of merely treating the symptoms it gets right at the *cause* of wrinkles. By removing the real, underlying *cause* in a perfectly natural and harmless way, the wrinkles and lines vanish almost before you realize it.

Tiny "crows' feet"—ugly, deep-seated chin wrinkles—disfiguring lines caused by arching the brows or frowning, age-revealing lines of worry and care—all disappear, and the skin is left wonderfully youthful and charming.

Watch the Lines Disappear

No matter how long you have suffered the humiliation of wrinkles—no matter how many preparations you have used without results—you will be amazed and delighted at how quickly Domino Wrinkle Cream banishes every line and furrow, leaving the skin soft, clear and wonderfully smooth. No tiresome massaging—no unnecessary bother of any kind. Simply apply a small quantity of this marvelous cream to the wrinkles to be removed, pressing it gently into the skin. In 30 minutes remove the cream, take your mirror and note the results. You will be amazed at the improvement shown even after the very first few treatments.

Lines formed by arching the forehead or frowning can now easily and quickly be removed!

Tiny lines around the eyes (crows' feet) mar your natural beauty. This new treatment will soon banish them.

Laugh lines and skin wrinkles are often mistaken for marks of age. These, too, can now be painlessly and effectively smoothed away.

Watch the Amazing Results

You will scarcely believe your eyes when you see what really wonderful results this new discovery—called Domino Wrinkle Cream—can bring. Even after the first few days you will find that your face has grown years younger looking. Not only your friends, but you, yourself, will be astonished at the wonderful new youthfulness your face and skin quickly acquire.

Just think what it means to you to be forever free from the lines and furrows that are now spoiling your beauty! For Domino Wrinkle Cream will not only banish your present wrinkles—but it will keep your skin perpetually youthful—free from even the slightest suggestion of wrinkles.

Yet, Domino Wrinkle Cream does more than merely banish wrinkles. In addition it contains certain marvelous ingredients which soften and whiten the skin, removing every trace of beauty-spoiling blemishes and molding the skin into a new, smooth, firm surface. You will marvel at the charming new quality of your skin. For the wonderfully beneficial ingredients of Domino Wrinkle Cream will impart to it a new freshness, a new and ever-increasing loveliness that will be the constant envy and admiration of all your friends.

Guaranteed to Remove Every Wrinkle

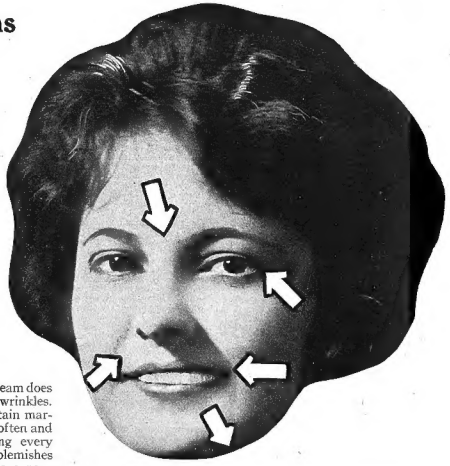
No matter how many other treatments you have tried without results, Domino Wrinkle Cream will quickly and positively remove every trace of the lines that are spoiling your whole appearance. It is guaranteed to banish each and every wrinkle, no matter how deep-seated it may be, and a $10,000 deposit in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs up this guarantee.

If within ten days you are not more than satisfied with this improvement it brings in your appearance, your money will be instantly refunded without question.

Never before have any beauty specialists made a more sweeping guarantee. Surely we could never afford to offer Domino Wrinkle Cream on such an absolute money-back guarantee unless we were positively convinced that this marvelous new preparation would do exactly as we say—that it would quickly and completely banish every line and wrinkle.

A Youthful Skin Can Now Be Yours

Nothing will more quickly rob a woman of her natural charm and power to attract than wrinkles. A woman may have a winning personality, perfect features, a perfect form—yet just one trace of wrinkles will often completely divest her of her attractiveness.



Why run the risk of being considered old and unattractive when you can now easily and quickly remove every wrinkle, from the tiniest laugh line to the deepest-seated furrow? Domino Wrinkle Cream has already brought youthful beauty and charm to thousands of others, and we absolutely guarantee that it will do the same for you—or it costs you nothing.

Send No Money

So that every woman may try this great new discovery, we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a single penny. Simply mail the coupon below and we will send you, in a plain, unmarked container, a regular $5.00 package of Domino Wrinkle Cream. When the postman hands it to you, simply pay him the greatly reduced price of $1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment.

Surely you can not afford to overlook this splendid offer, especially since you have the guaranteed privilege of having your money refunded if you are not delighted with results.

Bear in mind that the regular price of Domino Wrinkle Cream, which contains some of the costliest ingredients known, is $5.00. It is only on this special introductory offer, which may never be made again, that we have reduced the price to $1.95.

Thus you should act immediately. Domino Wrinkle Cream will soon rid you of every line and wrinkle, for it is a natural preparation—and works always. You won't have to wait long for results, either.

Just mail the coupon—no money. But act at once, before this special offer is withdrawn. Clip and mail the coupon to-day—now.

DOMINO HOUSE
PHILA. PA.

Send No Money

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. W-155
269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Without money in advance you may send me a full-size package of Domino Wrinkle Cream (regular price five dollars). When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only $1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. I retain the privilege of returning the package within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

If you wish you may send money with coupon and save postage. (Price outside U. S., $2.10 cash with order.)

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

"But you don't like to have me come here to see you, do you?"

"I like to see you very much. I think you shouldn't come here as much as you do."

"Why?"

"You know why."

"No, I don't. I *like* to come. I—I—why, confound it, you're about the only man I can talk to in this place—except dad, of course; talk about anything big or worth while, I mean. I came down here to-night to tell you about my bridge—" in the habit of young engineers Tom was already referring to Denboro's new trestle-work as a personal possession; "I've just got to tell *some*body."

The doctor smiled. "Well," he said, "I rather think almost anybody would be glad to listen."

"Listen! Yes. But I want 'em to ask questions."

"Well, unless the crowd at the post-office have changed much in ten years they will oblige in that way, I should imagine."

"Bosh! Do you suppose I want to answer Shubal Bush's questions?"

"All Ostable isn't populated with Shubals. There are others."

"Who?"

Nye named a dozen men of prominence within the town limits. His caller dismissed them all as undesirables. "They wouldn't be interested," he declared. "Besides, most of them are prejudiced against father. Judge Copeland, now, he—well, he is a fine man, but he and dad hate each other."

The doctor was a little surprized by the tone in which this was uttered; there was a note of regret in it which was unexpected.

"That is too bad," he said.

"Yes, *I* think it is. But there," changing the subject suddenly, "that doesn't count now. Why don't you want to have me come here, Doctor Nye? You say you like me. You bet I like you! Always did. And now you've saved mother's life. I can't understand what reason——"

He paused, having caught the doctor's eye. He reddened, stammered, and seemed to find the going hard. Nye's faint smile was in evidence as he said, "I guess you know the reason why you shouldn't come here now, Tom."

Stone's face was crimson. "Why—why, hang it all!" he blurted, "I suppose—well, I guess I do know what you mean. You—you think people will—will— What the devil do I care what people like Shubal and Frankie-George say? Do you suppose *I* care about—about—I don't believe it, anyhow. I never did believe it. And it doesn't make any difference. I'm going to come here to see you as often as I like. As often as you'll let me, at any rate. *I am!*"

He thumped the table so violently that the lamp-shade sprang from its frame. Doctor Eph put it straight again.

"I'm glad you feel that way, Tom," he observed. "You're a good boy. Oh, not a boy any more, I know that, except in comparison with antiques like myself."

"You're not old. Dad says you're a good way south of forty."

"Am I? Well, it doesn't seem possible. And it doesn't matter. The fact is, Tom, that you should be careful; you ought to be. And if you're not I must be for you. Oh, well, you're here to-night, aren't you? Go ahead and tell me about your bridge."

SO TOM told him and, in spite of discouragements on the doctor's part, came again and again, as often as twice a week, to tell more and to talk of plans and hopes and ambitions for the future. Nye listened, was interested, and, listening, forgot for a few hours the wreck of his own hopes and plans.

May slipped by, June came. Summer-houses began to open, new faces appeared along the Ostable sidewalks, the number of motor-cars upon the Ostable roads grew greater. One of these cars was brand-new, a glittering and smart affair which attracted attention not only of itself, but because of the personality of its driver. Henry Ward Beecher Payson, setting the table for a Sunday morning breakfast, made proclamation concerning it. Henry was to have a part of the day off. A friend of his from "up to the Center," so he said, had invited him to go for a ride over to Wapatomac. Mr. Payson was, therefore, arrayed in his Sunday best, including the cork leg.

"You know what I see last night?" inquired Henry, bringing in the baked beans from the kitchen. "Hey? Do you, Doctor Eph?"

The doctor shook his head, but said nothing. Henry was disappointed.

"You don't seem over and above excited to find out, I'd say," he observed, pointedly.

HIS employer put down the *Saturday Evening Transcript*.

"I imagine there may be more excitement in what you see to-night," he said. "Who is this friend who is taking you to ride to-day?"

Payson pretended not to hear. "I was at the post-office waitin' for the mail," he said, "and I heard——"

"Wait a minute. Who is taking you to ride?"

"Why—why, a friend of mine, that's all. A feller I've known ever since I can remember, pretty nigh. Him and I are——"

"What is his name?"

"Name? Why, his name is—is——"

"Batchelder, isn't it?"

Henry seemed embarrassed. "Why—why, yes," he admitted. "That's who 'tis. Bluey Batchelder. *You* know him, Doc. Bluey's one of the old-timers. I've known Bluey ever since——"

"So you said. He was with you the night you slept under the freight-car, I believe."

Henry strenuously denied it. "Oh, no, he wasn't," he declared. "You're wrong there, Doctor. You ain't often wrong, I will give in, but you be this time. Bluey wa'n't with me that night—that is, only part of it—the—the first part. I left him—I left him at—and seems to me 'twas—well, I don't remember where 'twas exactly, but I know I left him, anyhow; or he left me, or somethin'. He wa'n't with me when they backed that freight-car over my leg. No, no! Bluey wasn't responsible for that, not a mite."

"And he owns this automobile you're going to ride in?"

"No. Who said so? It's one he's goin' to borrow. He don't own no auto, Bluey don't. He's a poor workin' man, same as I am."

"His work is poor, if that's what you mean. Look here, Henry, if you take my advice you won't go to Wapatomac with him."

"Well, I—I've kind of promised, you understand, and—and——"

"All right. But look out for your leg, that's all."

Mr. Payson reflected. "I cal'late," he observed, after a moment, "that maybe I will shift over to my wooden one. Cork legs cost money. What you grinnin' about, Doc?"

A few minutes later he referred again to the subject with which he had begun the conversation. "I ain't told you yet what I see down to the post-office last night," he said. "I see that new car Dan Copeland give his daughter for a graduation present. She was pilotin' it, too. Pretty slick craft, that car is; don't talk! I'd heard about it afore. Jonathan Beasley was goin' on about it, how much it cost, and the like of that. Jonathan's one of the Copeland congregation, always bowin' down and worshipin' the judge and all his works. Faith, she come into the office, and Jonathan commenced to fire salutes to her with his face, same as he always does, and pretty soo we all went out to see the new auto. It's a jimdandy. One of them—er—Cacklers—or Packin's or somethin'. She looks pretty swell aboard it, too. Nice-lookin' girl, Faith is, apple of the judge's heart, as the sayin' goes. I——"

He went on to expatiate upon the charms of the new car and its owner. Doctor Nye learned that Miss Faith—it seemed strange to remember that she was his niece and in the old days had called him "Uncle Eph" and loved to climb upon his knee and beg for stories—he learned that she had finished her final year at boarding-school and had come back to live at Ostable with her father "until some other feller carries her off," as Henry put it. The car was a present from the judge, given her on commencement day.

"You'll see it pretty soon, Doctor," declared Payson. "She's runnin' it all over the county these days. It's new, you see, and a new broom gathers no dust—moss—well, you know what I mean, Doctor Eph."

NYE saw the car that very afternoon. He was returning from his round of visits—a short round it was—when Faith Copeland passed him. She was driving at a rapid rate, and his eye caught but a momentary picture of flashing nickel and polish and of a slight figure at the wheel, a girlish figure, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and hair whipped by the breeze. Most people would have found it a charming picture and have turned to look again. He did not. When he returned to the Dillingham house he was glad to find that Henry had already gone upon his Wapatomac excursion. If Payson had been there he would have talked, and Ephraim Nye did not wish to talk or to listen. Nor did he wish to think the thoughts which the sight of his niece had brought back to him, but these he could not dismiss or control. There were times when this self-imposed martyrdom of his seemed to be the most foolish and unnecessary mistake of a life made up of mistakes.

HE READ for a while, took another walk, came back and prepared a meal, ate little of it, washed the few dishes, moped about the empty, dismal rooms, took up the discarded book, and tried once more to read. And from his reading he was aroused by a shriek in the road without, a grinding of brakes, a roaring, splintering crash, and then a succession of shrieks and outcries.

He dropped the book and ran to the window. His first impression of the scene without was of a great cloud of yellow dust; the next that something was missing, a section of the Dillingham fence; also that the small silverleaf-tree by the gate was strangely out of the perpendicular; that some one was screaming—screaming; and then that from out the dust was emerging a black something, a shape with wheels, spinning, an overturned motor-car, with—

He darted from the house. The dust had not entirely settled when he reached the place where the gate had been. Gate, fence, and car were in a tangled heap of wood, leather, metal, and broken glass. The car was on its side, its base and wheels toward him, and slightly elevated upon the little bank at the edge of the sidewalk. He ran around to the other side, and, stooping, peered in under the top. Then he stooped still lower and began to work, gently but swiftly.

Some one was pawing at his arm. He turned impatiently to see Miss Althea Bemis, white-faced and shaking.

"Oh, my Lordy!" groaned Miss Althea. "Oh, my Lordy!"

"See if you can pull that cushion out of the way," ordered Doctor Nye.

Miss Althea wrung her hands. "Oh, my Lordy!" she wailed again.

"That cushion!" shouted the doctor. The shout had no effect whatever. The Bemis hands were wrung, but they were not used for any other purpose. Some one else spoke.

"Can't I do anything?" this person said. Nye did not turn this time. "Yes," he answered. "Lift that cushion from her head."

The cushion was lifted, and the doctor very gently dragged from beneath it and the ruins of the broken windshield a young woman, whether living or dead he was not yet sure. Yes, she was alive, but unconscious. Her hair had been thrown about her face and partially covered it.

"Is she killed?" wailed Miss Althea, still pawing at his arm. "Oh, my Lordy, Doctor, is she killed dead? Is she?"

"I don't know," he snapped hastily. "No—no, she isn't. Will you help me lift her? That's it. Easy. Thanks."

The person who was helping was not Miss Bemis, but the other, she who had aided with the cushion. Nye recognized her. She was a young woman from the Portuguese colony in the woods. One of the Rose "tribe," a niece of old Vasco's. She was very pale, and she was crying, but she helped, nevertheless.

"I'm going to take her into the house," said the doctor. "Can you—" Then, as the thought came to him, "Wait! There is no one else under there, is there?"

"No," said the young woman.

"Then come with me. I want you."

She hesitated. "My—my baby," she faltered. Doctor Eph was suddenly aware that a child was shrieking wildly.

"Your baby?" he repeated. "Your baby wasn't hurt, was it?"

"No. No. He—the baby ran across the road and—and the car would run over it. Then she turn the car out of the road and—and *this!* Oh, my God! Yes, yes, *yes*, YES!" to the child, a three-year-old youngster, who was clawing at her skirts and bellowing, "Stop! Be still! Wait! Here," turning to the pallid Althea, "you take him! José," to the child, "you stay with the pretty lady. Mother come back right away. *Hush!* Now, Doctor, you take her in."

She ran ahead and held open the door. Nye strode up the walk, through the dining-room and into the living-room, where he laid his burden upon the shabby sofa. Then he brushed back the hair from the white face and stooped to examine it. He uttered an exclamation.

The girl upon the sofa was his niece, Faith Copeland.

The second instalment of "Doctor Nye of North Ostable" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published May 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1923

ART AND POETRY

	PAGE
Cover Design . . . . . *Tade Styka*	
Love's Sequence—*Verse* *Angela Morgan*	18
Too Much Loveliness—*Verse* *Margaret DeLaughter*	20

FICTION

Doctor Nye of North Ostable (Serial—First Instalment) *Joseph C. Lincoln*	3
Lew Tyler's Wives (Serial—Concluding Instalment) . *Wallace Irwin*	17
Shaft of Light *Elaine Sterne Carrington*	10
The Pick-up Job *Frances Gilchrist Wood*	12
Swamp-wise . . . . . *Eliza Willets*	14
Katinka . . . . *Rose Gollup Cohen*	24

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Are We Ever Going to Wake Up? *Ida Clyde Clarke*	1
The Average Woman and the Uniform Divorce Bill *Frances Parkinson Keyes*	2
Brains—A Family Affair *Albert Edward Wiggam*	16
Behind the Screen. . *Samuel Goldwyn*	22

HOME-MAKING

What's Happening in the Coffee World . . . *Jenoise Brown Short* and *Gladys Beckett Jones*	64
The American Girl Cans Her Way Over . . . . . *Grace Viall Gray*	67
"Charge It, Please" . . *Ruth Leigh*	68
Making Ready for the Baby *Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom*	71
A Correspondence Course in Babycraft . . *Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge*	72
Pictorial Review's Little Cook-Book *Edith M. Barber*	74
Entertaining Electrically *Edna Sibley Tipton*	77

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

Pictorial Review Love-Nests *N. Montgomery Woods*	26
What Makes the Woman of Distinction . . . *Margaret W. Watson*	50

FOR THE CHILDREN

For Work and Play These Rules Obey *C. H. Twelvetrees* Verses by *Percy Waxman*	34-35
Dolly Dingle's Brother Plays Farmer *Grace G. Drayton*	53

EMBROIDERY

For that Touch of Embroidery Demanded by Fashion	84
Attractive New Designs and Clever Ways to Use Them	87

FASHIONS OF THE MONTH

Especially Designed to Show the Use of Bordered Fabrics	83
Simply Made Frocks with the Style of Parisian Creations	88
Inspired by Things Oriental Are These Smart Costumes	89
The Printed Dress and Blouse Are Fashion's Favorites	90
Daytime Costumes Remain Partial to the Slender Silhouette	91
These Concentrate Upon Front Fulness and the Egyptian Drape . .	92
Straight-line Types That Are Ideal for the Large Figure	93
Frock Skirts and Overblouses Make Charming Costumes	94
Dresses Which Combine Daintiness with Serviceability	95
Suggestions for the Young Girl's Wardrobe	96
Misses' Frocks that Exploit New Features	97
Intimate Apparel and Several New Sports Costumes	98
New Bathing Suits—Needs for the Man and Boy	99
Becoming Styles to Costume the Junior Miss	100
How Our Rising Generation Regards the New Mode	101

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A. and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Ave. and Thirty-ninth St., New York, N. Y., and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY